Select a Better, Later Car or Truck NOW, 2nd Annual Sale

AUTOMOBILES 130 Automobiles For Sale

OCT. CLEAN SWEEP SALE

Trading Time Is Here

3 Finance Plans

HEADQUARTERS For BETTER, LATER, SAFER CARS

Every car tested and inspected—some have all new tires—upholstery spotless—finish all bright and shiny—thousands of miles of good transportation at a fraction of the original cost.

Most Accommodating Payment Plans Ever Offered by Any Auto Dealer

WHY PAY FOR REPAIRS ON YOUR OLD CAR?

'35 Pontiac Sedan $695
'33 Franklin Sedan 605
Twelve Cylinder model
'34 Terraplane Sedan 495
'32 Plymouth PB Coach 265
'31 Chevrolet Coupe 215
'34 Terraplane Sedan 445
Two-Door model
'35 Plymouth P. Coupe 645
'33 Terraplane 8 Conv. Cpe. 445
'34 Terraplane Conv. Coupe. 545
'30 Hudson Brougham 150
'35 Hudson H. T. Sedan 865
'33 Hudson Club Sedan 495
'31 Hudson 7-Pass. Sedan 295
'32 Willys Roadster 245
'34 Hudson 8 Sedan 595
117" Wheelbase
'31 Nash Conv. Coupe 295
'31 Ford Roadster 145
'31 De Soto 8 Sedan 195
'31 Essex Coupe 165
'31 Hudson 8 Coupe 235
'29 Stutz 8 Sedan 185
'34 Plymouth De Luxe Coach 495
'33 Terraplane "6" Coach 355

Others $195 to $695

OPEN EVENINGS

Ask about $10 down plan

A small monthly payment for a late model, recondi-tioned "Safe-to-Drive" Car is the surest investment in the world—read full details of our 5-day money-back guarantee

The Henley-Kimball Co.
650-652 Beacon St.
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PONTIAC Goodwill Used Cars

'31 Pontiac Coupe, new paint $185
'31 Pontiac Conv. Coupe 325
'31 Pontiac 4-Dr. Sedan 215
'31 Pontiac Forder Sedan Spec. 175
'33 Pontiac Coach 295
'32 Pontiac Conv. Coupe, 6 w. w. 435
'33 Pontiac 4-Door Sedan 450
'34 Pontiac 4-Door Sedan 595
'34 Pontiac 2-Door Sedan 545
'34 Pontiac Sport Coupe 575
'34 Pontiac Touring Sedan, 2-Dr., Radio, Heater, Clock, like new $595
'31 Oakland Cust. Sed., super line 295
'31 Studebaker Sedan, 4 Door.. 195
'30 Nash 2-Dr. Sedan, Trunk .. 145
'32 Nash "1017" Sedan 215
'32 Buick 87 Sedan, 4-Door 495
'32 Buick 87 De Luxe Sedan 495
'32 Hupp 8 Sedan, De Luxe, clean 325
'32 Terraplane, 2-Door Sedan 225
'31 Essex 2-Door Sedan 145
'36 Hudson 4-Door Brougham; choice of 2, real bargains. 145
'30 Packard 7-26 Sedan 245
'32 Chrysler C. D. Coupe, 8-Pass 345
'31 Chrys. 8 W. W. Sport Sedan 225
'32 Chevrolet Sport Coupe 245
'34 Chevrolet 2-Door Sedan 445
'34 Ford Sport Coupe 435
'34 Ford Conv. Coupe 450
'34 Ford Forder Sedan 400
'33 Ford Tudor, Radio 315

MOTOR CAR CO. of N. E.
BOSTON PONTIAC DEALERS 20 YRS.
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"PONTIAC VILLAGE"
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Ford
1890 COLUMBUS AVE. ROXBURY
HIGHLANDS 1962-3-4-5-6

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Not ONE CENT DOWN

Plenty of Time to Pay

Everything Your Car Needs

RELINE YOUR BRAKES with Multibestos ON TIME PAYMENTS

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1380 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON Tel. COM. 0800 Open 24 Hours

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Trade Mark Registered

ONE MORE WEEK 6th ANNUAL AUTUMN SALE of USED CARS

Savings $50 to $155

One more week. More exceptional values have been traded in the past week and are now all ready for you. This NASH Annual event is a rare opportunity for buyers seeking the best "buy" of the year. OLD NASH customers will tell you so. If you have never experienced trading at NASH—investigate now. Substantial savings as much as $50 to $155.

Ambassador '34 Nash
Sedan. Built-in trunk. Costly lustrous finish. Many other luxurious appointments. A fast, powerful, fine constructed car. Has just come in—those few quantities built up from our new about 12,000. Was $1295. Sale price $995

1934 NASH TRUNK SEDAN
Medium sized eight-cylinder model with de luxe equipment. Splendid appearance. Sparkling performance. Fully guaranteed. Cost new about $1195. Was $825. Sale price $695

1933 NASH 5-Pass. Coupe
An aristocrat both in appearance and performance. Splendid economy. Rebuilt and refinished. Cost new about $2000. Was $1395. Sale price $695

MISCELLANEOUS	Was Price	Sale Price
'34 Chevrolet Master Coach	$465	$435
'31 Essex Sedan	195	165
'31 Plymouth Coach	195	165
'31 Terraplane Coach	225	195
'31 Chevrolet Standard Coach	195	165
'31 Terraplane Sedan	345	295
'34 Ford Sedan	495	445
'34 Hudson Sedan	650	595
'34 Studebaker Sedan	595	525
'31 Hudson Sedan	195	145
'31 Chevrolet Pickup	175	125
'29 Packard Sedan	195	145
'29 Buick Victoria	195	95

OTHER NASH CARS	Was Price	Sale Price
'35 Advanced 8 Sedan	$750	$625
'34 Big Six Sedan	595	545
'33 Biz Six Coupe, R. Seat	495	445
'33 Ambassador Sedan	495	445
'32 Special 8 Sedan	495	445
'32 Special 8 Coupe	495	425
'32 Ambassador Sedan	595	545
'30 Big Eight Sedan	295	245
'32 Standard 6 Sedan	275	225
'34 Lafayette Coach	595	475

MISCELLANEOUS	Was Price	Sale Price
'30 Ford Coupe	$145	$95
'31 Ford V-8 Coupe	225	165
'31 Ford Coach	195	145
'33 Graham Sedan	425	345
'31 Hupmobile Sedan	195	145
'30 Marmon Sedan	325	195
'30 Lincoln Club Sed.	325	225
'29 Studebaker Coupe	195	95

Your car acceptable as part or all of Nash payment. But, convenient terms.

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New England Distributors
NASH and LAFAYETTE CARS
640 and 983 Commonwealth Ave.
KENmore 1005-1101-1103
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One of Our Customers Remarked:

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You, Too, Can buy a good car at a CONSIDERABLE SAVING by coming first to

Cadillac La Salle Oldsmobile

OCTOBER USED CAR SALE
where greater values always prevail

FORDS
'35 De Luxe Conv. Coupe.....$495
'32 V-8 Sport Coupe 275
'32 V-8 Conv. Coupe..... 265
'30 Ford 2-Past. Coupe..... 95

CHEVROLETS
'34 2-Door 5-Pass. Sedan $475
'35 Sport Coupe 395
'32 2-Door Sedan 285

PLYMOUTHS
'34 Conv. Coupe $495
'34 2-Pass. Coupe 395
'34 Sport Coupe 325
'33 5-Pass. Sedan 365
'32 4-Cyl. 5-Pass. Sedan 235

DODGES
'34 2-Pass. Coupe.....$445
'33 4-Door 5-Pass. Sedan..... 425
'33 4-P. Coupe, rumble seat.. 375

OLDSMOBILES
'34 "8" Touring Sed., 6 wheels.$695
'32 "8" 5-Pass. Sedan 345

CADILLACS
'31 V-8 5-Pass. Sedan.....$1195
'32 V-12 Town Sedan..... 1095
'32 V-12 5-Pass. Sedan..... 1095
'31 V-12 5-Pass. Sedan..... 695
'31 5-Pass. Coupe 695
'31 5-Pass. Sedan 450
'31 Town Sedan 450
'30 5-Pass. Sedan 295

LA SALLES
'33 V-8 5-Pass. Sedan.....$995
'32 5-Pass. Sedan 745
'31 5-Pass. Sedan 345
'31 Conv. Coupe 345
'30 Conv. Coupe 295
'30 Town Sedan 295
'29 Town Sedan 195
'28 Conv. Coupe 125

PACKARDS
'32 901 5-Pass. Sedan.....$595
'32 12-Cyl. 5-Pass. Sed. 750
'33 7-33 Club Sedan 275
'30 7-26 5-Pass. Sedan 150
'29 6-26 Sport Roadster..... 195
'29 6-26 Conv. Coupe 185

LINCOLNS
'31 V-12 5-Pass. Sedan.....$1295
'32 Sport Coupe 695
'31 7-Pass. Imperial 595

STUDEBAKERS
'34 Dictator 5-P. Sedan.....$575
'32 Comm. "8" 5-P. Sedan 395
'29 Sedan 115

PIERCE-ARROWS
'31 5-Pass. Sedan $295
'30 5-Pass. Sedan 225

'34 Buick 48 Touring Sedan...$575
'34 Reo Sedan 550
'32 Essex Coupe 225
'33 Chrysler 6-Cyl. Sedan 450
'33 Terraplane 8 Sedan..... 395
'32 Hudson 2-Door Sedan 345
'32 Graham-Paige 5-Pass. Sedan 245

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1931 Chev. 1½-ton Panel $215
1932 Chev. ½-ton Panel $365
1933 Chev. ½-ton Panel $325

1934 Ford ½-ton Panel..$475
1933 Ford 1½-ton Panel. $340
1932 Ford ½-ton Canopy $215
1931 Ford 1½-ton Exp.. $175

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Prices Slashed to Unheard-of Levels

1935 Ply. Demo. Like New	$645	1930 Pierce-Arrow, 7-Pass.	$195
1935 Buick "35" Sedan, demo.	573	1933 Pontiac Coupe, R. S.	315
1935 Buick "35" Coupe	595	1930 Dodge Coupe, R. S.	175
1934 Ford Sport Roadster	395	1929 Dodge Coupe	75
1934 Chevrolet 5-Pass. Panel	495	1929 Studebaker Coach	75
1933 Auburn Trunk Sedan	595	1929 Chevrolet Coupe	50
1932 Ford Pace, Coach	250	1929 Chevrolet Coach	50
1931 Chev. De Luxe Coach	250	1929 Reliable 6 Sedan	75
1931 Chrysler De Luxe Roadster	350	1928 Ford Coupe, Rumble	50
1931 Chrysler Imp. Sedan	450	1928 Chrysler 8 Sedan	75
1931 Auburn Trunk Sedan	495	1926 Willys Knight Coach, R. S.	75
1930 Willys Knight Sedan	195	1929 Hupmobile Sedan, 6 w. w.	75
1931 Studebaker 6 Sedan	195	1931 Ford ½-Ton Panel	295
1931 Hudson Sedan	495	1927 Reo 1½-Ton Ch. and Cab	95
1931 Hudson Coupe	395	1931 Ford 1½-Ton Ch. and Cab	295
1928 Cadillac Sedan	95	1930 Chevrolet 1-Door Sedan	95

$10 DOWN—$2 A WEEK—20 Months to Pay

COLUMBIA MOTOR SALES, INC.
81 PROSPECT ST., CAMBRIDGE, TROWBRIDGE 1500

DUMP TRUCKS HEADQUARTERS

A Truck for Every Purse and Purpose

'31 FORD 500 GAL. TANK $385
'30 REO 500 GAL. TANK 385
'31 CHEV. DUMP, DUAL WHEELS 495
'31 CHEV. HYD. DUMP, DUALS 450
'31 FORD 1½-TON DUMP 350
'31 FORD 1½ W. B. DUMP 350
'31 FORD 1½-TON DUMP 350
'31 FORD FIRE TRUCK 350
'31 CHEV. 1½ W. B. DUMP 350
'31 CHEVROLET Hyd. Dump 395
'31 CHEVROLET Hyd. Dump 375
'31 WILLYS Hyd. Dump 295
'31 CHEV. 1½-T. Canopy, like new 395
'31 CHEVROLET 1½-T. Stake 395
'33 CHEV. Low W. B. Chas. 225
'31 FORD 1½-T. Chas. 300
'31 FORD 500 GAL. TANK 350
'30 REO 500 GAL. TANK 350
'33 FORD Short W. B. Rack.. 350
'33 FORD Low W. B. Rack.. 350

Many Others to Select From

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Reconditioned GMC TRUCKS

A Truck for Every Purse and Purpose

23 GMC T-51-C, 3½-ton cab and chassis $1900
32 Ford tractor and trailer $800
'32 Federal 5-ton, cab and chassis $400
'30 Chevrolet 1½-ton "13" rack side, dual $400
'31 International 1½-T., cab and dual tires $325
'29 GMC T-18 cab and chassis, 157" w. b., dual $400
'31 Ford cab and chassis, 4 cyl., dual tires, 157" w. b. $700
'31 International 4-6, 2½-ton, cab and chassis $225
'30 Studebaker 5-T., cab and chassis $350
'32 Ford Cab and Chassis, dual tires $350

Many Others to Select From $75-$3000

We service all makes of trucks

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Brighton District 87 Adams Street
DIRECT FACTORY BRANCH
103 North Beacon St.

HAYWARD MOTORS

INCORPORATED
It Pays to Trade with Boston's LARGEST FORD DEALERS

'33 Ford De Luxe Phaeton $375
'33 Ford Cabriolet 375
'30 Ford Tudor, needs repairs 75
'30 Ford Tudor Sedan, original mileage 425
'35 Ford Conv. Sedan. Radio, special horns and other extras 760
'29 Ford Tudor Sedan 95
'31 Ford Sedan. Body like new 325
'31 Ford Tudor Sedan, exceptionally clean, driven 350
'34 Ford De Luxe Forder sedan, Trunk 495
'33 Ford Coupe—Rumble seat 365
'33 Ford Runabout Pickup, with covered body—in splendid service 395
'32 Ford Station Wagon 345
'28 Chrysler Coupe De Luxe 8 150
'35 Ford De Luxe Forder Sedan—Small mileage 595

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AT OUR ANNUAL USED CAR SALE

WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE FOLLOWING:

'34 Ford Phaeton, radio $435
'34 Ford Coupe, rumble seat 465
'33 Ford Tudor, very clean 345
'33 Ford De Luxe Roadster 395
'33 Ford Coupe, real bargain 325
'33 Ford Tudor 295
'32 Ford De Luxe Roadster $195
'32 Ford Tudor Sedan, "57" 235
'32 Ford Pick-Up, canopy top 175
'31 Studebaker Sedan 275
'31 Ford Tudor Sedan 225
'31 Chevrolet Coupe 185

Cash—Terms—or Trade. A phone call will bring any car or truck to your door, open evenings. Liberal Trade-in Terms.

HARVARD AUTO CO. AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS
1236 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE. TRO. 9460

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TERMS—EASY MONTHLY PAYTS

'34 Hudson Touring Sedan, 6 w. $675
'34 Terraplane De Luxe Sed., guar. 495
'34 Terraplane Coupe, Guar. 425
'33 Terraplane Sedan. Perfect. 425
'33 Ford V-8 Coupe, R. S., Radio, 4 new tires; bargain 395
'33 Plymouth 4-Door Sedan. Perfect 395
'33 Terraplane 8 Sedan. Perfect 375
'33 Ford Sedan, 6; R. S. 350
'33 Plymouth Sedan. Good cond. 325
'33 Dodge Sedan. Good cond. .. 325
'33 Hudson Coupe, A1 shape .. 375
'32 Essex Sedan, Bargain 15
'30 Chevrolet Sedan, Barcelona .. 145

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HAROLD L. O'NEIL CO.
707 COLUMBIA RD.
DORCHESTER COL. 2700
AT EDWARD EVERETT SQ.

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1931 CHEVROLETS, all models, efficient cars; new car cost. Greatly reduced prices.
1931 CHEVROLET SEDAN, low mileage, careful owner. Bargain.
1931 CHEVROLET COACH. Trunk and many extras. Real buy.
1931 CHEVROLET SPT. ROADSTER Rumble and many extras $251
1931 CHEVROLET DUMP TRUCK. 4-ton wheelbase. New body. Complete reconditioned. Sacrifice
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Mattapan Square
BLUEHILLS 8000
Open Evenings. Easy G. M. A. C. Terms

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'31 PEERLESS 7-Pass. sedan $225
'29 FORD ROADSTER 18
'26 HUDSON SEDAN 35
'29 WILLYS KNIGHT 50

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Oakland '29 Spt. Roadster $75
A beautiful Sport Car; lovely.
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WE PAY MORE THAN OTHERS
BERANCE CO., 883 Comm. Ave. ALL. 8319

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TERMS—20 MONTHS TO PAY

'35 Plymouth P. B. Sedan, Radio $585
'35 Pontiac Sedan. Perfect 595
'35 Studebaker Like New 595
'34 Chevrolet Coach, A1 425
'34 Ford Coupe, Rumble Seat, Late Cadillac Roadster 10
Choose From

—MacDONALD—
776 CALLOWAY BOULEVARD, DORCHESTER
OPEN EVENINGS, GEN. 9000

GOODYEAR Tires, Tubes, Photos Auto Radio Batteries. 1 Year to Pay. NO MONEY DOWN
START—50 START ST.

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Low mileage, perfect condition, new tires, terms and trade. E. W. DICKINSON, 18 So. Washington st., Whitman, Mass.

Now Buy From a Reliable DODGE DEALER

'34 Ply. De Luxe Sedan $495
'34 Dodge De Luxe Sed. 595
'34 Ford V-8 Sedan 495
'33 Auburn Broughham 595
'30 La Salle Coupe, type, easy terms
MALDEN DODGE AGENCY
700 Eastern Ave. Malden 2100

MAKING WAY FOR THE NEW BUICKS

'33 Buick "57" De Luxe Sedan...$545
'33 Pontiac De Luxe Sedan..... 425
'33 Pontiac De Luxe Sedan..... 425
'31 Buick Coupe 225
'31 Buick Sport Coupe 395

ARLINGTON BUICK CO.
835 Mass. Ave. Arlington 2300

'35 CHEV. SEDANS & COACHES

IDENTICAL USED DRIVER OF OUR OFFICIALS. TO BE SOLD AT VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICES

SILVERLAKE CHEVROLET CO.
441 WATERTOWN ST., NEWTON
MR. GALLINELLI, Sales Mgr.
Newton North 3350

'32 Ford Sport Coupe, Runs beautifully, looks like a new car. Priced low $365
'34 Ford Forder sedan, trunk. Only 7600 miles. Car equal to new $475

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4.40-21 $3.35 4.75-19 $4.25

ALL FIRST QUALITY GUARANTEED NEW TIRES

Size	Price	Size	Price
4.40/21..	$3.35	5.25/21..	$5.60
4.50/20..	3.65	5.50/17..	5.80
4.50/21..	3.75	5.50/18..	5.75
4.75/19..	4.25	6.50/19..	5.80
5.00/19..	4.65	6.00/19..	6.65
5.00/20..	4.80	6.00/19..	6.75
5.25/17..	5.35	6.00/20..	6.95
5.25/18..	5.40	6.00/21..	6.95

NEW TUBES 95c up

Fields INC 1030 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

OLDSMOBILE

SALES AND SERVICE
Use Bellott, Service Manager
'33 Olds. 6-Touring Coupe $440
'33 Olds. 6-Touring Coupe 435

MAIN STREET GARAGE
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CAMBRIDGE TROwbridge 4848

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Model A21 ½-ton with 16-foot Van body; dual tires; excellent condition; will repaint any color. Price $550 down; balance monthly.

International Harvester Co.
61 NORTH BEACON STREET
BOSTON STAdium 1000

'31 FORD ROADSTER $85
Smart type and in pretty good shape. A lot of fun for a little money.
HUB CHEVROLET CO., 227 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE. TRO. 6100

1932 CHEVROLET CABRIOLET
Beautiful condition. Finish, motor, everything about this car is perfect. Only $175. Call Mr. Keefe, Newton North 3650.

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1934 Ford Tudor, new tires, very clean $295
1933 Ford Cabriolet, new tires, low mileage 360
1932 Ford 2d Tudor, a real bargain 245
1932 Ford V8 Sport Coupe, rumble seat 245
1932 Ford V8 Sport Roadster, new top, refinished in gun-metal gray 210
1931 Packard Club Sedan, De Luxe model with trunk 350
1931 Buick 5-pass. coupe, exceptional condition 325
1932 Plymouth Sedan, floating power 335

TRUCKS

1932 Dia ¾ ton, covered express, dual wheels, good tires 285
1931 Ford ½-ton open express body and canopy 225
6 '29 Fords, sedans and coupes, $50-$65.
Open Evenings—Convenient Terms

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Authorized Ford Dealer

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USED CARS OF ALL MAKES THAT ARE PRICED RIGHT CONDITIONED

ANNUAL SALE VALUES!

1933 Ford De Luxe Sedan. Like new. Tires almost new $225
1935 Chevrolet Master DeLuxe Sedan $565
Small mileage, a beauty.
1934 Chev. De Luxe Sedan $450
A real value. Like new!
1931 Packard Sedan $315
Type of De Luxe model. Paint, tires like new.
1933 Pontiac Coach $350
Small mileage. Exceptional care throughout.

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'31 Ford Beach Wagon $125
Late Buick Std. "56" Coach 15
'28 Chev. Landau Sedan 15
Dodge Panel Body Truck 25
'31 Willys 4-Pass. Coupe 25

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$275 '32 Plymouth P. D. Sedan, bullet-way, 6cm. $139.

Field's

NEW TUBES 95c up

1030 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

$5 --DOWN-- $5

20 Months to Pay

'34 Hudson Sedan, Guar. $675
'34 Hudson Sedan, Radio 653
'32 Ford De Luxe V-8 Tudor.... 225
'31 Hudson Sedan 225
'31 Hudson Sedan 225
'30 Willys Coupe 75
'30 Willys Sedan 75
'30 Ford Roadster 75
'30 Ford 5-Pass. Sedan 75
'29 Ford Tudor 60
'29 Ford Coupe 60

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HAROLD L. O'NEIL CO.
707 COLUMBIA RD.
DORCHESTER COL. 2700
AT EDWARD EVERETT SQ.

$5 TAKES ONE AWAY OR $4, $3, $2 OR $1-2 IF DESIRED.

WE PROVE IT BEFORE YOU SIGN UP

INCLUDES INSURANCE AND PLATES

6 Passenger Cars	Pay't
'32 Pontiac Sed., rebl.; record.	$275 $18.80
'31 Ford Tour. Sed., like new	165 10.00
'33 Willys 77 Sed.; rebl.; bargain	225 14.70
'31 Ford V-8 Sed., a beaut	325 18.00
'29 Ford 6 Chev. Coaches	35
'30 Ford 5-Pass. Sedan	75

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'34 Plymouth P. C. De Luxe Coach .$460
'34 Chevrolet Master 6 Coach, Beauty 435
'34 Ford De Luxe Conv. Cabriolet 475
'32 Packard De Luxe Coach, Cln., Bad. 650
'32 Ford V-8 Sedan, Heater and Radio 395
'29 Chevrolet Cpe, Exceptional, clean 225
'31 La Salle Fleetwood Sedan 875
879 BLUE HILL AVE., DOR. GEN. 9167

1925 FORD V8 DELUXE TUDOR, cordoyroy, run about 16000 miles $95
CHRYSLER ROADSTER MODEL 65, HUPMOBILE 5-PASSENGER SEDAN, model M. Q. C. R. T.
Special attention to R. B. Fisher, Vice President, 17 Court St., Boston.

'32 REO SEDAN $245

A classy, comfortable, 6-passenger car; runs nicely and has good tires; reduced from $325 to $245.
HUB CHEVROLET CO., 227 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE. TRO. 6100

Chevrolet ½-Ton Screen, Side Truck, $95 good, clean car; has good tires and runs fine. Priced low.
HUB CHEVROLET CO., 227 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE. TRO. 6100

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Repair and Service Any Car.
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NEW AND USED TIRES—ALL SIZES
139 MAIN ST. MALDEN 0300 or 2370

CHECKER AUTO PARTS CO.
894 Broadway, Chelsea. Che. 0707.

Conditioned Used Cars

'35 Ford Tudor	$495	'34 Ford Tudor	$395
'34 Ford Tudor	395	'34 Ford Coupe	395
'34 Ford Coupe	395	'34 Ford Tudor

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Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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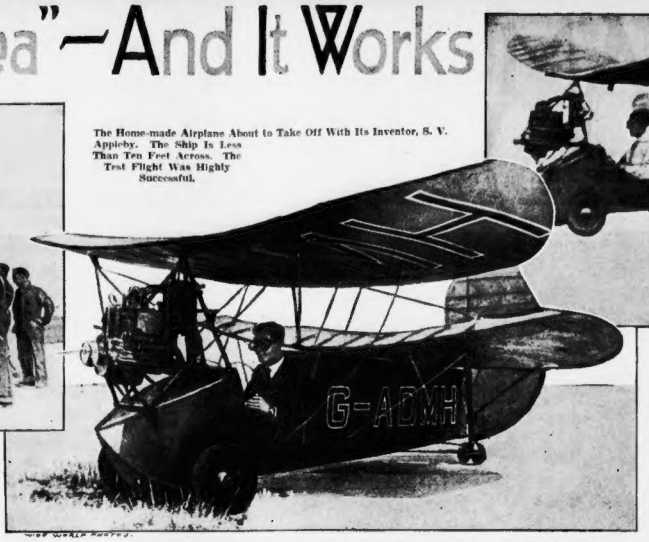
Sunday, Sept. 29, 1935

Country Club Girl —

Impressions by M. Victor C. de Tchetchet the Distinguished Russian Artist

The "Flying Flea"—And It Works

The "Flying Flea" Compared With One of the DeHaviland Eighty-six Planes, at Heston. The Photograph Gives an Idea of the Proportions of the Tiny Flying Machine.



The Home-made Airplane About to Take Off With Its Inventor, S. V. Appleby. The Ship Is Less Than Ten Feet Across. The Test Flight Was Highly Successful.

The "Flying Flea" Actually Flying Over the Heston Aerodrome.

IN England, as in most air-conscious countries, many aero-dynamic experts are anticipating the day when airplanes will be as ordinary as automobiles—that is, they will be as easily available as cars, and as easily housed and operated.

Such popularization and fabrication of flying machines necessitates the production of so-called midget planes designed to carry only one or two passengers: ships that will fit into a garage, and which do not require long runways for taking off and landing.

Presaging such machines is a current vogue, which has developed almost into a competition, for building home-made ships like "The Flying Flea," recently flown successfully from the Heston aerodrome.

"The Flying Flea," so named because of its tiny proportions, doesn't fly like a flea at all, for a flea merely hops. Before it took off on its original test flight, however, there were many spectators who would not have been surprised if the plane had hopped. But they were disappointed. The ship, which, as one of the accompanying photographs shows, is almost incredibly small, acted as a plane should, and took its passenger up and landed him safely after a flight that measured up to all expectations of the inventor, S. V. Appleby.

Appleby believes that individual airplanes can be built and sold at a profit with a cost to the purchaser of no more than $500. His "Flying Flea," which measures less than ten feet across, was built for an outlay slightly under $450. It was not manufactured in a factory, but was constructed by the designer and a few workmen, who possessed no particular skill, and who had accumulated no previous experience. They merely followed out the designs under supervision of the man who had conceived the tiny machine. From stem to stern it is just a trifle over ten feet.

When it was completed recently, Appleby carted the machine to the Hester aerodrome, and a crowd gathered to watch what they fully believed would be an unsatisfactory test. Appleby got into the cockpit, started the small motor, which is no more expensive than a motorcycle engine, and took off before he had negotiated even half the distance of the runway. He then circled to an elevation of 1000 feet and attained an even speed of 70 miles an hour after he had leveled out. Following a completely satisfactory spin, which proved up all the inexpensive and home-made instruments, Appleby then brought his "Flea" to earth in a graceful landing. He and many other fliers believe that "The Flying Flea" has brought aviation nearer to the stage where private planes will become almost as ordinary as automobiles, and even less expensive. It is possible that some English airplane plant will adopt some of the ideas embodied in the tiny one-man ship.

A "Raspberry" for Prize Dogs

RECENTLY, at the close of a pageant on the site of the old Kip Farm in New York, two Great Danes, which took part in the tableaux, were brought up to pose for a news photograph because they were not only huge and picturesque, but prize dogs. They had participated in a hunting scene, which commemorated life 150 years ago on the historical 150 acres that had constituted a farm, but which today make up one of the most congested sections of New York, wherein no less than 38,000 persons dwell.

One of the interested spectators was little Joan Kelleher, seventeen months old, who somehow got into the picture. Instead of standing in terror of the big dogs, Joan moved ever close to them and found to her surprise that the animals' tongues were protruding. Not being aware that the dogs were warm after their work in the pageant, it struck Joan that the Great Danes were deriding her by sticking out their tongues at her. So, just as the camera clicked, Joan, who had learned from the other youngsters thereabouts that it is customary on occasion, if not really good form, to salute deriding people or creatures with a particularly local gesture known throughout the Greater New York boroughs as the celebrated "Bronx Cheer," proceeded to bestow the questionable greeting upon the giant animals.

All unaware that she had unintentionally turned a news picture into a sort of feature photograph, Joan approached the dogs and very heartily reciprocated the tongue-poking with a resounding cheer, followed by a very artistic job of poking her own tongue at the dogs.

It all went to show that Joan was quite a fearless little girl, for she exhibited no lack of courage in thus showing the dogs what she thought of them.

The pageant featured the dogs in a spectacle associated with welfare and humane organization work. The Old Kip Farm, which took in, when New York was made up of little Dutch villages, a large stretch of the East River shoreline, now is the site upon which Belleview Hospital is located. The Belle Vue Farms and the Jacob Kip properties adjoined and were acquired by the city early in the nineteenth century.

All about this section, memories of old New York cling, and they are kept alive by historical pageants usually designed to aid charity.

Little Joan Kelleher, Showing Her Lack of Awe for the Two Great Danes, Prize-Winners in the Old Kip Farm Pageant, New York, by Sticking Out Her Tongue at Them Just as She Believes They Are Deriding Her.

Mel and Melma, the Parisian Acrobatic Dancers, Who Have Attained Fame Recently in the Theatres of the French Capital. They Are Shown in One of Their Picturesque Dances.

They're the New Rage in Paris

PARIS.

NOBODY knows for sure how or when acrobatic dancing originated. It is probably the oldest type of dancing, and it has been suggested that the first acrobatic dancers were primeval men who stubbed their toes or stepped on hot stones. Eventually, this style of dance became symbolical, religious, gymnastic, and therefore highly complicated. Certainly it became common, in the modern sense, some years ago when the Apache dance was popular. This was the outgrowth of an acrobatic routine, in which a tough fellow tosses his sweetheart around in a most ungentlemanly manner. Out of this emerged the slower and more graceful dance teams known as adagios—or slow-motion dancers.

Adagios rise and fall in popular favor regularly. The stages of the world were so crowded with them a few years ago that New Yorkers had a joke which proposed that if you stood on the Palace Theatre on Broadway a few hours with arms akimbo an acrobatic dancer would be sure to leap through.

The acrobatic dance under special treatment has now become a highly specialized affair, and it isn't everybody who can meet the demands laid down by booking agents. The dancers must be handsome physically as well as graceful. The man must be strong; there must be a certain amount of danger to life in the dance, so as to assure audience thrills, and the costumes must be original, not to say daring.

All these requirements seem to have been met, and even surpassed, by the newly-popular acrobatic dancers, who at the moment are the rage in the French capital. They are Mel and Melma, two muscular and beautifully-formed young people, who represent grace and physical fitness in a happy combination, and who, practically without benefit of costume, work up a routine that appears to make the young woman of the team a poor insurance risk, for she is tossed about strenuously, yet there is no crudity like the Apache technique in their skilful presentation. Their sudden rise to popularity has again revived the adagio—and also the use of the ostrich plume fan, much to the delight of ostrich farmers, who haven't been doing well since the feathered costume vogues of the late nineties.

Scientists Find Shields 1600 Years Old

THREE wooden shields, one of which is pictured below, each about sixteen centuries old, were uncovered the other day by Yale University archeologists, in Dura, the "Pompeii of the Euphrates." They turned out to be part of the equipment of Roman soldiers stationed in Dura. The shields were among other finds, including medallions, pottery, glass vessels and jewelry.

Dura, famous to students of antiquity, is situated in what is now Syria, and it was the outpost of Graeco-Roman civilization. The Yale scientists have been excavating there for some years, and whenever new discoveries are made, they are described in reports by Professor Clark Hopkins, the field director.

The shields, which are the most interesting of recent relics to be brought to light, are of fragile wood and bear paintings sufficiently preserved to allow accurate reconstructions. The scenes depicted on them by the ancient artists are executed with fine skill and extraordinary spirit, show classical subjects garbed in manifestly Eastern raiment, and are thus important links in the history of the development of ancient types of art.

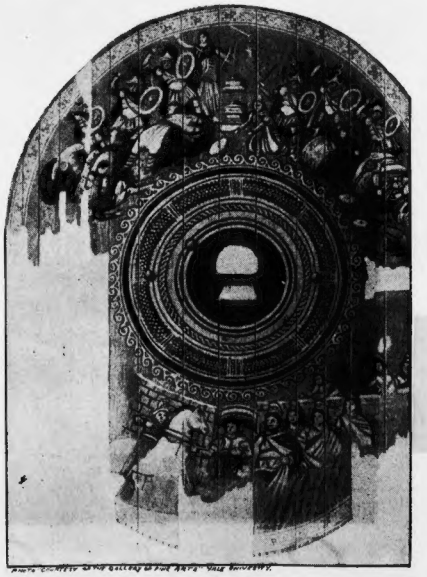
The one shown in the photograph is decorated with a symbolical representation of Greeks fighting with Amazons. The three shields were found lying together in a heap. The other shields bore pictures of the god of war holding a spear in his right hand and the entry of the horse into Troy and the sacking of the city.

From other discoveries made in recent months, the history of Dura is fairly well known. It fell in 256 A. D. It was a sort of melting pot of various religious elements, Babylonian, Syrian, Hebrew, Persian, Arabian, Greek, and Roman, all of which exhibited such an unusual artistic temperament that not only the religious edifices of the city, but private homes, and individual possessions, such as the shields, were covered with paintings. This fact has provided so many types of art that Dura has become a trove of treasure for gentlemen interested in learning all about early culture.

After 1600 years the colors are fairly well preserved on the shields, which undoubtedly were used for pageantry, since their fabric is much too delicate to have been of any use in actual warfare.

A palmyrene temple dating from the second century, in which four bas reliefs and parts of two more were discovered this season, is another link reported by the Yale men as having bound the interests of Dura and Palmyra, the two great cities of the desert.

The scenes on the shields are believed to be symbolical of the conquest of the East (Amazons and Trojans) by the West, the Greeks. They were probably not painted in Dura, but the scientists believed because of the Syrian style, they were made not far from the ancient outpost.



Wooden Roman Shield, 1600 Years Old, Excavated at Dura, Syria, by the Yale Expedition. It Depicts, Symbolically, Greeks on Horseback, Fighting Against the Amazons, and Is Considered of Great Importance in the Art World.

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Latest Turn in the Spreckels' Divorce Merry-Go-Round

The Beautiful Ranch Home of John D. Spreckels, 3d, in Texas.

Not Hobby-Horses But Real Ones Behind This Newest Broken Romance of the "On-Again, Off-Again," Sugar Millions Heirs and Heiresses

Mrs. Roxana Gloria Brown Spreckels, Who Says, When She Asked Her Husband Why He Preferred to Spend His Time With Race Horses Rather Than With Her, He Answered: "Because they are not always kicking."

Sidi Wirt, Picturesque Former Stepmother of John D. 3d, Who Afterwards Became a Turkish Princess—by Marriage.

Adolph Spreckels, Jr., Taking the Jumps at the Monterey-Del Monte Horse Show.

The Former Lois Clarke, Who Divorced Adolph Spreckels, Jr., and Married Frank C. Clinton.

The Stable on the Texas Ranch Where John D., 3d, Kept the Horses His Wife Objected To, but Which He Has Now Taken Elsewhere.

EVER since old John D. Spreckels went to heaven, leaving all his sugar millions to his descendants, lovely ladies have been loving and leaving the boys, but usually departing with enough "sugar" to live happily on ever after.

The latest of these is Roxana Gloria Brown Spreckels, wife of John D. Spreckels III, who wants an alimony pension of $1,000 a month the rest of her life as compensation for three years of matrimony. Mrs. Spreckels' chief complaints are neglect and desertion, which she says are both due, not to fast women but fast horses. Just before starting her latest separate maintenance action in Los Angeles, she sent her husband, at Arlington, Texas, the following ultimatum:

"Give up your horses and come home at once or an immediate suit for divorce will be filed."

Mr. Spreckels did leave his horses at Arlington, but instead of coming home and giving himself up, he went to Reno, Nevada, which his wife's legal generals saw as a hostile move, indicating that he was establishing legal residence there with intention of beating her to the divorce. Roxana instantly launched her separate-maintenance action in Los Angeles, and then flew across the border into Nevada, with the apparent intention of seeking evidence on her husband's activities there.

Asked why he preferred to spend his time with race horses rather than a charming wife, she declares, John D. Spreckels replied:

"Perhaps because they are not always kicking."

Asked if, after all, she would not rather have her husband running around with the ponies than a chorus girl, Roxana is said to have answered:

"I don't know. I don't see him any more, and they tell me that since the depression keeping a stable costs more than the other thing. Besides, how do I know he isn't doing both?"

On February 6, 1932, this particular Mr. Spreckels had just become 21, and therefore had come into his share of the family fortune, reported at that time to be $4,000,000. There seemed no reason for delaying matrimony another minute, and so, with pretty Roxana Gloria Brown, daughter of a San Diego Baptist minister, he drove at top speed to Yuma, Arizona, the handiest Gretna Green, where they were married by a justice of the peace. The bride, like the groom, had just reached the alleged age of discretion.

All went well for some time while they burned the money together on 16-cylinder cars, speed boats, traveling extensively and expensively and building a fifteen-room house. But when John started building up a racing stable, she is said to have protested against spending money on something she did not like.

"Don't like it—how can that be?" John wanted to know, and his wife is reported to have replied:

"Stables are obsolete. All they do is attract flies and queer-looking people. They are nuisances, not permitted in restricted neighborhoods."

In her first divorce action, started in October, 1934, Mrs. Spreckels charged that her husband became violently angry and cursed her, created scenes in public and in her presence, humiliating her and deeply wounding her feelings. She alleged that he told her he no longer loved her and now wanted a divorce.

If this occurred after she made those unflattering remarks about stables, "horsy" people would understand why he acted that way. According to the wife's figures, there remained only one million at that time. John contended that it was all gone but $400,000. He had certainly been redistributing grandpa's wealth.

"All this presents a sad picture to me," remarked Superior Judge C. N. Andrews, after studying the affidavits of both sides, "a young man made drunk by the sudden possession of wealth." However, the judge pointed out that Mrs. Spreckels seemed to have shared in most of the squandering, including a large house in Bonita Hills, "now abandoned, for all these parties know, to bands of pack rats."

The judge discussed Mrs. Spreckels' demands for temporary alimony, mentioning her budget of $120 for rent, $120 for food, remarking that that much food might make her ill. Also it would have ruined her figure, which would have been more serious. He then added that he doubted if a mere man should attempt to analyze too closely a woman's budget item of "miscellaneous, $65." Finally a compromise of $460 monthly temporary alimony was awarded between Spreckels' offer of $200 and his wife's demand of $1,000.

While the case was awaiting trial, the stork arrived. On March 26 of this year, she wired her husband 'way off in Texas with the ponies:

"Come and see our baby."

John came, saw and was conquered. There was a reconciliation, the divorce was called off and everything was beautiful for a few weeks until he slipped away to the horses again, bringing down upon him that ultimatum.

The most spectacular of all the women who have loved and left a Spreckels was the second wife of this John's father, the late John D. II. After John D. III's mother had divorced his father, that gentleman replaced her with Sidi Wirt, daughter of a Kansas farmer, beautiful, fascinating but so full of vim, vigor and general uneasiness that the wearied Mr. Spreckels was soon glad to give her a divorce and a large bag of alimony sugar. Spending some of this on clothes and "atmosphere," she was able to startle the world by marrying Prince Suad Bey Chakir, member of the Turkish Royal Family.

The farmer's daughter made things lively for that family, not only scorning the veil but all other time-honored restrictions of a Turkish wife and carrying on like the most "emancipated" woman of Paris. As far as her husband was concerned she got away with it, but within two years she was named as co-respondent in a divorce suit by the Princess Chevekiar of Egypt against her husband, Capt. Seiyom Bey.

She charged that her husband and the Princess Sidi had gone on a secret and unchaperoned yachting trip together, "premeditated and arranged by correspondence." Sidi's well-trained husband said that anything his wife did was surely all right, but exalted Turkish and Egyptian circles did not see it that way. Princess Sidi sued her accuser for 20,000 Turkish pounds damages, (each pound worth about $25) charging slander and assault. The courts granted the divorce but fined Princess Chevekiar only $250 for slander.

Sidi said it was a "bum decision" and in 1928 was back in San Francisco getting her American citizenship restored so she could sue for divorce. It seems that having been persuaded to forget all his rights, her Royal husband had also somehow forgotten his duty of supporting her. Meanwhile, John D. Spreckels II had been killed in an automobile accident at San Francisco. Ten years later his first wife, who was Edith Huntington, mother of John D. III, died in the same manner, near Seattle.

During those ten years Edith had been constantly in the public eye. She married Frank Wakefield, wealthy Hong Kong business man, another complacent husband, but she was sued by Mrs. Rodney Kendrick, who wanted $25,000 for alienation of Rodney's affections. Among other unusual details, Nellie Kendrick said Edith had offered to pension her off at $100 a month if she would give up her husband.

Mrs. Kendrick died a few months later. Edith divorced Mr. Wakefield and had married Kendrick when she was killed in the automobile accident near Seattle in 1931.

In 1927, Miss Sybil Esme Jones, Seattle telephone girl and theatre usher, married Adolph B. Spreckels III, another rich scion of the sugar clan. Socially and financially it was one of those "Cinderella romances." Sybil seems to have gotten most every profit there is in marriage but it evidently did not measure up to her expectations because in 1933 she was suing for divorce. Among other complaints she charged that out of $242,000 income from his inheritance, Adolph had spent $92,000 all on himself without even telling her he had it. Her belief was that he had "squandered" this held-out money in motor boats, gambling and in other ways.

Adolph contested the divorce, alleging that the trouble was due to some of his wife's grasping relatives. However, the court granted the divorce on grounds of desertion and gave her custody of their daughter Barbara. In this case the bag of alimony sugar seems to have been disappointingly small, consisting of only $250 a month during Barbara's minority.

John's cousin, Claus Spreckels, Jr., was divorced by his wife, Lois Silva Spreckels, on July 31, this year, on the grounds of cruelty. The brunette daughter of a San Diego fishing boat captain alleged that for a year prior to the couple's separation in June Spreckels "often and many times exhibited an attitude of distaste and disgust toward plaintiff's friends and has embarrassed plaintiff in the presence of her friends."

She charged that on June 10 and June 15 her husband remained away from home until early morning and on his return refused to say where he had been, telling her it was none of her concern.

Claus Spreckels, Jr., and his wife were married at Phoenix, Arizona, April 13, 1933. In a settlement approved by the court, this Mrs. Spreckels is to have $100 a month for life, to spend on herself and the spending of half as much more for their daughter Carol Ellis Spreckels, born last January.

One of the latest lover-and-leavers is Mrs. Lois Clarke De Ruyter Spreckels Clinton, who secured a Reno divorce from Adolph Spreckels, Jr. Lois had been in Reno only a little while before to get rid of her first husband, the New York society playboy, Jack De Ruyter, where, for some reason, she let the custody of the two children go to their father.

Having married Adolph, she changed her mind and reopened the case and begged the court to let her have the children, after all. This caused her a lot of bother, including suddenly remembering and telling the court what hard drinkers her ex-husband and all his family were. Though the two children were not his responsibility and had legally been planted on the opposite side of the country, Mr. Spreckels pleaded with the judge in his wife's behalf, saying that they would be welcome in his own home and that he would be glad to spend a liberal part of his $60,000 a year income on them.

The court, impressed by such generosity, took him at his word. Grateful Lois repaid her husband by presenting him with a baby of his own and then returning to Reno for divorce and custody of all three.

How big a bag of sugar alimony Lois got out of Adolph is not known, since a secret property settlement was made out of court. But the day after she received her decree she proceeded to carry out the tradition of the lovely ladies who love Spreckelses by marrying one of Adolph's best friends, 22-year-old Frank C. Clinton, a San Francisco broker.

And Adolph the other day carried on in the best Spreckels manner by marrying another beautiful girl, Gloria de Bevoise.

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The Random Radio Message that Reunited the Lost Lovers

BUDAPEST.

PAUL HARY, a young clerk working in one of the large banks of the Hungarian capital, never was much of a radio fan. He didn't know one air entertainment from another and looked upon the sounds that came out of the loudspeakers of his friends' radio sets as something of a nuisance. Yet, some day soon, when he leads pretty Gitta Nemes to the altar, the ceremony will be broadcast, one of the high officials of the Hungarian Broadcasting Company will be present and, at the close of the rites, will step to a microphone and say, "The Hungarian Broadcasting Company is happy to have been the means of bringing these young people together."

This announcement will not be cheap publicity. It will be a statement of fact and the bridegroom, when he gets around to buying the furniture for his new home will, first of all, lay cash on the line for a good receiving set.

The romantic story begins in Interlaken, Switzerland, and goes back about a year when Hary, on his yearly vacation, met Gitta Nemes at a dance. The young woman spoke Hungarian, Hary's native tongue, and seemed to be the only person in the gathering with whom he could carry on a conversation. The young people had many dances together. They took a stroll beside the lake in the moonlight and by the time they said good-night, Hary was head over heels in love. He didn't tell the girl so that night, but he made up his mind to propose before his fortnight's vacation was over.

Next morning, bright and early, he called at the hotel where Miss Nemes was staying to invite her to go boating on the lake. He was told that the girl and her mother had received a telegram early that morning, had packed their bags and departed on an early train. The hotel clerk couldn't be sure but he thought the women had mentioned Vienna as their destination.

The young bank clerk spent a miserable vacation and went dejectedly back to his bank job with not one shred of information about the girl who had captured his heart in one romantic evening. He sent letters addressed to her to every large city in Hungary, but they all came back with the stamp "Not known here." After a year he gave up all hope of ever locating Gitta.

And then his luck turned, and in a most unexpected way. He was having dinner in the home of friends who had their radio set tuned in on the broadcast from the annual Industrial Fair, where, for a small sum, visitors to the exposition could speak over the microphone to their relatives and friends back home.

Hary was bored with the halting words of farmers and farmers' wives saying that they were having a fine time and to look after things until they got back from their holiday, when, suddenly he heard a voice that brought him to his feet.

Paul Hary, Who Found His Lost Love Through the Radio Message From the State Fair, Where All Visitors Were Invited to Speak to the Folks Back Home.

Scene at the Budapest State Fair, Where the Hungarian Broadcasting Company Maintains a Station Over Which the Public May Talk. It Was Through Its Microphone That the Lovers Were United.

Gitta Nemes, Who, as a Result of the Magic Coverage of Radio, Is Soon to Be a Bride.

It was a pleasant voice and it was saying, "This is Gitta Nemes speaking. Mother, I'm having a great time at the fair and tonight I'm going to the Opera. Give my love to the folks in Debreczen."

The next chapter in the story of the lost lovers is not hard to guess. Hary was pacing back and forth before the Budapest Opera House an hour before curtain time. The girl, when she saw him, rushed into his arms, and never did get to see the show. She will be Mrs. Hary some day soon, by a fortunate twist of fate and "by courtesy of the Hungarian Broadcasting Company."

Snapshots of Two Sirens Who Startled King George's Subjects

THE Scotch are a modest as well as a thrifty people, and they do not go in for exposing the body, unless the bare knees of kilted Highlanders can be called exposure. So the natives of Edinburgh suffered something of a shock a few weeks ago when, walking along Princes Street, they beheld what looked like a young woman, nude from the waist up, kneeling in a box and performing her morning exercises.

This was no prank perpetrated by some wag. The young woman was a wax model which had served its time in the window of a women's shop and, being broken, had been tossed out with the litter which the street cleaning carts were to take away to the municipal dump.

But, for a couple of hours, the "siren" caused a mild furore and quite a crowd gathered about to look upon as strange a sight as the streets of the Scotch capital had offered for many a day. From a short distance the figure looked human, not to mention attractive, and it took a close-up view of the inanimate manikin to convince people walking along Princes Street that they were not seeing something they shouldn't be seeing anywhere, least of all on a main thoroughfare.

One crusty old Scot who happened to pass the spot before the street cleaners had borne the wax maiden away to an ignominous end among tin cans and waste paper was moved to call the police department and protest against such inexcusable spectacles on the streets of his fair city. Such things, he said, should not be left about to shock people's finer sensibilities.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

In Edinburgh, Scotland, Recently, Pedestrians on Their Way to Work Were Startled to See This Nymph Parked Comfortably in a Rubbish Box. She Appeared Alive and Energetic, but Turned Out to Be Only a Discarded Clothing Store Dummy.

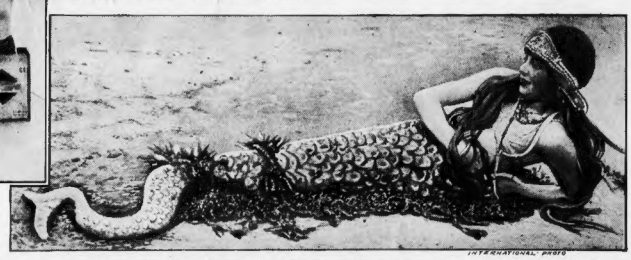
STROLLERS along the beach at Ramsgate, England, weren't quite sure, when they came upon the mermaid shown in the photograph below, whether they were being kidded or whether, after all, there is something in the legend that Neptune has daughters, half fish and half human. And more than one holiday pleasure-seeker, with a good cargo of half-and-half under his belt, blinked his eyes and considered taking the pledge.

The young woman is, of course, a normally constructed member of the fair sex and her scaly nether part is a fabrication which she wears to attract attention to her—and to a show in which she is appearing at Ramsgate's Merry England amusement park.

The show is, as might be supposed, a swimming and diving act in which several shapely young women perform in a large tank with a plate glass front. The "mermaid" shown in the picture is one of the cast and is an expert swimmer and diver. Even with her legs encased in the fishy get-up she can make graceful maneuvers on the surface and beneath the water and give the impression that she really is a creature from Davy Jones' Locker.

When a curious crowd gathers around her she smilingly answers their questions concerning her hybrid construction, and explains that those who doubt she's a mermaid can find out for themselves by attending a show of which she is a part.

She invariably fools youngsters, who still believe in fairy tales, and spins them yarns of how pleasant life is down at the bottom of the sea with the sharks, devil fish and other denizens of the deep.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

But on the Beach at Ramsgate, This Real, Live Mermaid Is Likely to Be Encountered at Any Time, Resting Between the Acts of a Show in Which She, in Her Interesting Costume, Takes Part.

Burial Vault Provides Him A Comfortable Home

AN abandoned burial vault may be an eerie place to some people but it is just a snug home to Charles Ritter, an Ohio farm hand. Mr. Ritter has been making his home for several months in a stone burial vault on the old Linas Smith farm, two miles southeast of Medina. He reports his "cottage" was so sung during zero nights last Winter that he was forced to leave the door ajar.

The vault which serves as Mr. Ritter's home was built in 1880 by a Mr. Smith, who once owned the greater part of Montville Township. He wanted a private burial ground on his farm and erected the mausoleum for that purpose.

There is enough of an element of mystery about the place to make many a person afraid it would be inhabited by ghosts, even if it had never been used as a burial vault. Old residents tell of a girl's body being stolen from the vault one night by a medical student and of its subsequent discovery in a manger of a nearby stable.

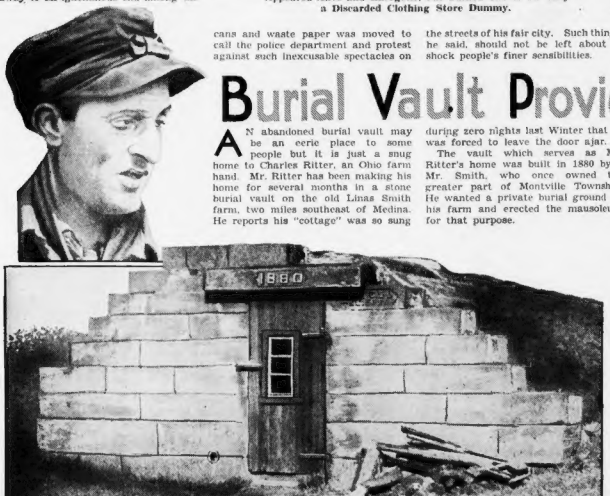
However, her body and that of Captain Smith have long since been buried in a cemetery here and the mausoleum stood idle for more than half a century. Its iron door was broken off by the ghoul who removed the girl's body and never was repaired.

Recently, Mr. Ritter went to work for Harry Davenport, present occupant of the portion of the old Smith farm on which the vault is located. He wanted a place by himself and the mausoleum seemed the most likely place. Cutting a hole through the thick stone roof, he installed a small wood-burning stove. A wood partition was placed over the front of the vault, with a door and one small window in it.

Mr. Ritter is a former electrical engineer whose health was ruined by two severe electric shocks and an automobile accident, he relates. He insists his stone home is as cool in Summer as it is warm in Winter.

A marble statue which once adorned the top of the mausoleum has been moved to a cemetery in Medina and serves as a memorial to Captain Smith. It is a likeness of the Medina County pioneer. The statue has a history almost as interesting as that of the burial vault. It was ordered from Italy and was sculptured over there. While en route to America on a sailing vessel, the boat was shipwrecked and the statue had to be replaced.

Certain members of the Smith family objected strenuously to the private burial ground and after Captain Smith died it was never used.



Charles Ritter, the Medina, Ohio, Farmhand, and His Burial Vault Home, in Which He Manages to Live Comfortably and Snugly. Just Because It Was Intended for the Dead Is No Reason Why It Can't Be Inhabited by the Living, Says Ritter.

Biting Toads, Intelligence Test for Dogs

A DOG may bite a toad once, but if he does it again then he's not very bright and doesn't deserve a high canine intelligence rating. Biologists working for Uncle Sam in the Department of Agriculture are responsible for this interesting, if not very important statement, and it is their amusing way of explaining that the lowly toad, with its unsightly warts and its bulging eyes, protects itself from dogs and other unfriendly creatures by secreting a bitter fluid which is stored in glands located behind the creature's pop eyes.

Toads have rather a hard time of it in this world for most people are afraid of them and kill them as they do snakes, even though the creatures do their part toward reducing the pestiferous insect hordes that annoy human beings and destroy millions of dollars worth of green stuff annually. Toads are sluggish in their movements. They can't hop like their longer legged relatives, the frogs, and their bodies are so soft that the step of a foot or a sharp blow from a club will kill them.

Mother Nature, knowing this, put those glands in the toads' heads and filled them with a substance that is as bitter as gall. Most animals, after one brush with the seemingly defenseless toad, has sense enough not to repeat the performance.

Most dogs, after one bite at a toad, eschew the pastime for the rest of their lives. But snakes, birds of prey and especially skunks wage unending warfare on the toad and eat him, despite the protection that nature gave him.

The cleverest toad catcher is the skunk, who knows instinctively how to handle this soft and edible quarry. When a skunk, looking for a meal, runs across a toad he goes about killing the prey with great care, batting the toad deftly with its paws and rolling it over and over on the ground until all the bitter fluid has been discharged.

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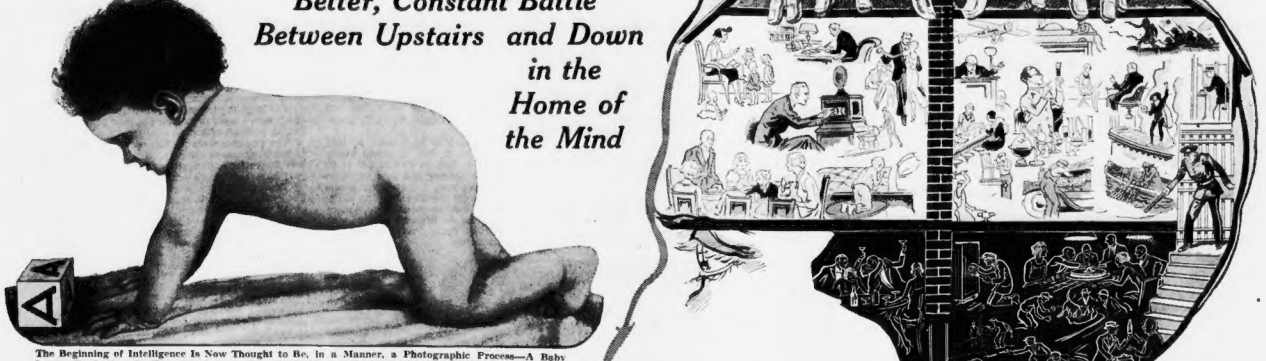
Surprising New Discoveries About Our Brains

Four-Fifths of One Woman's Gray Matter Removed and She Is Brighter Than Before, Heads Not Growing Bigger But Contents Getting Better, Constant Battle Between Upstairs and Down in the Home of the Mind



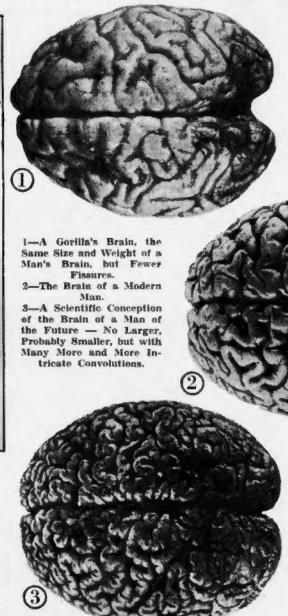
The Beginning of Intelligence Is Now Thought to Be, in a Manner, a Photographic Process—A Baby Learns Its Letters by Repeated Images Through Its Eyes to the Brain Cells, Which Later Will Develop into Power to Interpret All Images.

Pictorial Diagrammatic Presentation of the Assertion by Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, Distinguished British Scientist, That the Human Mind Can Be Compared to a Two-Story Dwelling House. On the Main Floor Are the Virtues, Habits and Worthy Activities. Downstairs in the Dark, Hidden Basement of the Mind Live the Unworthy, Primitive, Cruel and Criminal Tendencies.

On the Stairs Between the Cellar and Upper Story Is Our Will Power, Like a Policeman Keeping Back the Thugs of the Mind.

Above May Dwell That Unknown, Unseen Power That Is Called the Soul.

Interesting Comparison Between the Sizes of the Brains and the Sizes of the Faces of a Fish, a Horse, an Ape and a Man.



1—A Gorilla's Brain, the Same Size and Weight of a Man's Brain, but Fewer Fissures.

2—The Brain of a Modern Man.

3—A Scientific Conception of the Brain of a Man of the Future — No Larger, Probably Smaller, but with Many More and More Intricate Convolutions.

A COMMON phrase often applied to a stupid person is that he hasn't much brains.

But in a case recently reported by Dr. Spafford Ackerly, associate professor of psychiatry at the Louisville School of Medicine, a woman had 80 per cent of her brain cut out, and with the 20 per cent she had left, instead of being scatter-brained and frivolous—as might be expected—she was more intelligent and useful than before the operation.

This surprising result seems to indicate that perhaps human beings have too much brains, or at least, do not know how to use what they have.

The patient in this case was suffering from a brain tumor, and in order to remove it and save her life, Dr. Glenn Spurling, who performed the operation, was forced to cut away all of the gray matter in the right lobe and most of that in the left lobe.

With the removal of four-fifths of the brain, it might be expected that the most brilliant person in the world would be changed into an idiot, or at any rate, would never again have normal faculties. But the result of this operation upsets that idea entirely, and the situation that has developed seems to be altogether contrary to what might have been predicted.

Before the operation the woman, who is 35 years old, was said to be somewhat flighty, and in her conversation to have jumped from one subject to another, and to have had a character lacking in the persistence to finish one task before starting another. For the first year after the operation, no particular change in her mentality was noted, and she remained childishly happy and gay. But with the second year, maturity and responsibility began to develop.

Now she reveals unusual powers of concentration, refusing to be diverted from the subject of conversation or the task she is pursuing. As a result she gets things done with such speed and ease that life no longer worries nor makes her nervous, she sleeps well and her temper is better. Tests show that her intelligence is just about average, yet she is unusually efficient because there seem to be few mental conflicts left in the small remaining portion of gray matter. As so often happens, good habits of mind and character are equivalent to an extra portion of intelligence.

It is this conflict between different sections of the brain, as has been pointed out by Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, distinguished British scientist, that causes much of the misconduct, frustration and misery in the world.

The gray matter in the frontal lobes tries to make decisions along sensible, logical but cold-blooded lines as to what is wisest, all things considered. But they are frequently overwhelmed by surges of unreasoning emotion from the older and bigger brain areas inherited from animal ancestors. Nobody can think straight when the emotions are rampant and emotional persons are for that reason considered somewhat illogical and irresponsible. Realizing the damage done by these unreasoning feelings, many have wished that emotions could be cut out of the human mind entirely. There are cases where brain tumors have done that very thing.

In order to visualize this conflict between the upper and lower parts of the brain, Dr. Armstrong-Jones has compared the human mind to a two-story dwelling, represented according to his idea in the pictorial diagram shown on this page.

Every human mind possesses, he says, a dark, hidden basement, into which the owner's consciousness never ventures. It is as though a "small, select and respectable family lived on the floor upstairs, while a dirty, untidy, primitive and rather numerous disreputable crew lived in the basement."

And like many real men and women forced into similar circumstances, the reputable, upstairs part of the mind seems to have agreed with itself to pretend that the downstairs part is not there at all. Unfortunately, like so many other unpleasant truths about life, the basement family sometimes refused to stay hid and sneaks up the steps, disturbing and corrupting the well-ordered life in the upper story.

To protect the virtues, good habits and worthy activities that live upstairs, human will power stands like a policeman on the steps and tries to keep back the thugs of the mind—the unworthy, cruel, primitive and criminal tendencies that occupy the basement. But just as real policemen sometimes neglect their jobs, or fall asleep on duty, or on occasions join forces with the underworld, so the human will is sometimes weak, careless or untrained—and may even deliberately open the basement door and go into partnership with the vicious impulses that escape.

Once the will starts neglecting its duty, evil desires easily take command.

Thus it is not the size of the brain that makes the difference between one man and another, or between human beings and lower animals, but the character and orderliness of the upper strata and the vigilance of the will.

The biggest brain does not mean the greatest intelligence. Whales and other animals have bigger ones than the human brain but not in proportion to the size of their bodies, which is one important factor. In relation to total weight, man's brain is gigantic and yet he is not quite the champion, being outranked for some reason by the little humming bird.

In any animal the ratio between the size of the face bones and the size of the brain pan appears to have a definite relationship to the degree of intelligence. Thus, as can be seen in the illustration on the left, this ratio for the fish is six to one, for the horse, four and one-half to one; for the anthropoid ape, one to one, and for man, one to four. In other words, man, by long odds the most intelligent, has a brain pan that is four times as large as his face bones.

But this does not mean that as man grows more and more intelligent, with the passage of thousands upon thousands of years, his brain will grow larger and larger. Or that in the distant future man will be as he has often been depicted by writers of fantastic fiction—a creature with an enormous head and bulging forehead, but limbs that will have dwindled to almost nothing, because the perfection of every conceivable form of mechanical device will have made physical activity useless.

It has now been discovered that the quantity of brains in the head has nothing to do with intelligence. The important thing is not how much brains has a man got, but what kind of brains. As shown in the center of this page, the brain of a gorilla is the same size and weight as the brain of a modern man, but there is a vast difference between them. The difference lies in the number and depth of the fissures, and it is the extensiveness and intricacy of these convolutions that govern intelligence.

This is because the more curls there are and the deeper the crevices, the closer and more varied is the contact established between the various cells by nerve fibres, and consequently the more numerous the cells themselves and the greater the brain power. Accordingly, as conceived by science and represented here, the brain of the highly intelligent man of the future will be no larger than that of the man of today, and perhaps may even be smaller—but it will have far more folds and much more complicated coils.

The case of the woman who turned out to have greater control of her mental powers after 80 per cent of her brain had been removed seems to argue that in its present stage of development the human race only knows how to make thorough use of 20 per cent of its gray matter. An excess of brains, it appears, is more of a hindrance than a help. But it is not likely that the man of the future will undertake to eliminate the conflict between the upper and lower parts of his mind by the surgical method of discarding 80 per cent of the contents of his skull. Instead, he will achieve harmony in his mental household and increase his efficiency through a better understanding of how his thinking apparatus works.

One way in which this is already being done is through a study of the means by which learning is acquired. Thus it has been found that in a manner of speaking the beginning of intelligence is a photographic process. For example, a baby is given a set of alphabet blocks. Each time it sees a letter on one of these blocks an image that has been received through the eyes and passed on by nerves to the brain is implanted on a certain set of cells. At first the impression on these cells is dim, but as the process is repeated the impression becomes deeper, shaping the cells and starting undulations that with increasing experiences will develop into coils and crevices. When these convolutions, which had their beginning in the photographic process, become more clearly defined, the child will acquire the ability to interpret the various images it receives through its eyes, and at the same time understand and bring into their proper relationship the innumerable impressions it receives through its other senses.

When a child has learned to recognize a letter of the alphabet it means that as often as that pattern forms on the retina and is transformed to a similar one in the brain, the thinking part of the brain gets the right message. But every part of the visual area must understand the meaning of that pattern because the child recognizes the letter whether it is so small he can hardly see it or so big as to fill his whole eye.

An early definition of intelligence is the ability to perform abstract reasoning but recently it has been called the ability to see into a brand new problem. If food is placed too high for a dog to reach, the animal can think of nothing better than to keep jumping for it until exhausted. The more intelligent ape will pile boxes on each other until he can climb to it.

An idiot is a person with brain so feeble that even the simplest problem is too much for him, even dressing or feeding himself. Just above him is the imbecile who has mastered the problems of dressing, feeding and washing himself, combing his hair and either answering or parrying questions. But if warned not to touch a live wire he is likely to do it when nobody is looking in the belief that he is being deprived of something choice.

Occasionally it happens that a child will suddenly begin to grow at an abnormal rate, as did Billy Barber, the English strong-boy, who, at the age of four, had already attained the strength, height and characteristics of a lad of sixteen, and was able to lift two of his playmates. Such rapid growth has been generally understood to be caused by some glandular disease. But recently it was found that a tumor, similar to the one removed from the 35-year-old woman's brain, can cause this peculiar occurrence in a child.

Dr. H. S. Le Marquand, of the Royal Berkshire Hospital in England, reported that a boy baby under his care began to show signs of maturity at the age of fourteen months, with adult growth of hair and a sudden increase in size and strength. At the age of two the boy tried to drive the tractor on his father's farm, and at the age of three broke into the garage and pushed out a motorcycle and sidecar unaided. But at the age of four the child died of acute rheumatic fever, and at the autopsy Dr. Le Marquand found that the cause of the abnormal growth had been a small tumor on the mid-part of the brain stem, and not, as had been previously supposed, a disease of the glands.

The medical profession has long been aware of the fact that tumors often have a strange effect on the mental process, and occasionally give patients the serenity of philosophers, making it possible for them to accept tragic occurrences with a curious lack of emotion. But until Dr. Le Marquand made his report it was not generally known that a brain tumor could speed up the growth of a child.

This discovery, in conjunction with Dr. Spurling's success in improving the patient's mind by cutting out most of the thinking part of her brain, may make it possible before much longer for some surgeon to cure one of these abnormally growing boys by the delicate operation necessary to find and remove such a tumor without destroying life.

It has been pointed out that one reason Dr. Spurling's patient was better off after the operation than before is that the brain resembles a legislative body. Reducing its size does not of necessity decrease its power or destroy its function. If, for instance, 80 per cent of the Senators and Congressmen at Washington were painlessly removed, the remainder might be better able to agree on policies, come to quicker and possibly fully as sound decisions

Billy Barber, a Child of Four, Who Almost Overnight Attained the Strength, Height and Characteristics of a Lad of Eighteen. It Has Recently Been Found That Brain Disorders or Tumors Will Speed Up Years of Normal Growth in as Many Months.

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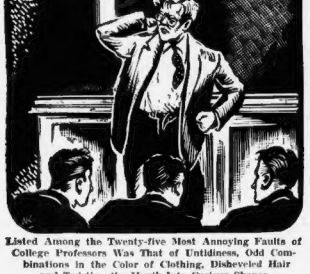
Students List Annoying Faults Of Professors

STUDENTS the world over are continually annoying their professors by their class room conduct—and are frequently reminded of it, in no uncertain terms. Professors, on the other hand, are often every bit as annoying to their students—but as a rule undergraduates have to suffer in silence. Not long ago, however, the tables were turned at North Carolina State College. A class of 123 elementary psychology students was asked to study 112 professors for two weeks, and then turn in confidential reports on the annoying habits and mannerisms of the teachers.

In an article in a recent issue of the Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology, Joe E. Moore, of North Carolina State College, gives the results of this novel experiment. As listed by him, the 25 most frequently mentioned complaints, with the number of times each appeared in the reports, were as follows:

1. Rambling in lectures.....76
2. Twisting mouth into odd shapes.....65
3. Frowning.....55
4. Playing or tinkering with objects.....51
5. Cocking head.....50
6. Pulling ear, nose, or lips.....45
7. Sticking hands into pockets.....44
8. Standing in a awkward position.....42
9. Pausing too long in talking.....41
10. Use of pet expressions.....39
11. Scratching head.....39
12. Not looking at class.....37
13. Lacking neatness.....33
14. Talking too low.....31
15. Using sarcasm.....29
16. Walking around too much.....29
17. "Wise cracking".....26
18. Talking too fast.....26
19. Faulty pronunciation.....22
20. Sitting slouched down in chair.....21
21. Hair unkempt.....18
22. Nervous movements.....18
23. Odd color combinations in clothing.....17
24. Making incomplete statements.....16
25. "Riding students".....14

Under the heading of "pet expressions," a number of students listed the phrases they found most annoying, and perhaps it is just as well that the reports were confidential—otherwise quite a few professors might feel offended and have difficulty giving the students that criticized them passing grades. Yet the students can hardly be blamed



Listed Among the Twenty-five Most Annoying Faults of College Professors Was That of Untidiness, Odd Combinations in the Color of Clothing, Disheveled Hair and Twisting the Mouth Into Curious Shapes.

for criticizing college professors for using some of the following expressions, which were included in the list:

Follow me? You know. You all boys. Yea that's right. Ain't that right pal? Very valuable information. See, git that. I was raised on a farm. Time is fleeting. I'm going to jump around your neck. Between the devil and the deep blue sea. What a man! Take your choice. Pardon me, class, may I say damn? After all is said and done. Well, Gentlemen. Ain't that wonderful? That's all right, that's all right. If you please, gentlemen. That's the meat of the cocoanut. That hadn't ought to be hard. Take the assumption. Interestingly enough. Ain't that right? Wheels. O. K. Speck (used for expect.) Anything on your mind? Like an old mule. In the final analysis. On this thing. Well. Ah, la! Yes suh! Yes suh! Yes, I'll fix you right up. By an' large. See? Why not? I have to look into that. Now watch me, I'm going to trip you. Ah-h-h. Got it? Uh! uh! uh!

"The pet expressions of some college teachers became so obvious and annoying," Mr. Moore says, "that some students amused themselves by making wagers on how often a certain professor would use his pet expression during an hour lecture. One industrious student kept a record of how often one professor used his pet expression during a two-week period, and found that it had occurred more than two hundred times."

Mr. Moore points out that the students who took part in this survey were given careful instructions not to list any habit of a professor that did not annoy them personally. They were urged to keep an objective an attitude as possible, and assured that no report would reach the professors under observation. A list of 25 suggested headings was supplied, but the students were told to add any others they might observe. When the results were tabulated, they showed that the students had listed 63 additional habits and mannerisms found objectionable.

"To find such obvious annoying habits in one or two college professors is not surprising," Mr. Moore says, "but when one finds numerous annoying habits in a large per cent of a college faculty one can realize the great distracting power those little habits have."

Had the professors been allowed to examine the reports, doubtless they would have been astonished and disconcerted to see themselves as students see them.

Undoubtedly, much of the fault-finding on the part of students for their professors and vice-versa, is the result of tradition as well as of simple observation. Students and teachers form two distinct classes whose points of view differ as much as do those of the Indian Brahmins and untouchables. The difference is a relic of "little red schoolhouse" days which bears the same relation to modern education that the appendix bears to the human body. In short, it is something which has outlived its usefulness and ought to be done away with. An effort in this direction is now being made in such colleges as Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

White Race Dying Out, Says German Scientist

THE Chief Government Statistician of Germany, Professor Friedrich Burgdoerfer, has written an interesting book arguing that the white race all over the world is in danger of dying out through the lowering of the birthrate.

Statistics are quoted to show that the white nations of Western Europe, North America and Australia—the lands of the highest civilization and progress—are perishing. The German and Anglo-Saxon populations of the world in particular are vanishing through the falling birthrate. Although Germany, once the land of exceptional fertility, still exhibits a certain lead over the other Western countries, its birthrate is falling more rapidly than that of France, which was until recently the traditional land of race suicide, so that Germany will in a few years be nearer extinction than France.

In Europe only the Eastern Slav and Southern Latin races are maintaining a satisfactory increase of population. The Professor points out that the Russian Slave have a large mixture of Mongol blood which is notoriously prolific, and he seems to hint that the Southern Latins are pepped up by African colored blood.

The earth's population has been increasing at an unparalleled rate since 1800, and during the nineteenth century the white races played the leading part in this growth, but now the leadership has definitely passed to the colored races. The total world population in 1800 was 600,000,000, in 1830, 800,000,000; in 1900, 1,500,000,000, and it is now nearly 2,000,000,000. It has more than doubled in the last 100 years, trebled since 1800, and increased four times since 1650.

The Most Astonishing Increase in Population Is Noted in Japan, Whose Birthrate Is Thrice That of Germany—and Officialdom Is Taking Good Care of the Youngsters' Health.

Europe between 1750 and 1830 increased from 110,000,000 to 230,000,000 and from 1830 to 1930 it increased to 498,000,000.

The nineteenth century was the age of the greatest increase in white population and also that of the greatest progress in every direction. In that century Europe built up the United States, sending 38,000,000 vigorous prolific young people. The two Americas increased their population in that period six times—from 40,000,000 to 231,000,000. But the growth has now been checked chiefly owing to the falling birthrate among the whites in the United States. The Negroes and the Indians in Spanish America are increasing steadily.

Asia began to take the lead in natural increase of population about 1830 and rose from 450,000,000 at that time to 1,125,000,000 in 1930 or to more than half the world's population. Africa showed a rising rate of increase—from 82,000,000 in 1830 to 146,000,000 in 1930. Australia which grew rapidly down to 1900 is now stationary.

The failure of increase in white births has now reached its highest point. Statistics which show an apparent excess of births over deaths in some Western countries are said to be misleading because they include a greater number of old people than in any previous age. They will have no more children and will have no successors in future vital statistics, so that the proportion of deaths to births will become steadily greater.

It is estimated that the earth is able to sustain about 10,000,000,000 people. The number will probably be fixed higher in future on account of the improvements in agricultural science. The colored races—yellow, brown and black—are now hastening to fill up this quota, while the white races are falling behind.

The white races are still sufficiently numerous that they do not appear to superficial observers to be in danger of extermination, but they are steadily being swamped by the more prolific colored races. America does not admit Asiatics, but she admits Russians and these people like other Slav nations contain a considerable Mongolian mixture. The same process is going on along all the border lines between the white and colored races. When a white population is nearly swamped it will be almost impossible to stop the final inrush of the colored race. The number of colored people even in Europe is surprising. In 1932, 423,000 were born there and the number is rapidly rising.

The whites now number one-third of the world's population but they show only one-fourth of the births. Of the latter, one-quarter occurred in Russia, evidently a disproportionately large number.

The German birthrate reached its high point in 1901 at 30 per 1,000 and has fallen in half in thirty years. France reached a high point in 1801 at 33 and fell to 20 by the end of the nineteenth century and now registers 17. The country contains, however, 3,000,000 foreigners who are steadily swamping the old French race. The birthrate has now become nearly stationary, an improvement on past years. Such countries as England and Sweden have now fallen behind France. Spain, Portugal, Rumania and Southern Italy are advancing.

The most astonishing increase has been in Japan, which now shows three times as high a birthrate as Germany. Japan has 2,000,000 births annually and an excess of 1,100,000 births over deaths. This immense increase is the cause of the recent remarkable territorial expansion of the Empire.

Germany had 64,365,000 people in 1930, and at the present rate will have only 60,104,000 in 1975. France had 41,835,000 in 1930, and will have 39,307,000 in 1975.

The professor argues that Germany has been marching steadily on the path to extinction. But there is hope. He thinks that only the Hitlerite program of taking people back to the land and encouraging simple habits and large families can save the nation.

The scientist reasons that a high birthrate has always been associated with progress, prosperity and mental achievement. France was remarkable for her high birthrate in Louis XIV's time and she was then known as "la grande nation." Her population then numbered one-third of Europe. Her day passed. Then England became the most prolific nation. She has been passed in turn by Germany, Italy and Russia, not to mention the teeming nations of the East. Now it seems to be Germany's turn to fail.

Australia is the country in most immediate danger of being swamped by the colored races, in the professor's opinion. This vast continent with a population of only 6,000,000 and capable of maintaining over 100,000,000 lies in close proximity to an overflowing yellow population of 500,000,000. The Australians will be powerless to defend themselves against this horde.

Negroes are showing a remarkable and increasing fertility both in Africa and the United States. The expert points out that they alone are capable of populating the vast fertile interior of Africa, while even in the temperate zones the whites are not holding their own with them. In the United States the Negroes are increasing more rapidly than ever before and they are said by the learned author to show the greatest advance in those states where the white birthrate is lowest.

It is a truism according to the professor, that one race in contact with another of greater fertility inevitably fades into powerlessness and insignificance. Such conditions were the cause of the downfall of Greece, Rome and the great civilized nations of antiquity. He concludes that nations are not necessarily doomed to extinction, but must perish unless they keep up a high birthrate, which they can only do by leading a wholesome, simple and virile life.

On the other hand, however, a point which the professor seems to have overlooked is the fact that increased industrialization unquestionably swells the birthrate while, at the same time, it certainly does not increase wholesomeness.

Water As "Chaser" For Candy, Urged By Doctors

SWEET drinks like lemonade or soda are a more digestible way to take sugar than is solid candy or even concentrated honey, according to experiments just reported in England by Dr. W. C. D. Maile and Dr. K. J. L. Scott of the Woking Victoria Hospital. And if anybody does eat solid candy the thing to do in order to make the sugar in the candy as digestible as possible is immediately to take a drink of water.

If every child who swallowed a bite of candy immediately followed it with this "chaser" of a drink of not too cold water the doctors might revise the objections which many of them now urge against candy eating. Yet it really would be better to let papa and mama eat all the candy provided for in the family budget and assign to the children instead most of the week's supply of milk, for another fact which Dr. Maile and Dr. Scott have discovered is that sugar lies in a child's stomach much longer than in the stomach of the average adult. On the other hand, milk is digested very easily by children and leaves the stomach quickly, while it is digested much more slowly by adults.

All the experiments were done with X-rays, but there has to be something for the X-rays to "see." Both milk and sugar, together with most other ordinary foods, are transparent to the X-rays. Accordingly, a sugar meal is completely invisible inside the body. Not even the most powerful X-ray outfit can tell what is happening to it. To get around this difficulty, physicians who use the X-rays to study the digestion of different kinds of food first mix the foods with a tasteless and harmless white powder containing the element barium. This makes what hospitals call an "opaque meal," meaning that the barium in the meal is opaque to the X-rays and can be seen inside the body. Accordingly, the sugar, milk or any other substance with which the barium powder is mixed also becomes visible and what happens to it can be followed by a series of X-ray photographs or even by eye.

When this was done with a dose of ordinary sugar eaten dry, the sugar was found to need more than two hours to become digested or absorbed and thus to get out of the stomach so that that organ no longer cast an X-ray shadow due to the barium powder which the sugar had contained. But when the sugar was mixed with water before it was swallowed, as is the case with the sugar in lemonade or other sweet drinks, both it and the opaque barium powder got out of the stomach in the average case only about an hour and a half. The same was found to be true when a half pint or so of water was drunk just after the sugar had been eaten. Accordingly a child who drinks this water just after eating candy will have his stomach empty and everything clear for a new meal about a half hour sooner than if no water follows the candy.

Mothers of hungry children may not be so anxious to have the little stomachs empty too soon and ready to eat again, but physicians believe that the speed with which any kind of food leaves the stomach is a partial indication of how digestible it is and that it is unwise to eat foods which tend to hang around in the stomach too long.

Play Cards With Girl Slaves As Stakes

"YOU have a spade."

"None, so I trump your king with the little seven."

The first speaker's face remained immobile, but he muttered a lusty French curse beneath his breath, and glanced covetously at a buxom English girl sitting at another table in a corner of a French cafe.

The English girl smiled rather timidly. These two men, she believed, were to find an excellent position for her in a French business office.

The two men were playing ecarte. There were a score or more patrons in the cafe. A quiet little game of ecarte over the coffee and cognac was not at all unusual. No one paid any particular attention to them.

Three tricks were taken by the player known as Jean. The cards were again shuffled and dealt. It was the turn of Armand, the second player, to ecarter, or discard. The game was three to nothing in favor of Jean. In this hand Armand took four of the five tricks.

"Ha, I shall win," Armand taunted, softly.

Jean said nothing, but when Armand took three more tricks he examined the cards closely, to make sure that Armand had not revoked. Then he shrugged his shoulders and pretended to smile.

"Take her," he said.

The two men had been playing for the pretty English girl sitting at another table, waiting innocently for them, in the belief that they were to find honest employment for her.

She was to be sold into White Slavery and eventually arrive in South America.

Jean had become acquainted with the girl at the railroad station at the terminus of the service to England. He had talked plausibly with her, well pleased that she spoke enough French to make her feel that she could get along quite well in France.

Jean was a "placeur," corresponding practically to the "procurer" of English and American cities. That white girls, especially English girls who come to France for a holiday or to look for work, are often lured like this, and change hands half a dozen times before they are sent by devious and tricky ways to the South American White Slave mart, is on record. Officials of the French Surete Nationale can go to their records and cite case after case that their agents have unearthed. These, with the many more similar cases that are not detected, form an amazing and shocking total.

This particular English girl, who served as the stake

"Ha, I shall win!" Exclaimed Armand. Jean Said Nothing. Both Examined Their Cards. Then Jean Smiled. "Take her," He Said. The Game Was Played for Pretty Girls as Stakes.

between two "placeurs" in a card game, is known to the authorities. Her name is charitably withheld. It was a French agent who found her in Buenos Aires and helped her to get back to England after a hideous year in South American dives.

Agents of the French Surete Nationale have been roaming the Paris underworld, and the underworld of other large French cities. They have uncovered an extensive system of White Slave trafficking.

Sometimes a placeur will sell the girl to another for a quick profit. Sometimes they gamble for them. This particular English girl believed the man when he showed forged credentials and said he could get work for her. Only a week before she had been registered in a London employment agency, looking for office work.

English girls are in great demand in South America. It is more and more difficult, of late, to get an English girl out of the country, especially on any South America-bound ship. To circumvent this the placeur will take the girl on one of the many popular cruises. Instead of returning they will "miss" the boat and ship from the nearest point to South America.

These placeurs used to journey to London and other English cities, and lure the victims directly from their home cities. Of late the authorities have made it practically impossible for these White Slavers to even get across to England. The English authorities are quick to spot forged papers, and they have many operatives who know scores and scores of the more active and brazen placeurs.

It has been necessary, therefore, for these White Slave traffickers to resort to many tricks in their own country to get these girls in their clutches. Since the English girls are in far greater demand in South American capitals—especially the girls who have brown or light hair—these traffickers are still on the alert and still succeed with greater frequency than one would believe, despite the constant activities of agents for the deserving French Surete Nationale.

They even work at airports. There are on record instances where these men have operated as taxi drivers and taken girls from airports, only to land them in captivity instead of taking them to their destination.

Many English girls are told there are far better chances for well-paid work in Paris than in London, and go over in the hope of securing good positions. This, of course, is not true and the girl who believes this and goes to a given address expecting to find employment is fortunate if she doesn't find herself imprisoned and, in time, sold into White Slavery.

There is such rivalry among these placeurs that it often happens, in trying to clear up mysterious murders, that it is learned that one placeur, jealous because a rival has got an English girl in his power, resorts to murder and takes the girl for himself, just as a criminal might commit murder for a big sum of cash or valuable jewels.

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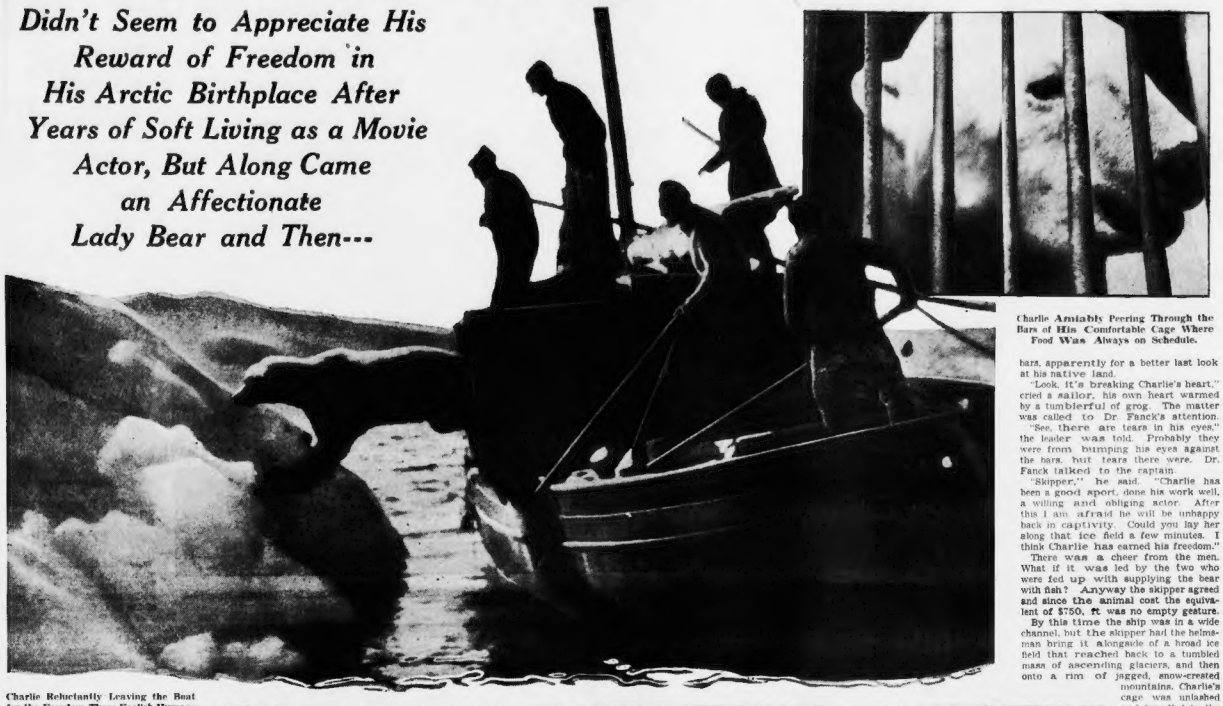
How Charlie the Polar Bear Went Back Home

Didn't Seem to Appreciate His Reward of Freedom in His Arctic Birthplace After Years of Soft Living as a Movie Actor, But Along Came an Affectionate Lady Bear and Then---



Charlie Reluctantly Leaving the Boat for the Freedom Those Foolish Humans Thought Was a Reward But He Didn't.

"WHATEVER happens, don't let Charlie get away!" commanded Dr. Arnold Fanck, head of the Greenland Film Expedition.

With determined faces, feet planted far apart and armed with poles, pikes and ropes, all hands stood in a tense semicircle on the Arctic ice.

Charlie was a polar bear, a tame and well-behaved one that had been bought from the Hagenbeck Zoo in Hamburg and brought to the icy wastes of Greenland to act in some moving pictures.

There are plenty of unemployed bears in the North but a wild polar bear is a bad actor in every sense of the word. Therefore it had been necessary to import this good one. Human actors on location have been known to desert and never come back but not when the location was the drear icefields of Greenland.

Charlie, however, was a different proposition. He had been captured as a cub in this general vicinity so it was like bringing a man back to the old home town of his boyhood. As the steamer moved into northern latitudes and at last a nipping wind, straight from Greenland's eternal snows, blew through his cage on the forward deck, Charlie had sniffed, whimpered and shown every evidence that boyhood memories were stirring. It was easy to guess what this big prisoner would do if he got just one chance.

The ship had been moored to the ice and the cage, swung out on a derrick, deposited on it. Cameras were ready and the men braced themselves as Dr. Fanck opened the cage door, saying soothingly:

"Don't get excited, Charlie. Take it easy."

Charlie did. Moving slowly to the door, he poked a long muzzle down to the snow, sniffed it and blew his breath out again.

"Whoosh!" he said contemptuously as he backed into the cage.

"He's taking it calmly," said Dr. Fanck. "Here! Here! Get up, Charlie. What's the matter with you?"

Charlie had stretched himself on the floor of the cage as if trying to play the part of a bearskin rug.

"Oh, he's a prima donna," commented one of the camera men. "You'll have to urge him."

It took a lot of urging with poles and then the point of a pike. Finally he got the idea and went out of the door in a bound. There were warning shouts not to let him break through but again it was not necessary. Charlie's four paws landed on a sheet of ice and they flew out from under him as if he had stepped on four banana peels, throwing him heavily on his side where he skidded until his head went into a snow bank.

The spectators were almost too shocked to laugh at this humiliating return of the "Lord of the North." Charlie picked himself up, his face covered with snow and an abused look, as with uncertain, slipping steps he returned to the cage. An old sailor, veteran of the North, who had known polar bears since he was a boy, stared at the performance pop-eyed.

"What have you done to that bear?" he wanted to know. "Who ever heard of one slipping on ice? Why they are as sure-footed as a fly walking up a beer glass. He ought to have bristles like tacks on the soles of his feet. Polar bears is built that way, special."

Dr. Fanck remembered that this was true and they inspected the plantigrade feet of Charlie who, though sulky, permitted it. The bristles were there, according to specifications but, in his lazy zoo life Charlie had done so little walking that they had grown so long and curled as to be of little value as skid chains.

With a pair of wire nippers, the old sailor cut the bristles down to the proper length. It worked.

Charlie posed on an ice pack, with the fan-like streamers of the Aurora Borealis playing behind him, and a number of times he came trudging through the snow toward the clicking cameras. He let himself be temporarily marooned on a floe, and after it floated by the camera, he was persuaded to leap across a stretch of open water to another floe, and then onto the ice field. Lured by fish, he chased an actor across a glacier, and later balanced himself on the edge of a crevasse, peering down as if about to pounce on a human victim.

Within a week he was taking his morning plunge without urging. At first any two-footed member of the party had been able to outrun the four-footed one, but before long everyone knew that if Charlie should make a break for freedom nobody would be able to catch him. There seemed little danger of this. Fat and sleek, the animal had been used to having his meals served to him in his cage. Though often his nostrils quivered and he whined softly at things he smelled in the wind, always hunger brought him back to his cage. Two men worked all the time and four others part time catching enough fish to satisfy Charlie.

"As long as that bear doesn't know any other place to eat than that cage he will never leave us," said Dr. Fanck. And, sure enough, nothing untoward happened until the last scene had been taken, the job was over, the gear stowed away and Charlie, in his cage, safely returned to the deck.

As the steamer moved slowly through the channel toward the open ocean, homeward bound, there was joyous celebration on board until somebody noticed Charlie. Standing on his hind legs, the bear was whimpering and striving to force his head through the bars, apparently for a better last look at his native land.

"Look, it's breaking Charlie's heart," cried a sailor, his own heart warmed by a tumblerful of grog. The matter was called to Dr. Fanck's attention.

"See, there are tears in his eyes," the leader was told. Probably they were from bumping his eyes against the bars, but tears there were. Dr. Fanck talked to the captain.

"Skipper," he said. "Charlie has been a good sport, done his work well, a willing and obliging actor. After this I am afraid he will be unhappy back in captivity. Could you lay her along that ice field a few minutes. I think Charlie has earned his freedom."

There was a cheer from the men. What if it was led by the two who were fed up with supplying the bear with fish? Anyway the skipper agreed and since the animal cost the equivalent of $750, it was no empty gesture.

By this time the ship was in a wide channel, but the skipper had the helmsman bring it alongside of a broad ice field that reached back to a tumbled mass of ascending glaciers, and then onto a rim of jagged, snow-crested mountains. Charlie's cage was unlashed and trundled to the gunwale and the door opened.

A narrow strip of blue-green water separated the ship from the shore, and seamen with poles held the vessel back, preventing the side from being ripped out. Everybody shouted:

"So long, Charlie!"

But Charlie balked, as he had on that first occasion.

"He is afraid to jump from such a height," someone suggested. "You'll have to give him a fish."

"Hurry up!" warned the skipper. And so they prodded the bear that didn't seem to know its own mind until it made the jump, caught by the camera in the remarkable photograph reproduced at the top of this page, showing Charlie midway between ship and ice. As can be seen in the next picture, hardly had Charlie landed than he turned around and began pleading with his eyes to be taken back and not left flat in a hard, cold world, after all he had done for them.

"Strange and most interesting, this animal psychology," said Dr. Fanck. "In the conflict between his natural instincts and the luxurious life of the zoo, I am afraid the zoo has won. Perhaps we have made a mistake and must take him back."

Again Charlie fooled them. With a last grieved look, he turned away and shambled slowly off. Then he stopped, rose on his haunches and with pricked-up ears stared ahead. What was that white form moving toward him? There were cries of alarm!

"It's another bear."

"We shouldn't have done it."

"Charlie is too soft."

"He'll get his head knocked off."

Telescopic lenses were quickly fitted to the cameras to record the tragic scene as more mournful comments arose:

"The other guy is circling around, looking for an opening."

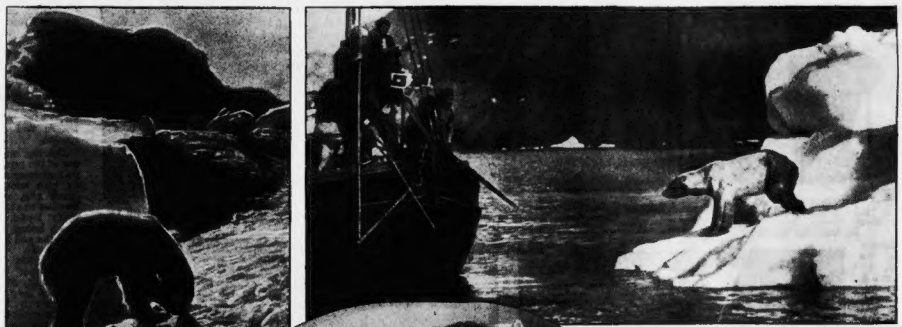
"He'll soak poor Charlie in a minute."

"No, there they go into a clinch. Maybe Charlie has a chance—the other guy looks smaller."

"It isn't a guy, it's a lady bear," said the old sailor. Evidently he was right, because they came out of the clinch and trotted away, side by side.

Even when Dr. Fanck had a long toot blown on the whistle, Charlie only gave a brief glance over his shoulder. His mind had been made up for him.

The Arctic had won.



Charlie Amiably Peering Through the Bars of His Comfortable Cage Where Food Was Always on Schedule.

Dejected, He Turns and Makes His Way Dolefully Inland.

And as the Boat Drifts Away He Stands Lonely and Miserable, Watching That Comfortable Cage Retreat, But Convinced That He Has Been Abandoned.

But What Is This? A Lady Polar Bear Who Greets Him With Hugs and Kisses—and Contentedly They Trot Away Together. After All, the Wild Life May Have Compensations the Cage Did Not Provide.

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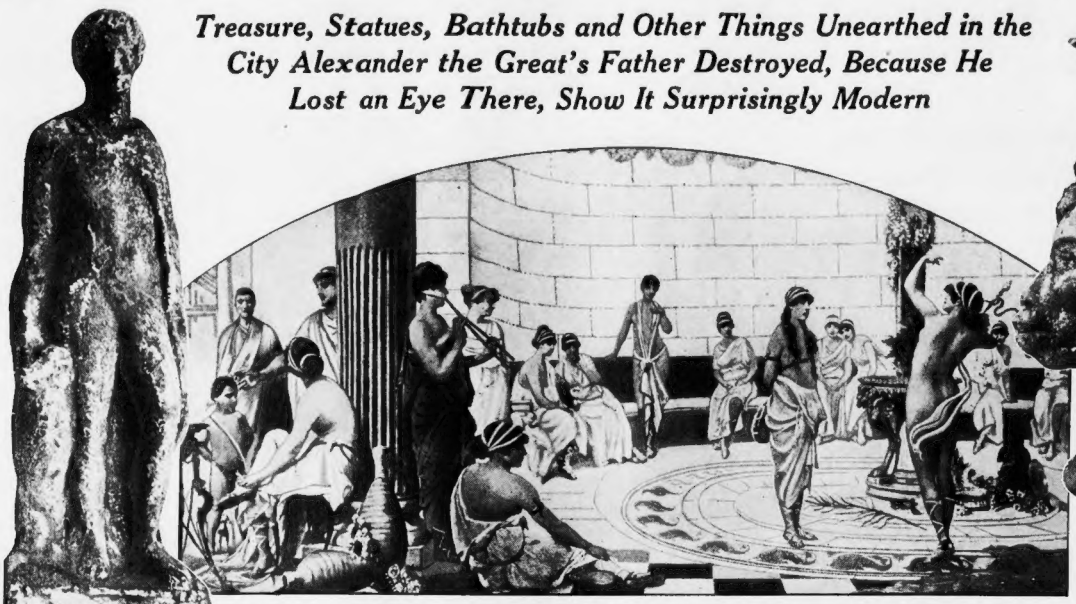
Life in Greek Olynthus 2283 Years Ago

Treasure, Statues, Bathtubs and Other Things Unearthed in the City Alexander the Great's Father Destroyed, Because He Lost an Eye There, Show It Surprisingly Modern



Greek Women Dancing in a Temple of Bacchus Before the Image of the God. Bacchus Was One of the Principal Deities of Old Olynthus and Is Reported to Have Had a Remarkable Temple There. Painting by H. Schneider.

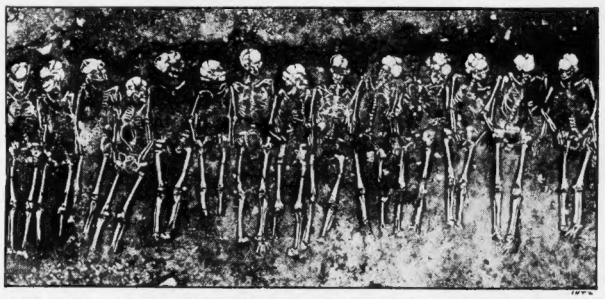
A Realistic Terra-Cotta Vase in the Form of an Ethiopian's Head, Found in One of the Ancient Bathrooms.

Terra-Cotta Figurine of the God Hermes, From the "Villa of Good Fortune."

EXCAVATIONS conducted by American archeologists at Olynthus, in Northern Greece, have disclosed a city of wealth and culture in which the living conditions of the rich were not unlike those of American apartment-house dwellers of today. This is the enthusiastic language used by Professor David Moore Robinson, of Johns Hopkins University, the chief archeologist of the expedition, in describing the discoveries.

Olynthus was conquered and sacked in 348 B. C. by Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, and never rebuilt. Hence its ruins give a more complete picture of ancient Greek life than has ever been secured before.

Ingenious Kitchen Vessel, Set One Way It Made a Hollow Basin to Hold Coals, Upside Down It Could Be Used for Washing.



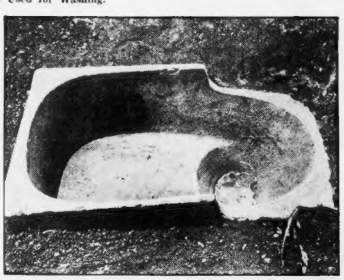
A Grim Reminder of a Plague in Olynthus 2,300 Years Ago, When Scores of People—No Doubt Lovely Dancers Like Those Above Among Them—Were Laid Side by Side Without Coffins in a Single Grave.

Olynthus was in Chalcidice, adjacent to Macedonia, the land of strong-arm men, the Prussia of ancient times, which was then rising to domination over the civilized world. Olynthus resented the encroachments of Macedonia and the ruthless Philip kept after the brave little city until he was in a position to exterminate it. Demosthenes, the most famous orator in all history, made some of his most eloquent speeches, urging the Athenians to go to the aid of Olynthus, but his countrymen noted for craft, vacillated and so Philip of Macedon conquered.

If the free cities and states of Greece had presented a united front against Macedon at this time in defense of Olynthus, the military empires of Alexander and Rome might never have arisen and the subsequent history of the world down to our own times might have taken a more humane and enlightened character.

During the siege one of the defenders of Olynthus aimed an arrow at Philip, destroying one of his eyes. The conqueror was made of stern stuff and the injury did not make him desist from the siege but pursue it with more ferocity than ever. When he captured it he was full of rage and vindictiveness and allowed his barbarous soldiers to burn, plunder and loot the rich city until there was not one stone left standing upon another and do as they pleased with the women.

The soldiers, of course, obeyed his orders and as a result the best planned city of ancient Greece was left only a pile of ruins. But his barbarism had an unexpected result, for the fallen stones preserved everything that was essential in the city, and as it was abandoned the relics of former life were left untouched to the present day, the only instance of the kind in Greece. If the city had not been destroyed it would have been built again and again until it showed not a trace of its ancient appearance.



Modern Conveniences in Ancient Greece—a Bathroom Uncovered at Olynthus With Bathtub and Basin in Place.

Another Bathtub Unearthed in the Ancient City.

The Same Bathtub With a Modern Man Sitting in It to Show Its Size.

Only a few of the citizens, such as could tell good jokes at the banquet held by Philip in honor of the victory, were spared. Many were sold into slavery, and a very few escaped as refugees. In Athens the great painter Parrhasius purchased an Olynthian captive from Philip and tortured him to serve as a model for his picture of Prometheus in agony, until the poor wretch died.

In spite of losing his eye at Olynthus, or because he had lost it there, the place always remained in Philip's memory, and, according to historians, he often referred to the excellent qualities of its inhabitants, male and female.

The excavators found Olynthus remarkable for the number of bathtubs used there and their convenient construction. The conquest of the city was a victory of the great unwashed. One house had belonged to a great art connoisseur, a local J. P. Morgan, and had a museum room for Greek vases.

Off his living room was a private tiled bathroom with a beautiful terra-cotta bathtub which was in an excellent state of preservation.

Several other such bathtubs were found. The Olynthians, it has been remarked, enjoyed better conveniences for washing themselves than the Kings of England did until twenty-five years ago. It was not previously supposed that the ancient Greeks enjoyed such conveniences. Bathtubs were discovered with a well or depression for the feet of the occupant who sat there while a slave poured the water over him. They were like the hip-baths formerly much used in England, but more convenient.

There were porcelain bathtubs inserted into recesses as is done in apartment houses today to save space. Many marble column bases for tables or washing basins came to light. Terra-cotta hand-basins fitted in all the rooms had waste-pipes running through the walls to carry the waste water into the street. Such hand-basins were also used for washing the dishes. There were good terra-cotta pipes for all kinds of drainage, so good that the American excavators used the old drainpipes during their labors.

It is not to be supposed that the slaves or servants had the use of the best porcelain bathtubs, but there were plenty of washing conveniences for them. A beautiful and expensive bronze brazier, which was hidden under the floor of a house to escape the eyes of Philip's soldiers, illustrates their ingenuity. It is about three feet high and four feet broad, with two handles, of which the curved ends have the form of snakes' heads. When the brazier was not used for holding hot coals to warm the hands or for cooking purposes or for a hearth, it could be turned upside down and used for bathing.

American labor-saving devices never achieved a greater triumph than this. The bronze has acquired a beautiful blue patina. One house had two large and luxurious bathrooms on the ground floor, showing the height of civilization the city had reached. In one of the bathrooms was a terra-cotta vase in the form of an Ethiopian's head, probably a reminder of the black slaves who worked there. Though slaves, they were well treated and respected.

Dancing was one of the principal amusements of the ancient Greek city, and Bacchus was a divinity held in high honor. A great temple to the god has been found decorated with friezes of dancing girls. It may be assumed that the leading citizens of Olynthus felt it their sacred duty to fill themselves with the choicest wines and enjoy the performances of the pretty dancing girls frequently.

But there was a dark side to life in Olynthus. The skeletons of over forty slender young girls were found jammed together in one grave without coffins or anything to mark their identity. It is believed that this is a souvenir of a plague that attacked the city and that these are the bodies of dancing girls who were swept to their death so suddenly that there was no time to give them decent burial.

But life as a rule must have been smiling and agreeable in Olynthus. The houses were decorated with superb works of art. In the courtyard of one house, lying on its face, was a beautiful, life-size marble head of Artemis, dating from about 420 B. C. In another house was a mosaic made with white and blue pebbles, representing sea-maidens riding on dolphins and sea-horses.

On an enormous drinking bowl was a design representing Scylla with three dogs' tails at her waist and a fish's tail holding Thetis, accompanied by sea-maidens and dolphins and bringing a new suit of armor for Achilles.

The barracks were stored with enormous vases, some of them six feet high. There was a mint devoted to the making of coins and a civic center where public-spirited citizens worked for the good of everybody.

A large black-and-red vase was decorated with a picture of a boxing match, showing that this sport had reached a high development in the city. Probably the vase was a prize, for the boxers strove for honors rather than for preposterous sums of money.

The searchers picked up in the old shops about 600 coins, lying where they fell when Philip's soldiers rushed in to loot and set fire to the bazaars. Some show the heads of Macedonian Kings before the time of Philip, but only eight are of Philip himself, the great enemy of the local patriots.

Most of the houses have a central courtyard of cobblestones, to which an alleyway leads, having an entrance to the right of the court. Around the court are numerous rooms, some houses having eight on the ground floor alone.

One house, known as "the Villa of Good Fortune," was particularly rich in art works. A terra-cotta figure of Hermes and his ram, was much admired. The faces of men and women were represented in the finest Greek style worthy of Phidias.

The prevalence of Negroes' heads and figures among the decorations was noticeable. It showed that the city had a busy trade with Africa. The excellence of the domestic architecture is evidenced by such a minor detail as an end rooftile. It is ornamented with a palm leaf and scroll painted red with blue in the depressions. This was made merely to conceal the hollow part of the tiles at the edge of the roof.

Some of the mosaics were ornamented with swastikas, double axes, wheels, circles, squares, spirals, mazes and zigzags. It was a modernistic kind of art showing the great versatility of the Greeks.

A remarkable house of twenty rooms was unearthed just outside the city. It must have belonged to some very wealthy man. It is protected from the North winds, has a fine view of the mountains to the East, including Mount Athos, and of Pelion, Ossa and Olympus to the West, as well as a magnificent outlook on the sea and the peninsulas of Pallene and Terone.

A painted tomb, the best chamber tomb ever found in Macedonia, was excavated. Unfortunately its contents had been rifled in antiquity. The tomb has painted stucco on all sides, a band of blue at the bottom, then a broad band of white, one of red and another of white at the top.

The North Hill, the best part of the city, was laid out in accordance with the rules of Hippodamus of Miletus, a celebrated city planner, whose plan was used for Miletus, Piraeus, Rhodes and Alexandria. There was a network of straight streets running at right angles to one another at uniform intervals. To the south was the agora or market-place, having on one side the public stores, a temple and a place of refreshment.

The Olynthian women were excellent housewives. The loom-weights and spools and lamps found in every house testify to their industry, while the beautiful bronze safety-pins and brooches, silver and bronze earrings, hatpins, buckles, necklaces and other ornaments prove that they delighted in making themselves attractive.

The cemetery revealed many details of Olynthian life, showing it was happy and gay. In a child's grave were nearly a hundred knuckle bones which were used to play a game like jackstones. In another child's grave was a bronze rattle, consisting of a long bronze handle with two discs attached at the end. The discs still produce a noise when shaken together.

The Olynthians enjoyed looking at statues of comic men and some were even buried in their graves with them. Bronze strigils, the old "skin-scraper" towels, were placed in the hands of the dead, a tribute to cleanliness.

It was a city of progress, art, mirth, conviviality and high spirit that was crushed by a barbarian king.

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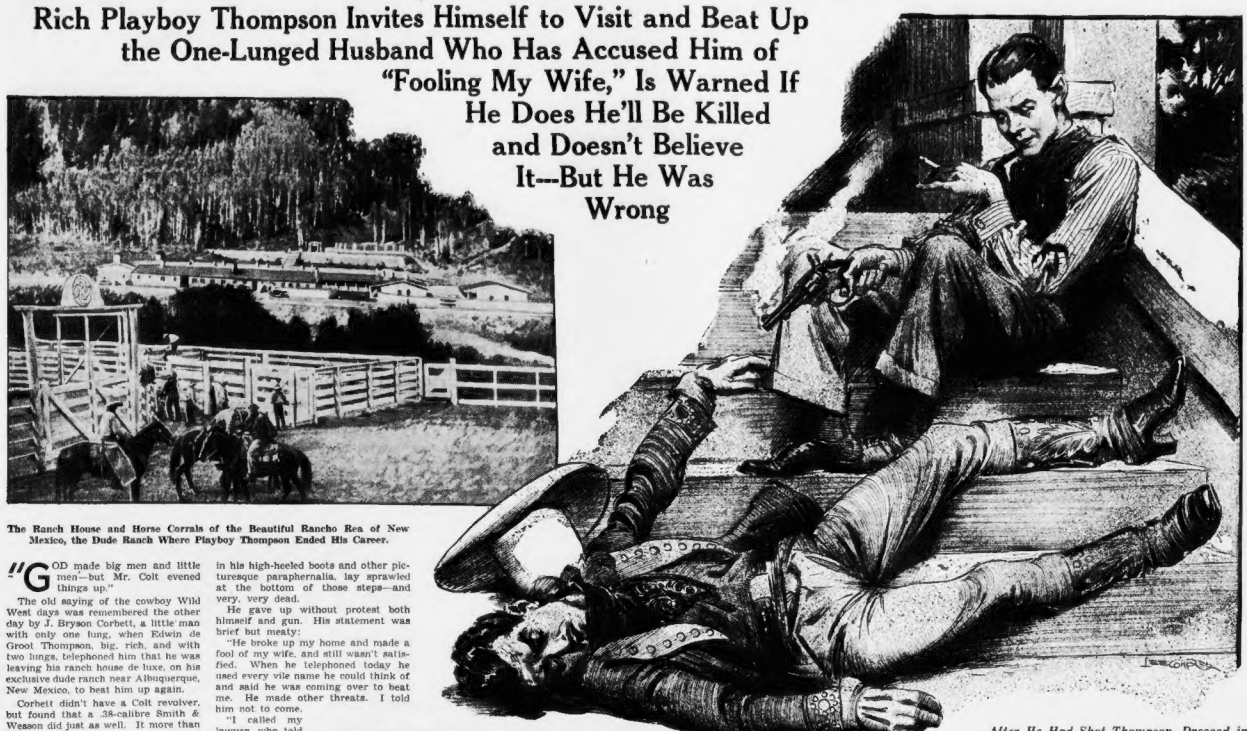
Death Keeps Its Date on the Dude Ranch

Rich Playboy Thompson Invites Himself to Visit and Beat Up the One-Lunged Husband Who Has Accused Him of "Fooling My Wife," Is Warned If He Does He'll Be Killed and Doesn't Believe It—But He Was Wrong



The Ranch House and Horse Corrals of the Beautiful Rancho Rea of New Mexico, the Dude Ranch Where Playboy Thompson Ended His Career.

After He Had Shot Thompson, Dressed in Full Cowboy Regalia as the Owner of the Dude Ranch, Mr. Corbett Calmly Sat Down on the Steps, Smoked a Cigarette and Waited for the Police to Come and Arrest Him, and to Them He Explained That "He broke up my home and made a fool of my wife. I told him not to come—but he did, and there he is."

"GOD made big men and little men—but Mr. Colt evened things up."

The old saying of the cowboy Wild West days was remembered the other day by J. Bryson Corbett, a little man with only one lung, when Edwin de Groot Thompson, big, rich, and with two lungs, telephoned him that he was leaving his ranch house de luxe, on his exclusive dude ranch near Albuquerque, New Mexico, to beat him up again.

Corbett didn't have a Colt revolver, but found that a .38-calibre Smith & Wesson did just as well. It more than evened things up. He still has only one lung and is charged with murder, but Thompson, with a bullet through one of his lungs, is in a Cleveland, Ohio, cemetery, and his second wife, who has been pursuing him for $105,000 back alimony, at last knows where to find him, and perhaps collect.

Corbett, successful insurance man, had, with his attractive blonde wife, been "paying guests" of Thompson at the ranch, one of the finest in the Southwest. But Thompson, who before this had been known as Cleveland's millionaire playboy, had a reputation of being irresistible to women. Corbett, although his wife was chaperoned by her parents, for some or no reason became jealous. He began suit for divorce, charging, however, only abandonment and incompatibility. And Mrs. Corbett filed a cross-complaint alleging incompatibility for more than two years.

When the big playboy began telephoning him that day, he was living in a cottage nearby, while Mrs. Corbett, who, with her parents, had been for two weeks at the ranch house, had gone on with them to Albuquerque. There had been bad blood between the two men for days, and Thompson had once before beaten Corbett up at a hotel, forcing the weaker to run from him.

When, therefore, the dude rancher called him up with, as he says, a promise of another beating, the little man advised him not to follow up his self-given invitation. At the third time the rancher called him up, Corbett told him that if he came he would be keeping a date with death.

Thompson replied, so the husband says, "You haven't got the guts to shoot me or anybody else."

So he put on his finest cowboy outfit—high-heeled boots, gay coat and gayer neckerchief, and four-gallon Stetson—and went forth to beat up Corbett in style. He stopped at the hotel where Mrs. Corbett was, and she tried to dissuade him from his errand. She, too, was not afraid of what her husband might do to Thompson, but what the rancher might do to Corbett.

"I won't hurt him," he said, and went to keep that date with death.

Yet he had doubts, because he walked into the police station and said to the acting chief:

"I'm going out to see a fellow who said he would shoot me if I went out there. I thought you might want to send an officer with me."

"Can't send anyone," replied the chief. "What the blazes do you want to go out there for?"

"I'm on my way," answered Thompson, laconically; took several drinks and went on his way. That way ended for all time at Corbett's cottage.

What was said between the two men, no one knows. But when, in response to a telephone call, the police arrived, they found the little man calmly sitting at the top of the porch steps, smoking a cigarette and looking complacently down upon the playboy, who, in his high-heeled boots and other picturesque paraphernalia, lay sprawled at the bottom of those steps—and very, very dead.

He gave up without protest both himself and gun. His statement was brief but meaty:

"He broke up my home and made a fool of my wife, and still wasn't satisfied. When he telephoned today he used every vile name he could think of and said he was coming over to beat me. He made other threats. I told him not to come.

"I called my lawyer, who told me to get away from the house and avoid trouble.

"Well, I ran once before, but I'll be damned if I run from my own house."

Thompson carried no gun, but he did have a horse-shoe-nail ring, which some people think brings good luck.

Corbett said later: "After the first shot I went crazy. Then as he lay there gurgling, I felt that he was dying like a dog. I called police, but I didn't call an ambulance because I knew he didn't need one."

He was held in a nominal $5,000 bail and released in custody of his attorney, M. Raiph Brown. He will plead self-defense. His lawyer says: "He was innocent of any criminal offense. He was entirely within the law."

Edwin de Groot "Tex" Thompson, Whom Mr. Corbett Killed.

"He has purchased an expensive airplane in which he tours the country in company with female companions, on whom he is lavishing large sums of money."

Thus did the second Mrs. Thompson describe Mr. Thompson's behavior in one of her numerous complaints to the courts. She had won a divorce and an award of $105,000 alimony, but before she could collect, she said, he had taken to the air with his flying harem. Mrs. Thompson obtained a judgment for $75,000 of the alimony overdue, and two grand jury indictments, one charging the playboy with assault with intent to wound.

Brandishing these three weapons, Mrs. Thompson and her lawyers stood watching the skies, for all the world like persons trying to swat a moth or a fly. As soon as they learned that the flying playboy had landed, they dashed over to the spot, they said, but before they could swat him with the papers he and his lady friends were on the wing again. In pursuing a moth, if one doesn't catch the bother-some thing after a few tries it vanishes and so did Thompson. There was nothing to do but wait patiently till such time as he would emerge from hiding.

He emerged dead.

Thompson, thirty-six years old, was the son of the late Charles E. Thompson, very wealthy Cleveland manufacturer of automobile and airplane parts and one of the country's leading aviation enthusiasts. Among other things, he was responsible for the annual Thompson Trophy Race, blue-ribbon prize of the skies, just won this year by Harold Neumann. But his husky, handsome, playboy son found that the pursuit of business interfered with his pursuit of women, his wife declares, so he gave up the business.

Mrs. J. Bryson Corbett, Over Whom Her Husband and Thompson Had Quarreled.

J. Bryson Corbett, Who Killed Mr. Thompson.

Anyone who interfered with that pursuit was likely to get hurt. The first Mrs. Thompson prudently removed herself from any such temptation by a quiet divorce. The second wife, Mrs. Paula Adelaide Thompson, rashly tried to curb her husband's philanderings, until he showed his disapproval of criticism by throwing her out of a second-story window. After that hint, Mrs. Thompson the second also stepped aside and got a divorce.

It seems that when Mrs. Thompson lost sight of the high-flying playboy he had come to earth in Albuquerque, N. M., and learned that one of the grandest dude ranches in all the West could be bought for a song by merely buying up a few small claims—the Rancho Rea, with 3,500 acres. One of its latest owners, before the depression bankrupted him, is said to have spent a quarter of a million dollars on it, adding to the improvements of previous owners.

There was the forbidding, almost terrifying, mountain scenery, suggestive of the old-time cowboy's hard life, and coyotes howled dismally among the cactus. But this hard, wild grandeur was just to look at. The ranch had everything in luxury, including a swimming pool worthy of a Long Island millionaire or a Hollywood star.

A dude ranch makes its living not from anything it raises on the place, but from a crop of paying guests, mostly from the East, who wish to harden themselves by wearing high-heeled cowboy shoes, chaps and "ten-gallon" hats, while they drink their champagne out of tin cups and eat the best of food instead of camp chuck.

Perhaps Thompson really meant to keep his promise to Mrs. Corbett, but Corbett had no way of knowing that he had not called, as he had threatened, for the purpose of giving him another terrific beating. How much of a thrashing could a man in Corbett's condition take and live? The sick man decided not to find out. When his enemy stepped onto the porch he aimed through the door and let him have it.

The Cleveland society youth who could have been a big business man and was at one time president of the Thompson Aeronautical Corporation and vice-president of the Thompson Products Co. of Cleveland, but preferred to be a playboy, who boasted that he was "modern" and did as he pleased, who "smacked down" man or woman who stood in the way of his playing, had come to the natural end of his career at the age of 38.

The husband's bullet entered Thompson's left shoulder, ranged downward through one lung and lodged beside the heart. The playboy fell dying.

Unless some entirely new and unexpected evidence is brought to light by the prosecution, many people believe that his plea of self-defense will be hard to attack. Whether his estranged wife will help Corbett at the trial or not is unknown. The day after the shooting she went out to the dude ranch to comfort Thompson's ten-year-old daughter Maora, by his first wife. Thompson's will makes Maora owner of the ranch and everything else but there is also the interest of an adopted son to be considered. Maybe some of the flying harem will think they ought to get something too.

At their divorce trial the second Mrs. Thompson told how her husband had ended an argument about other women first by pummelling her on the bed and then throwing her from a second-story window. She limped into court stating that she had been crippled for life. Her mother, Mrs. Susan Leonard Ludlum, 68 years old, testified that she had seen the pair tussling on the bed but had gone on to her own room.

A short time later, Mrs. Ludlum stated, she heard a sound as if some person was slapping another, which was followed by a scream.

Mrs. Ludlum then returned to the couple's bedroom just in time, she said, to see Mr. Thompson getting back into bed. She could not see Mrs. Thompson, however, and asked where she was.

"Oh, if anything has happened to her, I'll kill myself," Mr. Thompson exclaimed, according to Mrs. Ludlum. Then, she testified, he rushed to an open window and both looked down to see Mrs. Thompson, clad in a night-gown, lying on the ground.

But Thompson, the playboy, will indulge in such rough play no more.

The worst sufferer as a result of the death of the playboy may be the little daughter, Maora, who is apparently going to be the center of a bitter court fight for her custody, and who may not, after all, get much out of her father's estate.

It was reported that relatives of the child's father want her placed under the care of Mrs. June Summers, an aunt of Thompson's, who lives in Cleveland, and that they have engaged an attorney to fight for this.

Meanwhile, it was announced that Maora's grandparents on her mother's side, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh H. Meehan, of Chicago, were also planning to file a claim for the girl's custody. Another contender for the control of the child and whatever money may be coming to her is said to be Henry H. Pleasant, attorney for Mrs. Paula Adelaide Thompson, the playboy's second wife. Pleasant was reported to be planning to push a claim that he is the child's guardian by virtue of an appointment by a Cleveland court.

A $100,000 life insurance policy held by the father in the daughter's favor is said to have lapsed last January. Furthermore, the father's attorney said that Thompson's holdings in the Thompson Products Co., estimated at $250,000, had been pledged for loans.

The divorced wife is said to be planning to file suit against the estate for $70,000 of unpaid alimony, and also to seek an additional share for eight-year-old Robert L. Thompson, whom she and Thompson adopted. On top of all of this there is a possibility that the Federal Government may step in and claim the ranch in payment for an income tax lien against a former owner.

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Listen to the Mocking Bird

by Frank Leon Smith

A Lazy Boy, a Lovely Girl, Five Hungry Dogs and an Amateur Hour at a Radio Station Are Combined In This Short Love Story, Complete In This Issue.

She Didn't Protest Too Much as Malden Helped Himself to One Complete Embrace and Sixteen Authentic Kisses.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the telephone rang and our hero, Malden Mears, said he'd answer it, you could have knocked his mother down with a feather from a hummingbird's leg for it was a well-known fact that Malden was the laziest guy in the Catskill Mountains. What's more, when those bells rang, Malden was sprawled at the edge of the drive elbows on the grass, his chin in his hands, and he was absorbed in the study of some ants, walking around amongst gravel, as big as boulders, to them, and at this study he could put in two hours at a time without moving.

But Malden had a deep motive. He'd thought up a new psuse to imitate, so he hove himself to his feet—eight of them—two on the ground and six in the air, and he went in and lifted the receiver and put his face close to the transmitter and sounded off rapidly: "Muh-mur, muh-mur, muh-mur," which was so exactly the busy signal on Fordever, New York telephones, that Elaine Anderson, the operator—who knew blamed well the phone couldn't be busy—let her lovely eyes cross themselves in puzzlement.

If Elaine Anderson, honestly blonde, and as the city man, Mr. Jack Frye said—for a blonde, astonishingly honest, wasn't the prettiest girl in the world, at least she was the prettiest in the Catskills, for she had been chosen Miss Catskill Mountains two years in a row.

Malden Mears had known her since fairy-story days in school, when he rendered the last word in the title "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"—as "Der-wharfs." Elaine had laughed and he was so mad he pulled her hair, at recess. Now she was twenty to his twenty-one and neither had ever left Fordover for any length of time, but he had just recently gotten around to fall in love with her.

So here we find him, this fine June morning a big, powerful lad in singlet and slacks, making funny noises in the phone to confuse his sweetheart. But he didn't confuse her long and she did something that is considered very rude and wrong. She connected her receiver and transmitter in such a way that Malden's left ear drum was almost shattered.

She said sweetly, "Morning, Maldie. I have two messages for you."

"Aw, how'd you know it was me?"

"You never fool anybody but yourself. Listen, Maldie, I have a little job for you."

"Aw, I'm busy."

"I know, but Mrs. Jenkins wants you to get up on her roof and dangle a chain in her chimney to knock down the fire-place soot."

'I know, but Mrs Jenkins wants you to get up on her roof and dangle a chain in her chimney to knock down the fire-place soot," repeated Malden in perfect imitation of her voice.

Seated at the distant switchboard, Miss Anderson did a little dance of fury with her feet. "You stop it this minute, Malden! You know how I loathe that mocking business!"

"That mocking business," said Malden in a faint falsetto. "Echo! Echo!"

"Malden Mears if you don't stop this nonsense I shall ring off!"

Malden said hastily, "Aw, sweetheart—I'll be good, sweetheart!"

Miss Elaine blushed. "Don't use such words on the telephone. The—the operator might be listening."

"Well, you're the operator, ain't you? Give us a kiss."

"Malden I'm getting so many calls right now the board looks like a nest of fireflies. Will you or will you not go right over to Mrs Jenkins?"

"I will not. I'm busy." So he was busy removing little pieces of dead grass from his elbows, and massaging the creases.

She made a sound of exasperation. "She'll pay two dollars."

'I got two dollars."

Elaine sighed. "Well I don't suppose you're too busy to go see Mr Frye." He's leaving town—"

"So." Malden instantly was interested. "When?"

"Ask him. Good-bye!"

"Hey, Ma!" Malden called. "Ma, where are you? Mr. Frye is going to leave town."

He walked through room after room of the great house for which Mrs Mears was caretaker. "Ma," he said, his ruddy face, for the moment, serious, "Gees, what do you know? Mr. Frye is pulling out."

Mrs. Mears, who was stout and neat and wore eyeglasses, stared at him. "I hadn't heard anything about it."

"He wants me to come right over."

"All right. And, Maldie, when you're going through the village, I want you to buy me some things. I wan't two and a half to three pounds of——"

"Aw, Ma, I can't stop to do shopping. Mr. Frye wants me."

"Yes, and you fly the minute he lifts a finger. Well, go ahead, but don't be gone all day with the car—and, look, Maldie, long's you're going right by, do stop in and see poor Miss Gatkins. She was your school teacher and she was always fond of you and stuck up for you."

Malden rushed away, but she knew he had heard, because he was chanting, Gatkins, Gotkins, Gitkins, Getkins, Gutkins and sometimes double-you! Gitchy, gotchy pitchy poochy!"—and he was rendering other sounds that had to be whimmed, brayed or gargled.

She heard the motor start, and looked out as the car came around the corner of the house. Malden sprang out, scaled porch pilasters like a monkey, and stuck his head in a second-story window. "Ma gimme one dime, ten cents, will you?" And, as she hesitated, he said, "I want to get something for Elaine."

"Well, only I'm kind of short of change." She pulled a little purse from an apron pocket, where she kept it, because it was always empty if she left it around, Malden being such a great hand for small change, and she said, "Here's only a nickel and some coppers."

"Aw, I'll take the quarter," he said, and did. "Bye, Ma."

"You look out you don't fall!"

Already he was down like a fireman on his pole, and away went the car.

Malden stopped at the Cozy Corner Tea Shoppey and bought some ice-cream, and then he went to the little building where the telephone switchboard was located. Through the window he saw a farmer talking to Elaine. "Beep, beep, beep!' Malden sounded, knowing the farmer, his truck and its horn. "Beep, beep!"

"Gorramit," said the farmer. "There's them kids wearin' out my horn again!" and he rushed out the door as Malden came through the window.

Elaine was cool, clean and charming in a blue linen dress with a white waist. "Oh, you big clown! I might have known that was you and not his horn—stop it, Maldie! Somebody might be looking!" But she didn't protest too much as Malden helped himself to one complete embrace and sixteen authentic kisses.

"Gees, Elaine, you look so good I could eat you, only instead of that, you eat this."

"Oh, Maldie—if you're not the—well, you eat some, too."

"No, nunna, no no, no no! Got to rush right off. Busy."

"Shall I call up Mrs. Jenkins and tell her you're on the way?"

'If you do, you'll be telling her a great big lie. Haw, haw, haw!"

"Maldie! Not so loud! And, why won't you——"

"Let her give the job to some guy who needs it."

"But, Maldie——"

"But, Maldie——" he mocked, and was gone.

"Just my rotten luck to fall in love with him," Elaine thought to the tune of a great sigh. "He's always using the depression as an excuse for not working, and saying he wouldn't take a job because somebody would need it more—and, meantime, we do nothing but wait and wait, and we'll never get anywhere, because the money his grandmother left him will be gone as soon as he lays hands on it."

She responded to some calls, and thought, "But he is nice and — and good-natured, even if all he does want to do is fish and hunt."

Fish and hunt. Ah, those two sports which serve to underline a lazy countryman's talent and make him the superior of the most shiftless of city men, who can't even sit down, but must stand around at street corners, or now and then lean on a fence around an excavation featuring trucks and steam shovels.

Fish and hunt. That's how Malden Mears got acquainted with Mr. Jack Frye, a gifted fellow, who was responsible for seventy per cent of the contents of ninety per cent of Broadway's successful musical shows, and in the last two years he had been in Hollywood more than in New York, or in Fordover, where he had been playing country squire on a large estate.

Malden had to go half a mile on Mr. Frye's driveway before he got to Mr. Frye's house. He stopped his little car on its haunches in front of three big moving vans that were plastered with license plates from half the States in the Union.

Malden had a feeling in his stomach as though an elephant with a frozen front foot had stepped on him. Gosh! Mr. Frye, the only guy in town who really knew him and liked him, was moving away! Malden almost blubbered. Of late the pressure on him from his mother and Elaine had been increasing so in poundage that his ears rang. To be sure, his mother no longer called him, "You great lazy calf!" as this did not sound dignified when applied to a fellow nearly as big as Gene Tunney. And no longer did Elaine begin, "Darling, don't you think it would be wise if you looked around——"

No, no. Nowadays, Elaine began with, "Malden, don't you think we'd better call it off right now?" And at such times it was of no avail for Malden to resort to the "mocking business," which, beginning with funny noises, at school, had developed into a medium which was his pleasure and his greatest defense.

For three years he had gone fishing and hunting with Mr. Frye, who was fascinated by the way Malden could imitate crows, pigeons, ducks, squirrels quarreling or gossiping, and who howled with delight at some of Malden's fancy ones, like: "Lion, crossed with zebra," or, "Ostrich, with earache," or, "Return of the drunken tortoise." Mr. Frye was, in fact, the only one who thought Malden was funny.

Malden went into Mr Frye's front hall, waited for a swaying group to pass with a grand piano, and he rendered a hunting horn blast, "Ta da da ta da da ta da-a-a!"

"Hello, Maldingus, old fellow! Wie geht's?" said Mr. Frye, coming along with an armful of manuscripts which he was weighing in his mind and which he finally pitched on a pile of refuse with a careless, "Aw, to hell with it. Why save that junk?"

"Hello, Mr. Frye. Gees, you ain't really going to pull out?"

"Yup. I go me by Hollywood for a long job-u-ee of work."

"But you're coming back, ain't you?"

"Nope. Clearing out. Whole shooting match. Place is on the market. Want to buy it?"

"I had a dime, but I spent it," said Malden, grinning. "Poor, like a church mouse. Listen"

He squaked in weak, quavering stutters, in what was supposed to be the manner of a very poor church mouse, indeed.

Mr. Frye laughed. "I'll miss you, keed"

"I'll miss you, too. Say Mr. Frye, couldn't you take me along?"

"The fishing in the Los Angeles River," said Mr. Frye, "is very poor, unless you wear your long, high dust boots. And the hunting in the Hollywood hills is worse. Maybe now and then a couple head of sun-bathing nudes, but nothing to be photographed with for the rod and gun page."

"Aw, gee!"

"Cheer up. We'll probably get together again sometime and knock off some foxes, or maybe a coon."

"Anything I can do for you? Can't I give you a hand here?"

"Yes. You can go out and collect your present."

"Present? Aw, you don't have to go and give me anything."

"Pups. Five of 'em. I s'pose I could sell 'em, but I haven't the time. They're thoroughbred, and I want them to have a good home."

"Pups? Five? Gee!"

"They're out back. Shove 'em in your car, and they're yours."

Malden went out back where five puppies the size of wire-hair terriers were frolicking. No two alike. One looked like a Holstein cow. Malden was crazy about the spotted one. Its eyes didn't match. One was as blue as Elaine's, the other as brown as Malden's. Brothers and sisters, these

Before Ned Naboe Could Finish He Almost Broke Up, For Malden Was Imitating Him, Word For Word, Tone and Pitch, As He Went Along.

pups, but you'd never guess it, thought Malden, fascinated.

He helped Mr. Frye with some chores, and then Mr. Frye's chauffeur came. Malden said an almost tearful farewell, and as Mr. Frye was driving away, Malden shouted, "What kind of dogs are they, 'case somebody asks?"

"Great Danes—or will be!" called Mr. Frye. "So long and good-luck!"

"Well, now, ain't they too cute for words" said Malden's mother when the pups tumbled from the car and blundered about the greensward. "You'll have to make a nice little pen for them, Maldie."

CHAPTER II.

Fourteen Months Later.

MRS. MEARS still was a caretaker at the place where she and Malden made their home.

Malden, now, was over twenty-two, and just as wilful about work. He had added to his repertoire an amazingly accurate imitation of the sound of cocking a revolver; the sound of wagon wheels on snow on a cold morning; the squeak of a farmer's new shoes; and a vulgar one, the sound of a farmer's false teeth dropping into a water tumbler.

Elaine, a year and a sixth more lovely, more dignified, more mad about Malden and more sad about the hopelessness thereof.

But, all in all, no great change along the line, except——

The Great Danes—and how they were great! Now they had their growth. "Gees, every time your back is turned they grow two pounds!" said Malden admiringly. Five of them, once as small as a modest terrier, now huge food furnaces with heads a foot and a half long and six inches deep at the nostril. Blacko, Spotto, Groucho, Harpo and Beppo he had named them.

Now that they were eighteen months of age these large Danish boys and girls had the appetites of shipwrecked wolves. It cost much more to feed them than it did to stock the table for the Mears. Knifing and forking a pound of steak would take Malden, say, eight minutes, with time out for vegetable accessories. Spotto, Beppo, Groucho—any of them could cause one pound of steak to disappear in the time it takes a stream-lined train with the wind at its back to pass a switchman at North Platte.

Mrs. Mears, who was near-sighted, and not too observing about things that did not pertain to her work, was astounded when she first became aware of the five monsters that used to be five cunning little dogs. She had been away three days, caring for a sick sister, and when she came back she got a brand new focus on the animals.

"Maldon! Malden Mears! You come here this minute!"

Malden came, not that minute, but one somewhat adjacent.

"What's it, Ma?" he inquired. "Mee-mee-mee-mee-mee-mee! Boo diddy boo diddy boo boo!"

Stop those funny noises! What have you been doing to these dogs?"

"Feeding 'em and giving 'em fresh water. Why?"

"Malden—are they the same dogs we had when I went away?"

"Now, Ma, what's the matter with you? Got a sun stroke or something?"

"My mercy me! Look at the size of 'em! And that ugly, cross-eyed one——"

"Aw, he ain't ugly. I think he's kinder pretty."

Malden undid the fastening on the yard gate and out pranced the five monsters. They had their growth, but they were only a year and a half old and they wished to play. They played in enormous leaps and bounds—just like any other young dogs, only—amplified a hundred. Groucho put his paws on Mrs. Mears' shoulders and bent a vast, affectionate head and swung at her a tongue as long as her forearm and as heavy as a flatiron. In utter terror, she screamed.

"They won't hurt you, Ma. They're gentle as kittens. Hey! Hey! Get out of there!" Groucho, Spotto and Harpo had knocked her down and Blacko and Beppo galloped across her and through Malden's garden, tearing out a hill of potatoes at every step.

Malden lifted his mother and brushed her off and led her into the house. She had broken her glasses and her dress was torn. Malden couldn't understand why she took on so, or how it happened she was so surprised at their size when she had been seeing them every day. Perhaps it was like the man who lifted a bull calf every day for a year after it was born, and who laid off on Sunday and Labor Day, and then broke his suspenders trying to get the bull calf off its hoofs.

Her horror at the encounter with the dogs was nothing to that she felt when she opened an envelope, the first of the next month, and looked at a bill from the Fordover Hay and Feed Store for a ton of dog food.

"A ton!" she gasped. "A whole ton!"

"Aw, it's cheaper to buy it by the ton. That's only twenty bags, hundred pounds to the bag," said Malden easily. "Blah, blah, blah, boodly boodly boo. Kitchy kitchy kitchy!"

"Stop those funny noises. A ton at a time! My mercy, gracious me! Those dogs are eating us right into the poorhouse. You go get rid of them this minute. You hear me, Malden Mears?"

"They can hear you down the village. I'll call up Elaine and prove it."

"If your father was only alive!"

"Now, Ma, I don't see any reason to take on so. They're fine, gentle dogs and thoroughbred, and they're worth a fortune. Mr. Frye said so."

"Well then, sell 'em, sell 'em!"

"Aw, Ma, I don't see why you make all this fuss over a little dog biscuit no bigger'n your finger."

"Yes, but a whole ton of it. Malden Mears, I'll have no more of this nonsense. You step right down to the village—and don't you take the car—you're getting so fat you can't see out of either eye—and you sell those dogs or give 'em away—but don't you come back here 'til you've got rid of 'em!" Then she added, "And don't you go having them shot! I got nothing against the dogs."

"Aw!", shouted our enraged hero, and stomped out of the house. His rage lasted him almost to the village, for, whereas he could cover thirty miles on foot in a day, over mountains and through woods, with a nine-pound gun on his arm, it irked Malden to do the prosaic two miles to the village under his own steam.

Sell those dogs? Give them away? The only things

(Continued on Page 20)

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When the Pony Express Brought the Mail

The West Has a Celebration in Memory of the Daring Men Who Galloped Over the Prairie Routes, Defied Indians, Faced Hardships, and Except in One Case Always Came Through With the Mail-Bags

Stamp Collectors Today Prize the Excessively Rare Pony Express Stamps and Some of Them Are Worth Thousands of Dollars.

This Painting of a Pony Express Rider Leaving a Relay Station, From the Brush of Edward J. Holslag, Is a Mural Decoration in the First National Bank of St. Joseph, Missouri, Through Whose Courtesy It Is Reprinted.

William F. Cody, Famous as "Buffalo Bill," Who Was a Pony Express Rider at the Age of 16. A Band of Sioux Indians Sought to Ambush Him, but His Fleet Horse Outran Them.

world-famous as "Buffalo Bill," is credited with having made a round trip of 322 miles without resting, which is the longest Pony Express ride on record. At that time he was only 16, and the youngest member of the outfit.

A week later, while he was passing through the same region, a band of Sioux Indians dashed from ambush and took out after him. Bullets whistled around his ears—but lying flat on his horse's back he used his spurs and outran the savages. That is what Pony Express riders were told to do. Given the fastest horses that could be bought, the riders were told never to stop and fight, except as a last resort.

Highwaymen were also a menace. On one occasion a large sum of money was being carried over the line. Somehow, this fact got out, and road agents shot the rider who was carrying it from his saddle. But the horse got away, taking the saddle-bags to the next station.

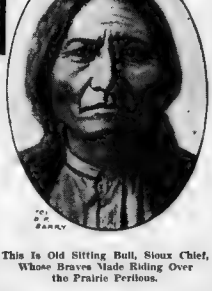
In one place the trail had been cut through a forest of aspens, and it was just wide enough for a rider to get through. Even the most fearless couriers dreaded this spot, for the surrounding region was infested with murderous redskins on the warpath.

One day a rider was dashing over this hazardous stretch when he saw his pony cock its ears. That was the danger signal that all express riders were constantly watching for. But the man could not turn back. It was the religion of the service that the mail must get through, no matter what might happen. As for making a detour, the rider could not do that in this case, for the thick forest hemmed him in.

The next moment he saw the aspens a few yards ahead of him start quaking, and he thought that his end had come. He spurred his horse, lowered his head, and plunged straight into the hidden peril. From cover, Indians began firing at him on both sides—but he rode like the wind and did not falter. An hour or so later, he came galloping into the next station and tumbled helpless from his horse.

Another rider came tearing into a station one day and reported that a party of "fool" emigrants had mistaken him for an Indian, and had tried to shoot him from his horse. Still another rider, whose horse stumbled in a gopher hole, was thrown and suffered a broken leg. He hung on to the bridle, but unable to remount, sat on the ground for hours, until a stage came by and picked him up. The special agent on the stage volunteered to complete the ride so that mail also got through. On another occasion, a rider reported that along the trail for a distance of ten miles he had counted the bodies of ninety Chinamen who had been murdered by Indians.

Bearded John Nelson, Famous In His Day as a Frontiersman.



This Is Old Sitting Bull, Sioux Chief, Whose Braves Made Riding Over the Prairie Perilous.

During the nineteen months that the Pony Express was in operation, its riders traveled a total of 650,000 miles, and only one mail was lost—but that was later recovered. Indians killed the rider who was carrying that mail and stole his horse and equipment. But when they opened the pouches and found only papers that were meaningless and useless to them, they threw the mail away. Over a year later, it was recovered and the letters sent to their destination.

Although the purpose of the Pony Express was to carry mail between the East and West in the shortest possible time, it was not a Government undertaking. It was organized as a private enterprise by Majors, Russell & Waddell a firm that operated stage-coaches and covered wagons over the Central Overland route. At that time no railroad had been built farther West than St. Joseph, Missouri, and many people believed it was absurd to think of spanning the continent with rails.

To supply the need of faster communication between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, and also to pave the way for a transcontinental railroad, people in California urged Congress to appropriate money for a Pony Express. But this was in 1860—and Congress was torn by strife over the issues that were soon to start the war between the States. Politicians, with other things to worry about, could not be induced to support such an uncertain project as a Pony Express. So Majors, Russell & Waddell were persuaded to take the risk.

The following advertisement was put in western newspapers:

"WANTED—Young, skinny, wiry fellows, not over eighteen. Must be expert riders, willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages, $125 per week."

The men had to be young and tough in order to endure the hardships, but there were some exceptions, like the hardy old frontiersman, John Nelson. They had to ride at a speed averaging 25 miles an hour. As for preferring orphans, the promoters thought you"sters with no family ties would be more daring. And next to being reliable, resourceful and quick-witted, Pony Express riders had to be daring.

In a short while, 80 young men—willing to risk anything were hired; 500 horses, of a cross-breed that gave them both speed and endurance, were collected at an average of $200 each, 190 mount relay stations were established along the route; and 400 station keepers and helpers employed. Pouches that were rainproof and had locks the size of a dog-collar were designed to be placed across saddles, one set in front and another behind the rider.

Often it was necessary to cross streams where the horses had to swim, so as additional protection against being soaked in such cases, and also as protection against the perspiration on the foaming flanks of the hard-pressed animals, the mail was wrapped in oiled skin before it was put in the saddle-bags. The riders dressed as lightly as possible—in leather jackets and buckskin breeches, tucked in their boots—and to keep their weight down to a minimum, they were armed, as a rule, with only a pistol and a knife.

At each end of the line, when the riders set out on their initial trip on April 3, 1860, there were celebrations and general hurrahs. People boasted that the United States, particularly the West, was getting into her stride, and perhaps, before long, towns might be springing up on the prairies. Still, not many supported the new express enterprise. The cost of sending a letter was at first $5 for each half-ounce. Naturally, at this price there were few frivolous messages—few, in fact, that were not downright urgent. Chief patrons were newspapers and business men, and messages were written on tissue paper. In the beginning the service was weekly, but later it was semi-weekly and the price reduced to $1.50 an ounce. Even so, the enterprise did not prosper, and when the first transcontinental telegraph line was completed in October, 1861, forcing the Pony Express out of business, its promoters had lost about $300,000.

Many Interesting Relics of the Days of the Pony Express Are Housed in This Museum in Pasadena.

One of the Early Prairie Stations of the Wells, Fargo Company in Placerville, California.

But the venture had not been in vain. It had demonstrated the need of closer contact between the East and West—and some people go so far as to credit it with preserving the Union. Pony Express riders carried a copy of Lincoln's inaugural address over the route in seven days and seventeen hours—a world's record for communication by men on horseback. This message arrived at a critical time in the affairs of California and the nation—and some people say that as a result of reaching the Pacific Coast at the opportune moment it caused California to swing to the Union side. They say also that California's strength was afterwards one of the decisive factors in the conflict.

Mark Twain, in describing what he saw while crossing the continent by stage-coach, wrote:

"Every neck is stretched further and every eye strained wider away across the endless dead level of the prairie; a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling—sweeping toward us nearer and nearer, and the flutter of hoofs comes faintly to the ear—another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past.

"So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, that but for a flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, maybe."

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Confessions of a Fashion

Miss Brenda Dean Paul, Daughter of Sir Aubrey
the Miseries of a Slave to the Dope Habi
She Endured to
Thraldom of

Miss Brenda Dean Paul, Daughter of Sir Aubrey Dean Paul, of London, Who Became a Dope Addict and Endured Frightful Experiences in Trying to Break the Grip of the Drug on Her Tortured Mind and Body.

Miss Dean Paul Playing the Part of a Horse in a Fashionable Pantomine Party.

DISHEVELED and shabby, self-respect
usually finds himself or herself in
whose story of ruin of mind and
newspapers. But on this page today is reve
victim of quite a different level of society

Miss Brenda Dean Paul is the attractive
Paul. Brenda's mother, Lady Dean Paul,
hostesses of British society and the young
luxury of life among the English aristocrac
of the social leaders of London.

The revelations of this fashionable yo
the almost unbelievable miseries of a drug t
of torture which accompany the efforts to
the drug, may well serve as an impressive
tempted to use opium in any of its insidio
own experiences, the fate of other slaves
and devices of the drug traffickers are reve

By BRENDA DEAN PAUL.

WHEN I first began to spread my wings in the world alone, I was intoxicated with freedom, the joy of living and the beauty in the world. I believed in the maxim that one should never refuse any experience that came one's way, and should try everything once.

It may be a very destructive theory, but even now, on the threshold of my new life as I have emerged from the hell of frustrated hopes, drug addiction, and nerve-racking successive "cures," I believe it is braver to get burnt because you fling yourself right through life's lovely luring flame, than to whimper in the end that you never knew its warmth because you were too cowardly to go near it.

Those who have judged me from reports of notorious escapades and unfortunate court proceedings have thought I was just an empty-headed, sensation-seeking girl who tried to get a kick out of drugs because she had exhausted the thrill of cocktails and other excitements. If I had been such a girl I should not be alive and recovered now to tell my story. The doctors have agreed that they know of no other woman who would have emerged triumphant and sane from the ordeals I underwent. For these consisted not only of personal sorrows and tragic loss, but of well-nigh unendurable torments accruing from the cures which I submitted to voluntarily in my efforts to throw off drug addiction.

I inherited my mother's amazing vitality. I had the will to fight and to live. I think subconsciously I felt determined to conquer the craving and to show the world that it was wrong and that I was not a spineless, brainless girl who had taken drugs because she had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs and drugging was the only untried experience that remained.

That is why I am going to tell the truth without any flinching or reservation, and as I have lived and loved, and gone through many different hells, so shall I be judged and, I hope, understood.

From the day when I was a child I had eaten of the tree of knowledge and I found, in some cases, the taste was bitter as the last dregs of despair and at other times so beautiful that I have no regrets of ever having eaten what man-made convention decrees is forbidden fruit.

I shall tell of what led to my drug addiction and made me a tragic and notorious figure for so long, and how I fought the insidious craving, took cure after cure, and implored the relentless Juggernaut of the Law that I might be given a chance to become whole again.

I am still young but I have suffered so intensely and such tragedy and experience have been crowded into my short girlhood's years—that I feel I am two distinct persons. The Brenda Dean Paul who was one of the brightest of the much abused "Bright Young People" of London Society is dead. The new Brenda, who is writing these articles, looks back at her in complete detachment. It is an uncanny, amazing sensation, like those Indian Fakirs are reputed to feel when their "other self" floats away in the ether, perhaps to watch unperturbed their apparently dead body being tortured and racked.

I have fought many devils of desperate illness, drugs and mental agony, and I have won. I look back at my first self with clear eyes, and say, "Poor creature, she succumbed to mad impulsive acts. She gave everything she had to give and lost because the only one who meant the earth to her broke faith. There was breathless beauty in her experiences and terrible horror as well. I am glad she is dead and a new self born from the ruin and destruction of her first existence!"

It is as if a sword had cleft my life, dividing it ruthlessly in two, the old destructive one, and the new one that beckons and holds promise. It is like a resurrection for me, for at one time I thought I would not live and the highest medical authorities in the land gave me six months of life. They are amazed at my recovery now. That is why I feel I owe it to humanity as well as to my friends to reveal the entire truth about my drug experiences and the preceding chapters in my life that led up to them, so that other addicts caught in that sinister web may benefit from my ordeals and raise their heads again in hope.

The night of June 19th, 1930, was the beginning of that fatal first step that was to lead to my tragedy. I was happy and carefree. Life had been thrilling, and replete with wonderful times up till then, and now fulfillment was in sight. My life was going to be more wonderful still and full of heavenly content, for though I had had airy love affairs in Paris, Tahiti and California, they had been so much thistle-down; interludes during which I had played at love and platonic friendship before the passion and adoration of a lifetime found its way to my real heart.

I was not going to meet "Kay" as I must call my fiance, right away that night. I was first due at a farewell party given on the Thames aboard her luxurious motor yacht by "Billie" Carstairs, famous British motorist, known as "Joe" to her friends. She was sailing to America in the Berengaria the next day.

Lady Dean Paul With Little Brenda and Another Daughter.

It was a perfect night, warm with the indescribable tang which is London, the Embankment, and June. A moon hung low in the sky silvering Waterloo Bridge, alongside of which the motor-boat rocked gently, while green, amber and ruby flashed jewel-like across the water as from distant wharves on the south side of the river giant electric signs winked on and off the rival merits of beer and gin.

The yacht was illuminated and gaily decorated with bunting, flags, lanterns and colored ribbon strands. I balanced my way up the gangway and then stood on deck as we drew off further mid-stream. I laughed as I exchanged greetings with my hostess who was always hail fellow well met, and nodded to other friends who for a joke pretended to cut me because they were "First Class" while I was "Steerage." I must explain that this was a freak party, one of the most successful of the season. Joe had issued three varieties of invitation cards—First Class, Third Class and Steerage. Just luck—or Fate—determined which kind the guests received. I was delighted that mine was Steerage for that involved the minimum of trouble in dressing up. I wore a brief skirt, shabby shirt and a street peddler's checked cap set at a saucy angle.

The invitation to the party was extended to continue the next day on board the Berengaria to those guests who could avail themselves of the opportunity. I was one of those and that was my reason for jubilation. I had sent a cable to Kay who was in business in New York and when the Berengaria reached the other side he would be there to welcome me and take me ashore. Instead of returning to England by the next boat I was going to stay in New York City for a few days so that we could be together.

The dance band, located in the stern of the fine craft's deck, started playing some crooning, sentimental dance tune. Couples began to dance on the polished boards as the yacht slowly moved away from the steps. I leaned over the rail, my eyes half closed in an ecstasy of joyous anticipation that was almost as painful as it was acute. Life was perfect. I was on top of the world, and I had not a care in it. The jolly party, the bit of music, was merely the prelude to the ultimate fulfillment of my most cherished dreams.

Kay, my fiance, was wonderful. He had every opportunity to make a fine position for himself and he was making use of his advantages. He was brilliantly clever, a fine worker, and very ambitious. I admired him for not being just content to be just a rich man's son. He was carving out a career for himself, and deserved success. He was out for financial independence, and though, like me, despised materialism, he was prepared to sacrifice more on the altar of social convention for personal success than I was.

We had known each other for two years and he was bent on attaining that water-mark of financial achievement before involving himself in the responsibilities of marriage. Our love had been spasmodic. During those two years we only met to part, work and business always coming between us, for ambition is a hard task-master, and it was not until my long absence which took me across the world that the separation taught us the real depths our effection had reached. It was on my return when we again had only ten days together in London that we decided that if his work reached the financial achievement he wanted within the period he had in mind we would clinch the matter by marrying and henceforth doing our traveling together.

On the Extreme Left Is Shown Brenda Leaving a Dress Rehearsal f the Royal Family's Charities.

By what he had told me in the hurried message he had cabled to me it seemed that mark of success was well in sight. The anticipation of seeing New York again, this time through his eyes, excited me tremendously.

My dreams were shattered by a resounding crash. No, the yacht had not bumped into a pier or bridge as we sailed serenely up the Thames, neither had merry guests cast the band overboard in a moment of exuberance. There was a scuttle of feet, and cries of surprise and merriment as we saw that a well-known peeress had tripped and was strung up in the hatchway by a voluminous skirt, her silk-clad legs waving frantically as she cried out for help, a frenzied prisoner. Finally she was extricated and the dance continued.

"Joe" had assuredly surpassed herself by making this stunt the ace of freak parties that Summer.

That reminds me irresistibly of another incident that happened at one of those parties a short while before. Tallulah Bankhead and a lot of us were making merry on a bench, newly improvised by the simple expedient of shoving all the refreshments on a long, narrow refectory table under it on the floor. We had to do this to make room on account of the large number of additional "guests" who had gate-crashed.

Suddenly, there was an awful creaking sound and the table collapsed under our weight and liveliness. We all fell through, of course, but Tallulah was particularly unlucky for she crashed in a sitting position bang in the middle of a huge bowl of fruit salad.

My Thames party will always stand out in my memory as a landmark in my life. We made merry all night and finally disembarked at 6 a. m. in the exquisite rose-red glow of sunrise. I dashed home hoping to have time to dress for the boat train and caught it by the skin of my teeth, and still wearing my street-huckster dress.

When the Berengaria steamed into New York harbor, a very different figure stood impatiently by the rails from the Brenda who stepped aboard at Southampton to the hilarious haloos from scattered members of the Thames party crazy gang as they spotted one another—so spick and span and respectable now as to be nearly unrecognizable.

I had forgotten everything except the fact that somewhere on that teeming wharf ever drawing nearer, He was waiting for me, crazily impatient as I. I could not suppress my excitement. I kept jumping up and down emitting little screams as I stood there looking my very best in a white crepe dress, jaunty little hat pulled over my dark curls, and high gauntlet gloves.

Kay had seen me. At last the gangplank was lowered. The first class passengers with stewards and baggage began to descend like a string of ants under the Summer sun.

"I'm taking you home," Kay told me as we drove speedily through the sunlit honeycomb of streets. "I'm in a pent-house with Charlie (a friend of his). You must stay with me. It will be quite all right, darling, as there are three of us."

If I had experienced any twinge of caution his perfect assurance dispelled it. His sublime self-confidence invariably overruled obstacles. Nothing mattered except that we were together at last, and must snatch at what happiness fate had thrust in our lives, hitherto divided through force of circumstances and his insatiable ambition and absorption in his career.

Nothing could part us now.

My week in New York was heaven on earth for me. After all the agony I have gone through, I still regard it as the happiest week of my life.

Sometimes, lying on the verandah of Kay's luxury apartment (for we were after all alone most of the time), high up above the teeming city, I used to wonder if it was really myself who was so deliriously happy and content. All around me the brilliant pinnacles pierced the cloudless sky. I would lie on the couch watching those dizzy turrets through half-closed eyes waiting for the sound of Kay's return from Wall Street. I would shut my eyes and groan with the almost painful intensity of my joy. It pervaded my whole being, just as the sun impregnated the sword-like points of New York's skyline and the dazzling white asphalt side-walks far below.

In the evenings when we were together and I was mixing cool drinks Kay and I would discuss the one fulfillment that would make our life together complete. We both wanted a child. This theme we

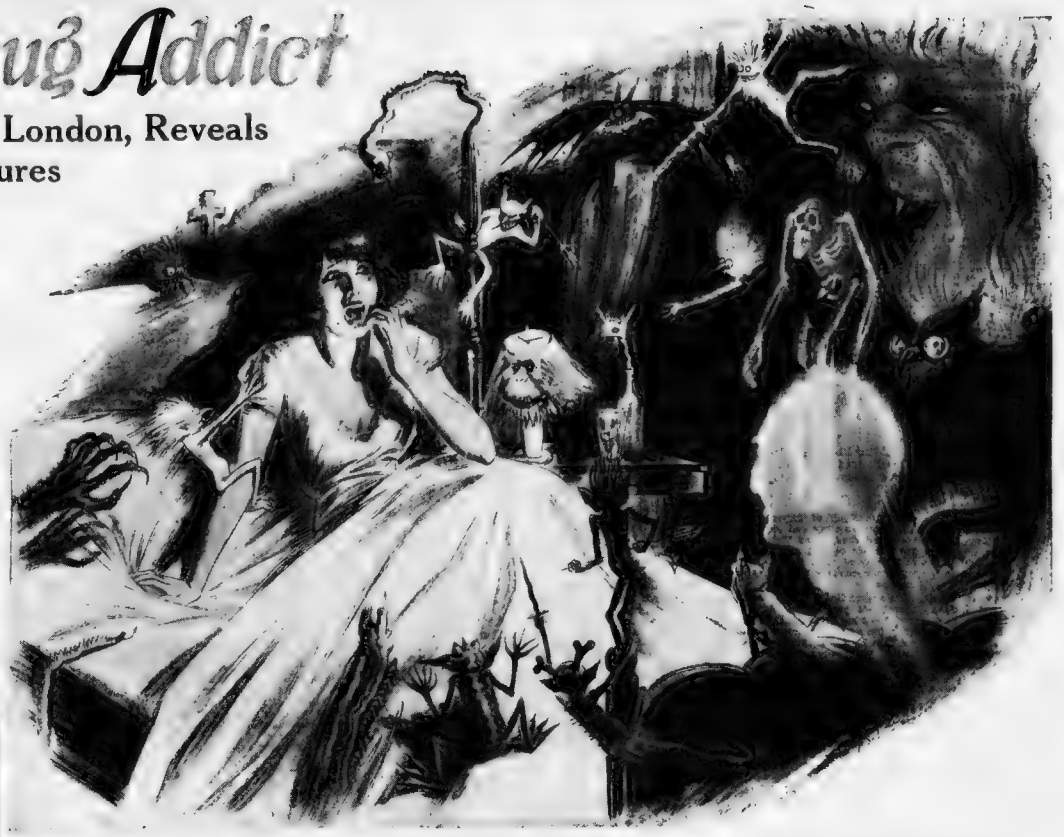
ble Drug Addict

Dean Paul, of London, Reveals t and the Tortures Escape the the Drug

gone, is the dope addict who the hands of the police and morals is briefly told in the aled the confessions of a drug .

daughter of Sir Aubrey Dean was one of the outstanding lady was brought up in the y and welcomed in the salons

ung woman, as she recounts aker's life and the nightmares shake off the pitiless grip of object lesson to all who are us forms. In addition to her of morphine and the schemes led.



"I saw incredible sights in that dreary bedroom between my terrible convulsions. Inanimate furniture assumed hideous faces and voices, the room sometimes seemed full of people, imps and hobgoblins. I remember once shrieking out to my nurse in horror at what I saw.

"'Take it away—look! Isn't it horrible!' I screamed, pointing to the foot of the bed where I suddenly saw the grinning decapitated head of a famous English comedian."

or a Costume Ball in Aid of

never tired to discuss and plan. It was miraculous that he and I should think the same — that to our way of thinking, the fusing of two bodies and souls meant for each other would be bereft of true, logical meaning unless their love was expressed in a result.

He stretched back luxuriously, his arms above his head. "Oh—h—when this can go on for ever, darling."

His kisses blotted out all my logic, straight thinking, and philosophy. Flirtations and platonic adventures of the past faded away in a little legion of ghosts, evaporating into unreality.

"This is perfect," I said.

It was arranged there and then that Kay would follow me back to England immediately he had wound up some business which remained for him to settle in New York. In the meanwhile, once home, I was to secure an apartment in London—and then, a quiet wedding and we should never part again.

That memorable night alone with him far above the jewelled streets is outlined in my brain in pin points of light that burn. I shall never forget it. We were both strung up to concert pitch by the dread of the approaching parting.

"It's nearly over—I shall soon be gone," I whispered.

"It's not over. Our life is beginning," he protested. "Brenda, my beloved—"

"We must wait, we must wait," warned a queer little voice somewhere behind my mind. But the voice was weak and tremulous.

He kissed me again and again, and pressed my head back against the cool pillows. The law unto itself, as always, had its way.

Hours later, when the early morning sunlight dappled through the green shutters, stretching my body, I sighed, knowing deep content, and fell asleep in my lover's arms.

When two days after that Kay took me to the boat, the wrench of parting, even for so short a time, tortured me out of all proportion. As the liner pulled away, and I scanned the crowded dock for one last glimpse of his face, debonair, tender, and trying to smile, the tears poured down my cheeks and blinded me completely. I felt a wave of desolation and terror so intense as to be almost physical. It was as if an iron ring was tightening round my heart, crushing it.

When the Ile de France was two days out, however, I had recovered. Kay had already sent me reassuring radio messages that stilled all my doubts and banished every premonition.

I began to enjoy the voyage and was soon my usual laughing self again and in the thick of social activities. The passengers included Sophie Tucker, her accompanist and his wife, and Henri Mattisse, the French artist, sullen, in a woolen muffler, who paced the deck in sombre solitude.

Arriving in London together with the tired "end of the season" crowds, still struggling into limp boiled shirts and jaded chiffons, I found the only room available at the Savoy Hotel. Dumping my baggage there I drank a champagne cocktail and dashed off to the flat my mother occupied. There was an affectionate reunion, at which we both laughed and cried in characteristic fashion. But I could not bring myself to tell her of the latest stage of my affair with Kay.

To speed on the leaden time I plunged into a week of riotous gaiety, meeting old friends and making new ones. And it was at one unforgettable Night Club party that I first met Anthea Carew—my staunchest friend, who stood by me in my subsequent troubles, through every phase. There are certain personalities whom you know for certain you are going to love and trust almost at the first meeting. Indeed, Anthea, daughter of the Dean of Exeter, is one of those rare characters.

I persuaded Anthea to stay with me. Appledore, a dear little village on the lovely Devonshire Coast, with its soft blue seas and restful scenery, seemed fittingly desirable as a resting place in which to await Kay's return and consider the future. And here we took a cottage. For it had become apparent that my suspicions and hopes were correct—my greatest wish was to be granted. I was to have a baby.

Kay used to send me loving cables almost every day—silly little intimate messages—bits of himself and his activities of the moment. I felt closer to him, much happier about him, though there were 3,000 miles of sea between us instead of a yard of carpet.

He cabled back in a deliriously happy strain when he knew that the consummation of our love was to have a result. I used to stand at my cottage window and gaze across that expanse of sea feeling that he was so near. He used to cable me to come up to the Savoy Hotel, in London, and several times he put telephone calls through and we spoke purely for the joy of hearing each other's voice

One day I fell to musing about him. There must be still so much about him I did not know. I came to realize that beyond one or two fundamentals we had touched and agreed upon, he was a stranger to me. I wondered how he would shape up in a crisis—what his reactions would be.

With a shock it struck me that his cables—though full of noncommittal protestations of love—had never mentioned a definite date for his return and our official marriage. There had been no concrete explanation from him. I slept badly that night.

That same morning a cable came for me. I felt there was trouble in it. I felt it just as if a telepathic message had flashed between us.

"What's wrong. Bad news?" said Anthea.

I was trembling like a leaf.

"Be at Savoy midnight tonight. Urgent. Kay."

"That's all right," laughed Anthea, for how often had he cabled me to go up to London to receive his transatlantic telephone calls. I was in ample funds at those times. Journeys to London and the expense involved meant nothing to me then, and he knew it.

"It's not all right," I said. "Don't you see—oh! don't you see 'Urgent' on it. He would not say that unless something had happened." I was inconsolable and no effort on Anthea's part was of any good to cheer me up.

The room we occupied that night at the Savoy was a quiet one. The little clock on the bedside table chimed eleven, its silvery notes drawing my mind to the present. Sixty little minutes of suspense left. They passed in torture.

Suddenly the bell trilled, electrifying us, though we were expecting it. Galvanized into feverish life I seized the telephone. "Where are you?" I cried. "Here, sitting by your bed," Kay replied. In the jumble of words that tumbled hoarsely from his lips I grasped one thing—the blow had fallen. "I am ruined, at the moment. We are desperate," he explained. "The crash—Wall Street—it's terrible. I can't face it."

Not to be married yet! He could not rejoin me. He did not seem to recognize my terrible predicament. He was desperate, had lost his head in one of those terrific crises in which I had tried to visualize him, and he had failed. His agony of mind made his words sound callous and cruel over these 3,000 miles of telephone.

"But I am desperate, too. What can I do—what can I do—have you forgotten—what do you mean?" I cried.

"For God's sake—something must be done about it." His voice stammering that out—my worst blow. Farewell to heaven—to love—life—and the beauty of all fair and worthwhile things. That was the end.

In that moment Kay ceased to exist. I could not bear it any more. I hung up in the middle of his excuses and floonderings. "Yes," I said, stupidly, "something must be done."

How he had crashed in my estimation. From dizzy heights of worship he had come tumbling down, and as the little black thread of agonizing despair shot through my brain I saw his true self. What I had loved was a glamourous mask and now it had dropped away revealing the truth which ordinary people hide from the world

As I began to realize the sobering fact, I tried to pull myself and my thoughts together. I kept getting that weird feeling one experiences in a nightmare when one part of the brain is conscious that it is only going through a bad dream and says to the other part, "It's all right—only a dream from which I shall soon wake up!"

But I did not awake from this nightmare.

It was no use going to my father. We were entirely out of sympathy and alienated. As for my mother, I dared not shatter her peace of mind regarding myself. She was not in good health and I did not want to upset her now, especially when I had looked after my own problems for so long. She had no doubt during all those past months been content to feel that I was safe with Anthea, basking in the Devon sun and thoroughly enjoying myself leading the simple life.

How Anthea and I talked that night as we tried to thresh out the situation. Next day we left for Paris.

"You must take your mind off things, if only for a few days," Anthea had advised. She was right. I felt I should have gone mad if I had stayed in London for another twenty-four hours. Anywhere to get away immediately from too poignant memories.

I had spent many days in Paris during my phases of searching and experimenting. Bohemianism and the varied kinds of existence had always fascinated me and stirred my curiosity, and there were no hurtful memories about the Gay City for me—only odd and vivid ones. I tried to recapture the old glamour. Anthea and I flung ourselves in a whirl of dissipation in the spuriously bright night haunts I had once visited out of curiosity and a sense of adventure. They certainly helped to deaden my agony of mind at first, producing a sort of unreal protective veil between my feelings and reality.

But here fate, or nature, intervened. I collapsed absolutely and was rushed to a hospital. For days I lay in a complete collapse of mind and body from which, after what seemed centuries of terrible flaming pain, terror, and a heavenly, inexplicable alleviation, I emerged alone.

The shock of my break with Kay and all it entailed had been too great for me to bear in the state I was in, and had caused the recurrence of an internal complaint—slight in itself—but serious in the circumstances. Not only serious but fatal to that other little life I had treasured for nearly five months.

The realization of terrible, bleak aloneness, the failure of that little other life to carry on, kept me longer on the danger list, and effaced utterly any lingering joy of life or hope that I might have retained. A great disappointment enveloped me, rendering the whole world, both the present and the future, an eternal blank in which I had no place or use. The trouble even of sitting up in the morning, of being washed, or of breathing, seemed an intolerable impossibility.

It was as I lay in the Paris private hospital, my only animation and ardent desire, death, that I first experienced that relief and comfort of body and soul so miraculous and complete as to transport me wholly in the space of a few moments from the depths of hell to a paradise that was totally incomprehensible. It was a marvelous sense of well-being and a reprieve from torment.

"Ca ira mieux maintenant," vaguely I heard the nurse's words. Her rather hard, matter-of-fact face over its white uniform seemed suffused with kindliness in my dazed eyes. I saw her with a halo of beatitude round her handkerchiefed head, and the doctor, disappearing through the doorway, be-

(Continued on Page 18.)

The Lore Death

by Josephine Knight

"After breakfast Ann and I walk into the pantry and have a real heart-to-heart talk."

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CAPTAIN ELLIS is bringing the Happy Thought [illegible] when a body is found [illegible] Captain Ellis [illegible] Mrs. TenEyck [illegible] Mrs. TenEyck [illegible] Mrs. TenEyck

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HYANNIS, 285 Main Street
LAWRENCE, 502 Essex Street
LOWELL, 192 Merrimac Street
LYNN, 30 Market Street
MALDEN, 1 4 Pleasant Street
MARLBORO, 78 Main Street
MILFORD, 100 Main Street
NEW BEDFORD, 959 Purchase Street
NORTH ADAMS, 28 Eagle Street
NORTHAMPTON, 12 Center Street
PITTSFIELD, 29 Fenn Street
QUINCY, 35 Temple Street
SALEM, 131 Essex Street
SOUTH BOSTON, 391 Broadway
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The Love Death by Josephine Knight

(Continued from Page 14)

gallivanting around Lake Michigan"

"Did you happen to be around the Evanston Yacht Club yesterday?" asked Garwin.

"No. I have more important things to do."

"Undoubtedly But the fact remains that if you had been around there you would have seen dozens of people go out on the lake in their boats. It is pretty because it is so late in the season and because there are likely to be few fine days left that everyone likes advantage of one when it comes along As a matter of fact I was out in my launch practically all day myself."

Wells looked a trifle perturbed Garwin was right, of course The wealthy north shore residents almost all had craft of some kind and the entire family of them made the most of October's milder days. But, to his mind, that still did not explain why the TenEycks did not return when it was so obvious, early in the evening, that the weather was to be anything but pleasant, and he said so

"That's something that we must find out," Garwin agreed

CHAPTER VII.

Jerry Asked Questions.

AT THIS POINT the butler appeared looking somewhat flushed and vexed Following him closely was Jerry Doyle There was a pleased, excited expression about him and a jauntiness in his gait that it would have been wiser to disguise.

In little Beacon which he had recently left, and where the police force consisted of six, he had been considered a "good man." Jerry had been accustomed to slap the Beacon chief on the back in great good humor, and the chief had slapped him right back in the same spirit

Wisecracks were given and taken, and no one attempted to exercise much authority A great place, Beacon, but really not enough of a field to expand his sleuthing gifts This was the pare for him, all right. Big, nice and just filthy with wealth and opportunities!

Lars was saying in tones a little flustered.

"Here he is, sir I had considerable trouble finding him"

Jerry broke into a pleased chortle.

"Old solemn-face here! Looked for me from the cellar to the roof, didn't you, Lars? And where do you think he found me, chief? Eh? You'd never guess. In the pantry!"

And with this amazing revelation he exploded into loud laughter and raised his hand as if to bring it down with a mighty whack on the sheriff's back Garwin hurriedly dismissed the butler, and Wells seized that raised hand, flung it away from him in a fury and burst out with:

"You fool! You gibbering idiot! You milk-sop—you! What do you mean sticking around here, instead of going back to the clubhouse? What in thunderation you learn to do in Beacon anyway? You

And Wells punched forth into another string of invectives which completely paralyzed Jerry's ardor and left no doubt in his mind that here all was not as it had been in Beacon Beacon had its points, after all

In a half minute's time Wells found he was feeling very much better, having unburdened himself so thoroughly, and to his surprise realized that the whole matter was not so serious He turned to Garwin apologetically

"I'm sorry, Mr Garwin But you know, it's harder to break in a young know-it-all than the most stubborn colt"

Garwin sat during the entire incident a trifle taken aback at the turn of events, because men were not in the habit of losing control of their tempers in his presence, but wisely realizing that this was as good a time as any for Doyle to learn that he must not take upon himself duties that were not assigned to him.

He felt even a little sorry for the young man, but considerably more amused at his appearance of crushed dejection He surmised, and correctly so, that not only had the verbal pun been a lashing one, but that the idea of finding out that he was in the same room with Mr. Garwin must have been a withering one Garwin knew with what awe and stunned admiration his career was viewed by hundreds of young men in the same line who some day hoped to emulate him

He started quietly to question the crestfallen young man.

"Why were you in the pantry, Doyle?"

"I was talking to Ann, Mr. Garwin, and let me tell you she a nobody's fool."

The man's enthusiasm was in danger of bubbling over again.

"Who is Ann, and why did you talk to her? Remember that we haven't been with you the last hour or two and can't possibly know what you have done. In a case as important as this, clear reasons and clear explanations are wanted "

Oh boy! and he'd get 'em, was Jerry's excited thought.

"Tell a connected story, if you can, Jerry," put in Wells. "Captain Ellis and Mrs. TenEyck contributed all the haziness we can stand right now."

"Well, sir, it was this way"

The narrator was facing Garwin and addressing his remarks to him.

"After we got here this morning and Mrs. TenEyck goes in, I start to leave, when old solemn-face comes up and says I'm to have some breakfast. Well that sounded good to me and no mistake I go in the kitchen and there's an army of janes and gents—servants, all of 'em I'd hate to have to foot the feed bill! There they are, everybody in a sweat because of what's happened to the bosses They see me and everybody shuts up like a funeral After they see I don't look as though I'll eat 'em up, they start to ask questions. Phew!

I talk a lot and say nothing all the time taking 'em in and wonderin' what they think about it. Then I get an idea! Here's the place to get a lot of dope. A guy's servants usually know more about him than his friends do So I ask which is the dame that works for Mrs TenEyck

"They all act kinda dumb at first, and then someone pipes up and says, 'Oh you mean her personal maid.' She's upstairs Her name's Ann' Then this girl Ann —she's O K she is—comes in to grab some food for herself Well after breakfast she and I walk into the pantry and have a real heart-to-heart talk."

"Just why did you pick out Ann?" asked Garwin

"I figured the women servants know more about bosses than the men. They're nosey and talk a lot. And it stands to reason that none of the servants know more about the missus than the personal maid I thought it would be a good idea to get a—a background. Find out how the Mr. and Mrs. really got along.

"While the servants did most of the jabbering in the kitchen I read a copy of the paper old solemn-face brungs in and I get all the dope on these trips in the Love—because the Mr and Mrs. are bats about each other and want to be by themselves. How those papers get those things so quick beats me. I suppose all the friends and the relatives and the butcher and grocer call up and tell all they know, and some more. Anyway you gotta hand it to them newspaper boys Well it sounds kinda fishy to me what with——"

"For heaven's sake, Doyle," broke in Wells irritably, "do you have to put in all the periods and commas? Say something, won't you?"

"Well, I'm tellin' just——"

"Let him talk," smilingly put in Garwin. "We have nothing to lose You left orders with someone to call you here if something turned up, didn't you, Wells?"

"Yes sir. One of the men at the club ready to give me a ring if any of the boats find TenEyck or anything else in the lake."

"You haven't found many clues yet, I suppose?"

"Many? Not a one! Even most of the pieces of the cruiser have disappeared. Though what good they'd be—well, probably only Jerry here knows."

At that Jerry broke in:

"It sounds fishy to me, Mr. Garwin, because here are two people with a pile of dough and married seven years. It don't seem natural that they should be batty about each other yet. Anyway I've never heard of anything like that happening before. Not when Reno and Paris divorces are as easy to their pocketbooks as a pack of cigarettes is to mine. And she's too beautiful."

"How does that enter in?"

"Anything as sweet as that, with all that it! Say, Mr. Garwin, you should see her eyes. Makes you feel weak in the knees when she looks at you.

"As I was saying," he continued hurriedly, at a gesture of impatience from Wells, "a baby like that with all that money and time on her hands with nothing to do but meet a lot of men is gonna meet 'em. And what do they do? They start telling her sweet nothings, and after she's married a while she begins to see there's lots more interesting men about than the one she's tied to "

"Yes. Yes" For the first time since the narration began, Garwin showed signs of impatience The effort to come to Nestledown must have taxed his leg greatly for the man looked drawn and weary. Jerry was quick to take his cue and he finished quietly

"Well, it was all true, what I thought "

"How do you mean," asked Garwin

"Ann said," explained Jerry "in strict confidence that the Mr and Mrs. hadn't been living together for more than four years That they don't are two pins for each other

"Did Ann mention any man Mrs. TenEyck was—especially interested in?"

Wells looked at the state's attorney in startled surprise.

"I don't see the connection, Mr Garwin. From a little coldness on the part of two married people which is perfectly natural these days, to a—well, a lover if I understand you, is a far cry

"Not so far, Wells Think! With a lover we have a motive A motive for the disappearance of TenEyck

Exactly' thought Jerry. He'd thought out that lover business. But had the sheriff ' Not much. Dumb guy, that Wells'

"But why should Mrs TenEyck be drugged and left alone in a storm like that one last night?" insisted the incredulous Wells "It's a marvel she came through alive. Anything might have happened. How she didn't get killed in the crash is beyond me. If this lover did away with TenEyck last night why would he leave the woman he loved in a perilous situation like that.

Before anyone could answer the perplexed sheriff's question there was a gentle tap at the door and at Garwin's call to enter, Lars came in. He had a portable telephone with him

"It's for you, sir," he said, indicating Wells.

"Yes, yes—" Wells was saying shortly into the receiver "Is that all? What? All right! I'll be down in half an hour"

He handed the instrument back to Lars, stood silently a while, and then turned to the state's attorney.

"Do you still want to question Mrs. TenEyck this morning, Mr Garwin?" he asked

Before Garwin could reply Lars spoke with hesitant deference

"If I might suggest it, sir—I—Mrs. TenEyck—Dr. Gervaise said my mistress should not be disturbed because she is still in a nervous—"

Garwin came to his aid.

"That's all right, Lars. I really think it unwise to see her now She is probably too unstrung to tell any more of a coherent story than she has told already. Have they found anything?" he asked, turning to Wells "That was the yacht club, wasn't it?"

Only the top of a thermos bottle

"The top of a thermos bottle " the state's attorney repeated musingly, "and nothing else?"

"No" Wells frowned, then said resolutely, "If you've decided not to see Mrs. TenEyck, I'll run along, unless you need me for anything special. I've got those four sailors still at the clubhouse," he went on to explain and I'm anxious to talk to them I didn't have a chance this morning "

All right," acquiesced Garwin promptly "It's a good idea. No, I don't need you yet—and I'll call the Tower Ridge if I do "

The three men hurried out and down the steps, Jerry leaving Garwin and the sheriff to walk to the car in which he had brought Mrs TenEyck home His name was called by Garwin and he turned back

You didn't answer my question, Doyle. Did Ann mention any man in whom Mrs. TenEyck was particularly interested?"

"I was just going to ask her, Mr Garwin, when old solemn-face came in to get me."

Garwin nodded and Jerry continued on his way to the car. Before he was completely out of earshot he heard the sheriff say, "I think the sailors will give us a new angle that will do away with that theory entirely, Mr. Garwin "

Jerry was disgusted That was some angle, that lover business. Hadn't he and Garwin worked it out? And pretty satisfactorily at that. And now that crazy Wells stepped in and spoiled it all.

CHAPTER VIII.

Discrepancies.

IT WAS Wells, however, who was destined to call Garwin, and that not more than an hour after he and the state's attorney had left the TenEyck estate. His voice over the telephone had none of its usual phlegm, but rang high and excited.

"Can you come to the clubhouse?" it asked. "I have an interesting development here, Clark, one of the sailors, tells a different story from that of Captain Ellis"

"Coming!" was the reply

When Garwin reached the yacht club, he found not only Wells and Jerry there, but also Schlessinger, the owner of the Happy Thought. Since he and Garwin were both members of the club, they were on certain terms of familiarity, although they did not belong to the same cliques. They shook hands perfunctorily, and Schlessinger remarked in a high petulant voice:

"Really, Mr. Garwin, this is too bad. First you take my captain from me, and now, Mr. Wells says it will be necessary to hold Clark too. I may find a substitute for Ellis, but it's going to be difficult to do with only one seaman until I get to Canada. I haven't the time now to get another"

"It is unfortunate. I wish we could. But how soon do you intend leaving on your yacht?"

"I should be on my way now. But all these deplorable occurrences!"

Mr. Schlessinger was feeling very unhappy over the deplorable occurrences. There could be no mistake about that! It seemed unfair to him that he, a total outsider—he knew the TenEycks only in an indifferent manner—should have to change his plans because a man had disappeared and a woman had collided with his yacht. Ellis and Clark both! It was unjust. And what was this discrepancy in Ellis' story Wells was talking about anyway?

Aloud Garwin was asking the same question that was troubling Schlessinger's mind

"What is it this Clark told you, Wells?"

"He doesn't agree with Ellis on one point and I think it an important one."

"By the way, where is Clark and Captain Ellis too?" asked Garwin

"Clark's in the next room, Mr. Garwin, and Sully, one of the other sailors, has gone after the captain They should be here now"

"Why can't you take down Clark's statement and release him?" insisted Schlessinger "He is the most capable man I have, and he could take charge now that you seem to find it necessary to hold Ellis. This is upsetting all my plans. Really——"

Wells broke in, in an absolutely unperturbed manner:

It isn't our fault, Mr Schlessinger, that your boat seems to be pretty much mixed up in this affair, or that your captain finds it hard to tell the truth "

Schlessinger started to say something that ended in a helpless, enraged sputter, and Garwin, anxious to smooth the proceedings, remarked:

"Tell us exactly what this Clark hitch is, will you, Wells?"

"Yes, sir," started the sheriff submissively. "He——"

"Wait!" interrupted Garwin. "Let's have Clark in and have him tell the story."

Wells went to a door in the back of the room, opened it, and called: "Clark! Come in here."

There came a timid "yes sir," and Clark appeared. He was a small, stockily built man, who gave the impression of being ordinarily a calm, almost dull person, but he was now visibly affected by nervousness. His role of cynosure was altogether new to him, and it was an extremely uncomfortable one besides Clark could have washed himself anywhere but in the Evanston Yacht Club just then

That's all right, Clark, there's nothing to be scared of," assured Wells gruffly as the embarrassed seaman paused this side of the door in an attitude that suggested he was ready to dash through it if matters did not go to his liking.

"I want you to tell these gentlemen exactly what you said to me a while ago. And remember — but wait. I guess I'd better tell them first."

Wells turned from Clark to the others.

"This is the point. There isn't any sense of his going over the whole story, because most of it was just like the others told. I questioned all four sailors after I left you this morning, Mr. Garwin, and they all had the same things to say, all except Clark.

"In his spiel, the captain spins a yarn about the light being out of focus when the Love starts into them, and "

"By the way," this from Garwin, "I read the story about Mrs. TenEyck steering into the yacht. I meant to ask you this morning what the seamen and the captain think the reason was—"

"That the woman had gone goofy for a minute and steered the wrong way by mistake."

"You don't think she did it intentionally, then?"

"Good heaven no!" cried out Wells. "She was still full of that dope"

"Did she appear as though she had been drugged?"

Wells hesitated and before he could answer, Jerry cut in eagerly: "She certainly did, Mr. Garwin"

"You'll excuse me, gentlemen, but I fail to see how that proves that Mrs. TenEyck was drugged. It seems a natural reaction for anyone who has gone through the very strenuous experiences she had—to act in a stupor."

Mr. Schlessinger's voice was crisp and annoyed. There seemed to be a lot of chatter but no one was doing anything about his Canadian trip They had brought Clark in to question, and everybody had talked but Clark

Wells favored the millionaire with a look of admiration. He, too, had thought of that point when everybody seemed to accept the fact of Mrs. TenEyck's being drugged, and he said so.

"Mr. Schlessinger is right. And besides—"

"But, chief!" exclaimed Jerry protestingly "The captain and his four men wouldn't all agree that she looked like she was drugged if she wasn't. And she

(Continued on Page 18)

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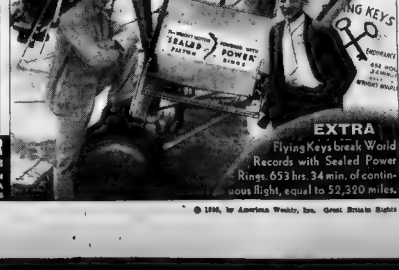
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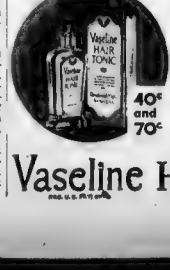

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Reported Marriage Proves Erroneous

Their attendance at the wedding of Lona Andre, film actress, to Edward Norris, actor, at Tijuana last June 7, resulted in reports that Dr. Al Goodman, of Los Angeles, and Miss Betty Ann Anderson, sister of the actress, also had been married.

But it has been explained that Doctor Goodman and Miss Anderson merely were witnesses at the Norris nuptials and did not get married themselves.

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Confessions of a Fashionable Drug Addict

By Brenda Dean Paul

(Continued from Double Page)

came an angel of mercy in disguise. Every angle of the harsh room was softened and glowing. I felt I was not surrounded with cold, impersonal strangers, but being tended by the kindest and most lovable people on earth. How was it that I got that revelation only now and not sooner to save me from my hell? I was so happy I thanked God, uttering His name for the first time for many many days, and the heavenly glow pervaded me until I could have wept in sheer gratitude.

In my exalted state I felt Providence had seen my suffering and in celestial pity had wrought a miracle to be transcended in my racked body and soul.

I hardly noticed the little prick of the needle as the hypodermic was injected into my arm. Suddenly, as if a lock had been opened, a warm tide flowed in flooding through my veins till every particle of my body was filled with a stream of "life."

I imagine it is like being born again. Slowly the heavenly tide thawed its way, breaking up every iota of misery until my whole being was filled with soothing, tender warmth. I just wanted to be there forever, neither moving nor thinking, exuding radiant content to the whole world. I felt gentle affection towards everything, even inanimate pieces of furniture. My bed hitherto a rack of torture. I now regarded as a dear, friendly object, and my heart swelled with gratitude for the walls and ceiling that protected me.

As each dose of the drug seemed to improve me out of all recognition, changing me from a living corpse whose only desire was to die, my doctor who had at first prescribed me the morphia as an internal necessity to check serious hemorrhage, continued the treatment as the only available weapon with which I should battle for recovery. I did not even know what was the magic that wrought my miraculous transformation then, and which created that kindly, protective curtain between myself and a world of harsh facts.

And then sad news jerked me down to earth. I suppose I was getting better gradually, and I often wonder in which direction my life would have turned if I had not been recalled to London before I had recovered more completely and been stronger to cope with the tragic "gap" that had caused me to weep such bitter tears of frustration and a desolate sense of emptiness of purpose. The telegram from London gave me my first awakening. "Your mother is seriously ill," it said.

That was sufficient for me. Though not yet fit to travel and to start coping with the world, I insisted on leaving the hospital, and arrived in London in a few hours, dead with fatigue and exertion, but still keyed up with the influence of my tremendous effort. Of course, if I had not been supported by the "treatment" I had at the sanitarium to keep me from diving and which the doctor had felt obliged to continue indefinitely I could never have made the effort I knew afterwards that they gave me an extra heavy "shot" to sustain me just before my departure.

I arrived in London to find my darling mother very ill. In my present state of the shock and grief and anxiety of this earthblow of mother's illness proved too much for me. For several nights I sat up for hours at her bedside because she wanted me with her and was pathetically anxious if I left her for a few minutes. I began to feel terribly ill again.

I collapsed one day and was sent to Anthea, my inseparable companion.

"I don't know what's the matter but I feel absolutely ghastly, and believe I've got influenza."

I suffered agonies of physical pain and mental torment again, only this time my depression was intensified and in addition my body was racked with a fever. My eyes were streaming, my limbs ached violently with those unbearable dragging pains that are a symptom of the "flu." I felt most frightfully sick while hot and cold shudders shook me.

"You must go to bed at once," said Anthea, "and we must call a doctor." She took me to Dr. Lionel Smith, an eminent London consultant. Briefly, I told him of my recent illness, and described my present symptoms still certain it was a sudden attack of "flu."

It sounds incredible that a girl who was reputed to be as worldly-wise as I should not have guessed the true nature of that new malady, but it is true. I had not the faintest suspicion of what was wrong with me, as with eyes and nose running as if with a violent attack of hay fever, I waited for the doctor's verdict.

He looked grave, and asked me all sorts of questions about the treatment I had received in Paris. And said:

"You are suffering from the deprivation symptoms of a drug addict. Your body has been acclimated to a regular quantity of morphia, and it is the result of that deprivation from the drug you have grown accustomed to that you are suffering from now." He paused and added: "You are a drug addict."

So that was it. Each word or phrase I had ever heard about such things crowded through my brain. Drug addict! Dope fiend! Cravings! Every highly colored tag was now applicable to me!

At that moment of realization of the true facts I became acutely aware of one desire above all else. I must free my body of this intolerable canker that had stolen on me unaware I was not entirely ignorant about the subject though I had been so dense in recognizing the symptoms of drug addiction in my own self. My excursions in search of experience in the past had taken me among those human beings who for divers reasons suffered in that way. The memory filled me with horror and despair.

"Can I be cured?" I cried to the doctor. "Oh, you must cure me—you will!" I kept repeating that over and over again.

My mind was in such an agony that there is a hiatus in my memory covering what followed immediately after my terrible discovery. I do know that the truth was mercifully kept back from my mother, who was told that I had had to go in a nursing home for a totally different reason.

I entered a sanitarium in Porchester Square, Bayswater, for my first cure. It was a depressing, drizzling, November day, and I was helpless with a fit of shivering and crying. Only Anthea had been let into the secret and she was the last friend I saw before my first terrible ordeal in my efforts to eradicate morphia from my system.

I found myself finally in a large bleak room clinging to Anthea, as I dimly perceived that some sort of terror waited for me within these bare, austere walls.

I sobbed bitterly. "Don't leave me, don't leave me!" I cried.

"You won't know anyone—you won't be conscious for a few days," the doctor explained, and led away Anthea, after he had instructed me to undress and go to bed. He would be back in an hour, he said.

The cure had started.

As I lay waiting with chattering teeth my mind reverted to various scenes I had witnessed in Paris during my visit there before I knew Kay. Grimly the little procession passed before me as I closed my eyes. Antoine, Agnes—little Mavis who at sixteen had died for want of her shot of heroin.

Agnes, the first girl I recall, had been a particular tragic victim. She was lovely, temperamental, and had a brilliant future in the film world. Already at twenty-five she had attained stardom, and on her own initiative. She was visited by the police one evening as she was entertaining a number of professional guests at dinner. She was not surprised though she expressed good-humored amazement.

"Duty is duty, mademoiselle," said the detective.

"Carry on, messieurs!" she cried with a charming smile.

The house was searched from attic to basement, and revealed just nothing, as Agnes, very pretty at the head of her dinner table, had told her official visitors it would.

As the door slammed behind them the police would have been interested to observe the remarkable partiality displayed by the hostess and her guests for the four little salt-cellars on the beautifully appointed table cocaine. A vindictive servant betrayed Agnes one night, and she was arrested at one of the most brilliant balls of the Paris season and was thrown in prison where she collapsed and died before any case could be started against her.

At that thought the terror of death rose in my mind. Supposing I should die tonight under the very strong narcotic which I suspected I should be given? I wondered if I would feel death approaching. Perhaps I would be unconscious. It would be a continuation of the comatose condition they expected, and my power of perception would be deadened and my surroundings look different.

I was to know all too soon what it felt to be at the very door of death itself, and knowing it all the time.

When the doctor returned he was accompanied by the matron of the home.

"I am going to give you something that will ensure you a good night's sleep anyhow and we shall begin the cure properly tomorrow," said the doctor and left me to the night nurse.

I did sleep, but woke up at dawn in abject misery and depression. Later on in the morning, I questioned the matron.

"Shall I see Anthea or anyone again before we start?" I enquired, forgetting that had been settled the night before. Would the treatment hurt. I went on. Was I to be knocked right out unconscious immediately, and how long would it last?

With skilful evasions and tact she avoided any direct answers and told me merely to trust myself completely to the doctor and all would be well and finished before I knew it had begun.

I was given a shot of morphia, and so in the blessed peace and contentment lay waiting for anything they might care to do to me. As it happened I discovered too late that this doctor had never treated a case like mine before, and the agonies I endured and the danger of my condition caused him to suffer agonies himself.

They injected me with heavy doses of hyoscine the result of which resembles the symptoms of tetanus and strychnine poisoning. I twisted about like a fish in a net, my feet touching the back of my head, hurled from the bed in a torture beyond description.

It went on for five hours and I was conscious during every minute of it. Every muscle contracted violently and uncontrollably. If the muscles of my heart had done likewise it would have meant instant death. It was purely a matter of chance that they were not affected.

For hours I struggled, imploring the nurses to hold me down to prevent the crazy writhing of my limbs, begging for death for one annihilating stroke that would end all.

Nothing could be done to relieve me through they were frantic with anxiety, so I writhed and twisted and turned raving and crying out until I passed into unconsciousness completely spent, and to all intents and purposes dead.

There is great danger in the hyoscine cure of straining the heart muscles. The limbs become absolutely uncontrollable, almost in all directions, the convulsion being accompanied by unbearable pains. In the hyoscine treatment what doctors call the "knockout" method is usual, and it is a drastic and appalling ordeal.

Drug addicts and sometimes the doctors speak of it as the "hyoscine cure" although this is not technically accurate. Hyoscine is a nerve-depressing drug used while the morphine is being administered in steadily reduced quantities. The idea is to use the nerve depressor in order to tide the patient over the period during which the nervous system is greatly disturbed by the lack of morphine it has been accustomed to.

Hyoscine is a drug present in the belladonna and other allied plants. It is injected and deadens both the nerves and consequently the muscles. Morphia is also given at the same time, but the hyoscine injections are increased in strength while the proportion of morphia is decreased, until the peak of the treatment is reached when the patient is receiving only hyoscine injections and no morphia. The hyoscine should then be decreased gradually until ceased, and, for over a month afterwards the patient should be kept in a quiet and partly darkened room with no excitement whatever.

Many drug cures fail because the ex-addict cannot receive the after-treatment necessary for success. For six months afterwards great care should be taken to avoid germ infections, and to "spoil" the patient with luxury and petting. That is because the eradication of the drug has caused a complete "gap" in the ex-drug addict's life and her strength, moral as well as physical, must be built up again to face the world.

In their weakened state, if cured drug addicts are faced with mental or financial anxiety, they are liable to yield and fly to the drug again.

I got to know personally of some sad cases of that nature and will speak about them later on.

I underwent other cures after this first one which was a failure, but I suppose the horrors of that first attempt are stamped so vividly on my mind because I had never imagined such horrible tortures were possible.

Hyoscine is a peculiar acting "counter-drug," as I shall call it. One part of my brain felt clear while the other groped in torment. It has an effect I think, as if the injection had given one a stroke. You hear yourself say the most insane and senseless things quite clearly knowing partly that they are senseless and yet unable to control your speech.

I saw incredible sights in that dreary bedroom between my terrible convulsions. Inanimate furniture assumed hideous faces and voices, the room sometimes seemed full of people imps and hobgoblins. I remember one shrieking out to my nurse in horror at what I saw.

"Take it away hook! Isn't it horrible!" I screamed, pointing to the foot of the bed where I suddenly saw the grinning face capitated head of a famous English comedian.

"There's nothing there," she said, and brushed her hand across the counterpane whereupon it grisly head disappeared.

That same nurse told me afterwards, when I got better, that when she first saw me (she had been new on the job) I was writhing in convulsions on the floor and she thought I was a very old woman so shriveled and ashen were my features as I lay contorted on the carpet.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

The Love Death

by Josephine Knight

(Continued from Page 16)

said so herself, right here in this room this morning, and you heard her."

That's it exactly. She said so."

Garwin glanced from one to the other speculatively. He knew that of the two the sheriff was not very likely to be carried away by his emotion, that he would be impressed by nothing but logic and an inclination to pin suspicion on everyone until by a process of weeding, the suspects were narrowed down. What he and Schlesinger said of Mrs. TenEyck's condition was true. It could easily be attributed to the excitement of the mishap she had gone through.

"You must remember, I didn't see her," he said. "I must go by the impressions you two received," and he nodded toward Wells and Jerry. "There are two explanations. Either she was drugged, because a storm in itself rather than dull the senses will make them more acute, or she was not drugged and for some reason wished to give that impression."

"What do you think, Mr. Garwin?" asked Wells boldly. "You know Mrs. TenEyck personally, would she be likely—"

"You know as well as I do," the state's attorney replied, "that you can never tell how people will act under a set of circumstances that differ radically from the ordinary trend of their lives. In any event, I can't let my personal opinions sway me one way or another."

"The reason I think she cooked up the drug business and a lot of stuff besides," persisted Wells, "is because of what Clark told me."

"What did Clark tell you?" exploded Schlesinger.

"Go ahead, Clark," commanded the sheriff. "Tell them what you told me."

Clark gulped and swallowed hard. He tried twice to speak and achieved only stutters. Then with a desperate resolve he stammered:

"I don't want ye to be athinkin', Mr. Schlesinger, that I've turned informer against the cap'n. It weren't my fault, sor. Ye see, we wasn't in this room when the cap'n tol' his story. If I'd a heered it—I'd a made mine to match his, cause—"

"Careful, Clark," admonished the millionaire. "You don't want Mr. Garwin to think yours is a made up story, or the captain's either?"

"Oh, no, sor!" he replied eagerly. "I shouldn't be wantin' to do that, sor. What I said was the truth. An' if the cap'n said somethin' different—it's the truth too. An' thar ye be, sor."

Everyone in the room smiled except Wells. "Come on, Clark!" he snapped. "Tell us what you told me about that light!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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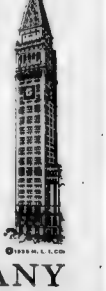

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Cream of Mushroom. Like all Heinz Home-Style Soups this luxurious party soup is concocted from a treasured home-kitchen recipe. It is soup that gives a lavish touch and a festive air to any menu.

Cream of Tomato.—Cream soups are an ideal beginning to light dinners or luncheons. Heinz Cream of Tomato is a rich puree of vine-fresh tomatoes, pure cream and fine spices—perfect and ready to serve.

Chicken Noodle Soup.—In a savory broth that is rich with flavor, you'll find tender pieces of chicken meat and plenty of thin-cut noodles. A dish you'll relish to the last delicious spoonful.

First impressions count, in entertaining more than at any other time . . . serve your guests superb Heinz Soups and assure your party's success!

SOCIETY, as everyone knows, has always "gone in for" magnificent soups. For society long ago discovered that a perfect soup melts the most frigid formality—makes almost any party a success! A fine soup, rich and delicious, delicately spiced, superbly flavored—steaming the aroma of its own goodness ah! there's a dish to make the most jaded appetite "sit up and take notice"!

Today—even if your food budget is limited—you don't have to wonder what such soups taste like! Simply go to your grocer and select a few cans of Heinz Home-Style Soups. Then enjoy the thrilling taste experiences that a few short years ago only families of wealth enjoyed!

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Not many women would care to go to the trouble that Heinz goes to in making soup for you—and not many would care to pay for such expensive ingredients. For instance, in Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup, fresh cream—richer and thicker even than whipping cream—is used exclusively

Heinz chefs accept only the very finest white mushrooms, luscious and tender; creamery butter such as you use on your own table and the pick of savory spices from the far corners of the world!

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Why not serve Heinz Soup at your own table? Make a whole meal of your favorite kind . . . it's rich enough to supply all the food value an ordinary person requires. Tomorrow morning, tell your grocer that you're going to try Heinz Home-Style Soups. You'll be glad that you did!

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Chicken Noodle Soup.—A delectable broth with tender morsels of chicken and Heinz-made egg noodles.

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Clam Chowder.—An olden-time soup which has held its popularity for generations. Made of fresh tender clams and vegetables.

Consommé Madrilene.—An epicurean soup of clear amber color, made from beef stock blended with strained tomatoes. Especially desirable for summer use because it jells in the tin when properly chilled. No coloring matter or gelatine has been added.

Bean Soup.—A purée of bean, flavored with ham, from the kitchens where Heinz delectable Oven-Baked Beans are made. A fine flavored lusty soup for hearty appetites

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Consommé.—A full-bodied clear broth slowly brewed from beef stock and marrow bones. No gelatine or similar thickening ingredients have been used, yet this soup jells readily when chilled in the refrigerator. Delicious, hot or cold.

Pepper Pot.—A thick meaty soup blended with flawless garden vegetables and bits of macaroni. Made true to the early American tradition.

Beef Broth.—A very hearty soup with barley and vegetables. A soup all men "go for".

Scotch Broth.—This famous soup of Scotland has been richly duplicated. A thick rich soup made of prime mutton, barley and assorted vegetables.

Mock Turtle.—A wonderful party soup, made of choice meats, boiled eggs, aromatic herbs and a dash of sherry.

Vegetable Soup.—A delicious standby, made of top-grade meat stock and more than a dozen different vegetables. Very rich and thick. A meal in itself.

Cream of Spinach.—Now everybody likes spinach. Heinz chefs have coaxed unsuspected flavor from this nutriment-laden vegetable and merged it with rich cream.

Cream of Mushroom.—Just the soup for the dinner party. Tender, fresh mushrooms, pan-browned and chopped, combined with heavy cream, well seasoned.

Cream of Oyster.—A really full-flavored oyster soup. Not an oyster stew, but a bisque made of fresh oysters and heavy cream.

Cream of Asparagus.—The flavor of fresh asparagus predominates in this rich soup. The asparagus is cooked to a turn, then strained and combined with pure, sweet cream, spiced and seasoned.

Cream of Green Pea.—Fresh green peas, puréed and enriched with sweet cream

Cream of Celery.—A delicately flavored cream soup of tender celery stalks which are cooked and strained, then combined with heavy cream and slowly simmered and seasoned.

Cream of Tomato.—A bisque with the flavor of freshly picked tomatoes which are merged with heavy cream and spices.

HEINZ *homemade style* SOUPS

Listen to the Mocking Bird

By Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Page 10)

he had ever had that nobody else had. He'd show her. He'd run away from home and take his dog with him. He'd talk it over with Elaine. Elaine would understand, and take his part.

Malden began to sing. He had a good voice. Nothing to cut in the sale of Caruso records to be sure, but a good voice for a country boy.

So Malden advanced on Elaine expecting sympathy and oh, what a reception he got.

Elaine Malden don't sing so loud! Loulie is trying to make a French connection.

Malden shrunk in a chair with a mock rose in his pocket and his hopes. Oooh were many and his aspirations.

He waited, and soon she was through for the day. He walked out with Elaine, or there was a call for Loulie between them.

Not a word at the lunch table where they ate.

Always before, when Malden drove through Main Street with Elaine he received with pride all the looks of envy and jealousy, tossed him by males of his generation. Now he was uneasy as a dog before a cyclone. He looked at Elaine with quick suspicion. No he guessed Elaine wasn't trying to kid him. Maybe she was sore about her job or something. He hinted. "Gee, Elaine, I wish you'd speak to Ma I don't know what's got into her."

I talked with her, just before you came in."

Oh. Well—well I hope she will better natured than she was when I left. Gosh how she pitched into me about the dogs' he can't appreciate the fact they're thoroughbreds. Of course [illegible] they're Great Danes, aren't they."

They were approaching the Loring hall. The steps were dark and screened by trees. Elaine said, "Let's sit here a minute. I want to talk to you."

Same here. Gees. Ma burns me up. She wants me to get rid of my dogs."

Well, why don't you?"

He tried to see her face, but she turned away, and when he put his arm around her, she moved away, "Gees, Elaine, you don't mean to tell me you're taking sides with her?"

"I certainly am. Either you get rid of those dogs, or go to work and get a job so you can support them."

When he could talk, Malden said with great dignity, "And just where will I get a job in this one-horse town, may I ask?"

"The railroad is still running and there are other towns and cities."

"Sure, and take a job away from some poor devil that needs it."

"You need a job as much as anyone I know. You're just wasting your life and going to seed."

Righteous indignation came to Malden. "That's a fine thing to say. Don't I do the chores around the house? Don't I take care of the garden?"

Any man expects to do that, in addition to his other work."

She put a hand on his knee and said gently, "You're bright and there are plenty of things you could do. You've had music lessons and you sing well. Why not try to earn some money with your voice? Who knows? Maybe you have a career before you but you'll never get anywhere unless you make an effort."

Malden, for the first quarter, where he expected deep sympathy running into fine affection made him suddenly, wildly angry. He sprang up. He didn't care if people in the drug drive up the street, could hear him. He shouted, "All right, all right. I will, since you're so smart and earning so well know it all. I'll go down to New York and get a job, just to show you up. Then you'll be sorry you said —" He snorted, and stalked off.

"Malden," she called, and he let himself hear and go back, so she could apologize. She said, "Here," and put something in his hand. It was the little ring he had given her as a mark of their troth.

CHAPTER III.

THE man said, "Why you can't get on Ned Nabee's Amateur Hour tonight. You have to come ahead of time for a tryout."

I don't need any tryout or rehearsals," said our hero, for it was none other, and the scene was a room in the Ripath Broadcasting Company. Three days later. "I know my songs and it won't take me any longer to sing 'em than it ever did. If that's what you mean."

The man looked sharply at Malden, who had spoken these words with an odd mixture of confidence, sullenness and belligerence. The man said, "You can't go on tonight. You can come back next week and if you pass muster, Mr. Nabee'll give you a chance."

Malden was irritated because 'Oh, my God!'" said the man at the piano

"Haven't you any other songs?"

"Sure. Happy Days Are Here Again. Fact is, I'd rather sing just that one, if there isn't time for two."

"All right. Happy Days. Go ahead."

Malden sang a few bars. Ned Nabee made a face. So did Joe and the man at the piano. "You don't sing that or anything else, unless you're willing to take the long."

"What?" Malden demanded. Who? Me? Gong?" He rendered a perfect imitation of the gong that stopped the efforts of unsatisfactory amateurs.

Nabee and the other men stared. Malden, disappointed, indignant, scared, had to show them he didn't care. He didn't care. He said, "I suppose you think I'm going to rush right out to the hall and —" he made a revolver of his right thumb and forefinger. He cocked it, in three separate mechanical sounds, and he put the gun to his head and said, "Boom!" very nobly.

Nabee and Joe looked at each other and nodded. Nabee said, "Wait, have you any other imitations?"

"I can mock any sound I ever heard," said our hero modestly. He gave several more of his imitations.

He gave them again, at night before the microphone in a crowded studio. The listening world heard him introduced.

Malden Mears? Any relation to Malden, Mass.?" Ned Nabee asked, and Malden repeated the gag that had been given him. Sure. Malden, Mass., is a distant suburb of mine."

Then Malden had given to the listening world his imitation of a baby in its crib, and of a cribbing horse biting the rim of its manger, of wagon wheels on cold snow; two squirrels quarreling, the telephone busy signal; a dog "speaking" for a high-held bone, a guinea hen and a rusty wheelbarrow—subtly alike, different, convincing; and he wound up with one which called for rapping on a book with his knuckles.

Child skipping rope," and, "Middle aged wrestler skipping rope in training." This last was accompanied by wheezes, grunts and panting.

The studio audience hiked him because he was young, and healthy and interesting, and as the applause ended, Ned Nabee laughed and said in his high-pitched voice, "Thank you, Malden. That was Malden Mears with his imitations." But before he could finish, he almost broke up, for Malden was imitating boys record for weird tone and pitch, as he went along.

The crowd and the listening public, roared, and Ned Nabee said: "Thank you again, Malden. I don't suppose you can help it if you have parrot fever. Or—or were you bitten by a mocking bird."

Malden sat down and listened while five colored boys called the Five Firecrackers, did their stuff. Then two people in a row got the gong, and a little Italian girl sang. Malden's heart sank. The five boys and the little girl had gotten the heaviest applause. He thought, "Those boys hitch-hiked here all the way from North Carolina. And the little girl is lame, and she has a peach of a voice. I hope they get the prizes, darn it all."

At the end, the contest was between Malden, the girl, and the boys, and when Nabee stood behind them and held up his hand, the audience gave first to the little girl, second to the boys, and third, which carried a five-dollar prize, but no job, to Malden.

The sponsor's plugger cut in and Malden wanted to creep out, but it was still several minutes from closing time.

An orchestra began to play, and Malden, who was crestfallen, chastened, no matter how much he told himself he was glad the prizes had gone that way, saw a studio man go into conference with Ned Nabee. Nabee held up his hand to halt the orchestra. He was too good a showman to pass up an opportunity that had just presented itself.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you'll be as happy as I to know our amateur hour is being appreciated even in far away Hollywood. There is a telephone call for Mr. Malden Mears. We know the nature of the call, and Mr. Mears can take it right here in the studio—if he will repeat to us what is said and be brief."

Loud applause, and Malden came forward—and in Fordover, Mrs. Mears and Elaine stared at each other. Malden's life of idleness and his defenses to the comments thereon, had given him excellent stage presence. He said: "Hello? Oh—for—well, how are you Mr Frye? Wait a minute. I have to tell these birds—"

He addressed the studio. "Mr. Jack Frye—the big musical comedy and movie man is calling me from Hollywood to say he and a friend just heard my imitations. All right, Mr. Frye. What? Why, sure I could. Mr. Frye wants to know if I could come to Hollywood. All right — what doing? Oh, yeah. Mr. Frye wants me to work for his friend who makes a cartoon comedy movies. He's going to make the noises and things."

In Mrs. Mears' sitting room, Mrs. Mears and Elaine listened with bulging eyes.

"But, mother, Mr. Frye, he's got to pay my fare to the Coast Okay and my mother's fare, too Okay. And listen, Mr. Frye—you know those Great Danes." Gees, you wouldn't know 'em now. Big as colts. I got to bring them along. That all right? Well. Hundred and fifty a week? Good G—I mean—great! Thanks a lot, Mr. Frye. I'll get in touch by wire and much obliged— wait a minute! He's got to pay my wife's fare, too! Huh? No, 'course I'm not married yet, but I will be, this time tomorrow night! What? Sure. The telephone operator—huh? You're telling me she's pretty?"

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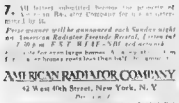


Keeps Skin Young

Absorbs all blemishes and discolorations and invites your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. That single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax dissolves [illegible] blackheads, blotches and pores in invisible particles of aged skin are freed [illegible] and in place of an old worn blemished [illegible] skin becomes soft, velvety clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Physicians removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free and lustrous as the modern, odorless [illegible] depository that fastidious women prefer

Powdered Saxolite

[illegible]

HEY, MOM! THE NEW FLIT POWDER WILL KILL THOSE ANTS!

The best insect powder ever developed—95% active ingredients. Sure death to all crawling insects. Harmless to man and pets. Easy and clean to use. Two sizes, 10c and 25c.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FLIT SPRAY

Copr. 1935, Standard Oil Co. (Indiana)

Nagging Torment of ITCHING RASHES

quickly subdued by Resinol. It quiets the itching, and even when skin is sore and tender from scratching, you can safely apply Resinol to hasten relief and healing.

Resinol

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Rice Pears, Prepared Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Jam, Coffee	Grapes, Cereal, Dried Beef in Cream, Popovers, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Toasted Rolls, Coffee	Prune Juice, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Graham Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee	Tomato Juice, Codfish Cakes, Toasted Graham Muffins, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Bacon, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Tomato Pancakes, Bacon, Melba Toast, Coffee
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Fried Sausage with Apple Pancakes, Cabbage Salad, Savory Dressing, Prune Trifle, Tea.	Egg Salad with Lettuce and Watercress, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Devil's Food Cake.	*(Picnic)* Egg Salad with Lettuce and Watercress, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Apple Sauce, Oatmeal Cookies.	Raw Cabbage, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Butterscotch Trifle.	Vegetable Salad (Maryland Style), French Rolls, Chocolate Ice Cream Sodas, Oatmeal Cookies.	Cape Cod Clam Chowder, Crackers, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Stuffed Dates.	Baked Stuffed Pork Tenderloin or Veal Cutlets, Pan Roasted Sweet Potatoes, Baked Onions, Vegetable Chiffonade Salad, French Dressing.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*
Mutton Duck, O'Brien Potatoes or Noodles, Steamed Spinach, Tomato Salad, Chocolate Pudding.	Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Iroquois Steak, Delmonico Potatoes or Spaghetti, Philadelphia Relish with French Dressing, Cornstarch Blanc Mange with Raisin Sauce.	Economy Hors d'Oeuvres, Smothered Chicken (Baltimore Style), Steamed Green Beans, Corn Pudding or Steamed Rice, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Fruit Tapioca with Cream.	Economy Hors d'Oeuvres, Irish Stew with Paprika Biscuits, Raw Cabbage, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Butterscotch Trifle. *Supper* Macaroni and Cheese, Custard, Jelled Fruit Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Milk.	Swiss Onion Soup, Baltimore Hahbut, Mashed Potatoes, Baked Peppers Stuffed with Corn, Surprise Red with Golden Sauce.	Crisp Soup, Steamed Rice, Red and White Cabbage Relish, Soup Cream Dressing, Lemon Sherbet.	Cream of Celery Soup, Steamed Rice, Boiled Onions, Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Apple Sauce Tarts, Milk Shake.
					Supper	
					Favorite Soup, Croutons, Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Apple Sauce Tarts, Milk Shake.	

Delicious Soups for the First Cool Days

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Corn Chowder.

COOK ¼ pound diced salt pork fat until delicately colored. Add 1 sliced onion and cook until onion is slightly colored. Add 2 pint water and simmer gently while parboiling 1 quart sliced potatoes in boiling salted water. Drain the potatoes and strain the water from the onions over them. Add 1 quart fresh corn pulp or 1 can of canned corn and simmer gently until potatoes are tender. Add 1 cup scalded cream and 1 cup scalded milk, 2 tablespoons butter, a few grains pepper and ½ tablespoon salt. Have ready 6 crackers, split and soaked in cold milk, in soup tureen and pour the corn soup over them. Sprinkle with paprika and serve immediately

Old-Fashioned Chicken Soup.

HAVE ready 1 quart well seasoned strained and skimmed chicken broth. Scald and add 2 tablespoons fine quick cooking tapioca and cook over hot water until tapioca is transparent. Add 1 pint scalded milk and remove from heat. Mix 2 egg yolks with ½ cup cream and stir into the hot mixture. Stir just long enough to cook the egg but do not allow the soup to boil. Season to taste with salt and pepper

Sweet Potato Soup.

WASH and peel 6 small sweet potatoes. Drop immediately into cold water containing a little flour to prevent discoloration. Drain and cook in 1 quart hot water. When soft press through puree sieve with the water in which they have been cooked. Add 1 cup scalded cream, ½ tablespoon salt and, if desired, 1 teaspoon minced parsley. Omit the parsley unless you like the flavor

Vegetable Soup (Emergency).

REMOVE cooked meat from bones used in **making beef stock**. Cut meat in small pieces and add to 1 quart **beef stock**, 1 quart boiling water, 1 or 2 sliced carrots, 2 or 3 thinly sliced (crosswise) onions, 1 **stalk** (diced) celery, 1½ cups strained tomato pulp, 2 or 3 diced potatoes and salt and pepper to taste and simmer gently until **vegetables** are tender, about 1 hour.

Emergency Meat Stock.

IN a soup kettle soak 1 **beef bone** and about 1 pound of diced beef shank in 1½ quarts cold water for about 1 hour. Delicately brown 1 pound diced beef shank in 1 tablespoon beef fat and add to the mixture in the kettle. Simmer gently 3 or 4 hours. Add 1 sliced onion, ½ cup carrots, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 3 cloves, 5 peppercorns, a small piece of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley (if you like the flavor) and 1 teaspoonful salt. Simmer gently about 2 hours. Strain and cool and clarify if desired. To clarify the stock: Beat 1 egg white slightly and add with the shell (wash the egg before breaking it) to the stock. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Boil gently 10 minutes. Strain through hot wet cheesecloth and let stand until cold. Remove fat from top. Keep on hand for bouillon, **making gravy**, etc.

Chestnut Soup.

COOK 1 quart chestnuts in boiling water for 10 minutes. Remove from water, a few at a time, and quickly remove skins with a sharp fruit knife. Put the skinned nuts in saucepan with a little water, cover and simmer until soft enough to force through sieve. Melt ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup flour and blend well. Add 1 quart rich milk, a few grains paprika and ½ tablespoon salt and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add the chestnut puree, reheat and serve immediately.

Almond Rice Soup.

COOK ¼ cup rice and 1 or 2 slices of mild onion in 1 pint water. Simmer until tender and then press through sieve. Add 1 tablespoon butter and 3 cups scalded milk. Reheat, season with ½ tablespoon salt and add 1 or 4 drops almond extract and serve immediately

Quickly Gumbo.

COOK 1 finely chopped onion in ¼ cup butter until delicately colored. Add 1 quart strained and skimmed chicken stock, ½ tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, ½ can okra and, if desired, ½ green pepper finely chopped. Bring to boiling point, reduce heat and simmer gently about ½ hour.

Navy Bean Soup.

SOAK 1 cup navy beans overnight. Then drain and cook with 1½ quarts water, 1 sliced onion, 2 or 3 stalks celery and a few grains paprika. When very tender press through puree sieve. Add 2 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper to taste and reheat.

Black Bean Soup.

WASH 1 quart dried black beans and soak them overnight in 2 quarts cold water. Drain and simmer well. Cook 2 tablespoons minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter until delicately colored. Add to the beans with 1 piece celery root and 2 quarts of cold water. Cook gently until beans are tender, gradually adding about 2 quarts hot water. Press through puree sieve. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, a few grains pepper and, if desired, ¼ teaspoon prepared mustard. Melt 4 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add the hot soup gradually, stirring constantly. Serve immediately with a garnish of thinly sliced lemon and hard cooked eggs

Oxtail Soup.

SEPARATE 2 oxtails at joints into pieces. Brown in ¼ cup drippings. Add ¼ cup flour and blend well. Add 4 quarts hot meat or vegetable stock and bring to boiling point. Reduce heat, simmer gently until tender, add a small piece of parsley, a bit of bay leaf, 2 stalks celery, a small piece of red pepper, and salt to taste. Cook 1 thinly sliced onion, 1 cup diced carrots and 1 cup diced turnips in beef dripping until delicately colored Add water or stock to cover and cook gently until tender. Remove fat, celery, parsley and bay leaf from soup, thicken if desired with a little flour blended with water or butter, add the drained onion, carrot and turnip mixture and season to taste with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce

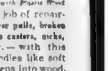
Cream of Mushroom Soup (Quick).

FLAVOR 2 cups water with meat extract. Add 1 cup chopped mushrooms and simmer gently about 15 minutes. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 quart rich milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy Combine with mushroom mixture and serve immediately.

I'LL PUT THAT DRAWER PULL IN TO STAY!

Everyone's fixing with Plastic Wood

Anybody can do a fine job of repairing quickly—loose drawer pulls, broken chair, leis n wood, loose casters, nobs, cracks, screw holes, etc.— with this can ed wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful Paint, hardware and department stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25¢ a tube. Try it can.



CORNS SORE TOES, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!

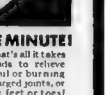
Just one minute –that's all it takes Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to relieve aching corns; painful or burning callouses; sore or enlarged joints, or tender spots on the feet or toes! Medicated to end pain and cushioned to shield the sore spot, they quickly make you forget your foot discomfort.

STOP PRESSURE AND FRICTION OF SHOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads prevent rubbing or blisters at the heels, pinching of the toes; pressing on callouses or biting at the instep. Soothing, healing; easy to apply.

Remove Corns, Callouses Safely

Cutting your corns or callouses can very easily cause blood poisoning. Dr Scholl's double purpose treatment—complete with pads for ending pain and *separate Medicated Disks* for removing corns or callouses – is the safe, sure, quick way to relief. Try it! Sold everywhere.



NOW TWO KINDS
DE LUXE *flesh color*, 35c
STANDARD WHITE . 25c

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Don't Suffer

With Itching of Rashes

Obtain Prompt Relief by using

Cuticura Soap *and* Ointment

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

RUB ON BAUME "BEN-GAY"... GET PROMPT RELIEF

Let Baume "Ben-Gay" release you from the grip of rheumatic pains! Rub this scientific pain-remover into the affected areas. You will feel a comforting tingle, a glowing sense of release in an amazingly short time. Why? Because "Ben-Gay's" medication actually penetrates the skin, is absorbed by the blood stream, and gets to work in the affected area itself.

Get "Ben-Gay" at any druggist's. Just one warning—get the box with the red "Ben-Gay" on the cover. "Ben-Gay" is the only true Baume Analgésique.

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

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YOU'RE *there*
WITH A
CROSLEY
PIONEERS IN RADIO

SHINY NOSE
SHINY BOB PINS
both
ARE OUT OF PLACE TODAY

DON'T [illegible] pins [illegible] hairdress. Wash and dress their new, dull, dark, drab blonde right with [illegible]. At your [illegible] or direct for a trial [illegible] brown blonde or gray color.

MTA HITH HAIR PIN CO.
Dept. A1 Shelbyville, Illinois

Blend-Rite
coiffure pins
THEY DON'T SHINE IN THE HAIR

Bleaches!
The gentle bleaching action eliminates muddy skins, dull complexions, freckles, tan and discolorations, so your appearance instantly assumes an irresistible beauty.
ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud
White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental-Tan

"Flash News" About New Fall Housefurnishings

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

WHAT'S news—what's new in the housefurnishing field? What devices, or appliances, or mere giddy gadgets out of the manufacturers' teeming brains have but recently been brought to the light of the dealers shelves and hence to the attention of Mrs. John Housewife in person?

September is always notable for the number and variety of the furniture fairs, gift shows and housefurnishings displays which are staged all over the country. Out of these, now that the Fall season of housekeeping is quite well on its way, will items may be of special interest, helpful and labor-saving, novel, beautiful, or adding a more economical home management?

Believe it or not, the hot iron has at last gone glamorous! No less than an electric waffle steamer entirely stripped the theme. There was recently displayed. And how the hostess on bent will adore to use it for a Waffle party!

Thus tricky device is, after all, quite simple. It consists of a [illegible] equipped with a [illegible] and [illegible] to the [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

Old Gold offers you

YOUR CHOICE OF THESE FAMOUS Petty "PIPPINS"

Bothered by a Beach-Bore

... light an Old Gold

Riled by a Raccoon Rah-Rah

... light an Old Gold

REPRODUCED IN 9"x12" SIZE WITHOUT ANY ADVERTISING

PRINTED IN FULL COLOR, ON FINE ART PAPER READY FOR FRAMING

Shanghaied by a Silly Salt

... light an Old Gold

WEARIED BY A WINDBAG

... light an Old Gold

Peter picked a pair of Petty's "Puppins"
And swung them both upon his sturdy staff
When Peter's pals piped Petty's "Pips"
Oh, boy! How they did fall!

FORGE PETTY, that famous painter of beautiful young things, has delightfully captured the youthful appeal of Old Gold Cigarettes in the thrilling pictures shown here.

In response to the demand from "Young Moderns" all over the country, the makers of Old Gold have reproduced these pictures on fine art paper, 9" by 12", suitable for framing. *These prints contain no advertising matter.*

How many of these Petty "Puppins" do you want for framing?

You may have your choice of any one of the four pictures shown here. In fact you may have the whole set of four pictures, and they're as easy to get as falling off a log.

Here's our sporting offer

Simply attach an Old Gold package wrapper to the coupon. Check print number of the picture you want and mail to the Old Gold folks with ten cents to cover postage and packing. If you want more than one picture, send an additional wrapper for *each* additional picture wanted. (2 pictures 2 wrappers, 3 pictures 3 wrappers, etc.) BUT DON'T SEND MORE THAN ONE DIME. NO MATTER HOW MANY PICTURES YOU WANT. No order will be accepted for more than one copy of each of the four pictures.

The object of this offer? . . . To induce you to try Old Gold Cigarettes. You'll find Old Golds as appealing and alluring as a Petty "Puppin", truly . . . America's Smoothest Cigarette.

Mail this Coupon for your "PETTY" PIPPINS"

P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.
I have checked below the Petty picture (or pictures) I desire. I'm enclosing one Old Gold package wrapper for each picture checked. I also enclose 10¢ (coin or stamps) to cover postage and packing.

☐ Picture No. 1 ☐ Picture No. 2 ☐ Picture No. 3 ☐ Picture No. 4

Name _____

Address _____

(NOTE: 10¢ covers complete postage and packing cost regardless of number of pictures desired. But an Old Gold wrapper must be sent for each picture desired.)

© Lorillard Co., Inc.

THE COMIC WEEKLY

SECTION OF THE BOSTON ADVERTISER

Sunday, September 29, 1935

"What Gods these Mortals be!"

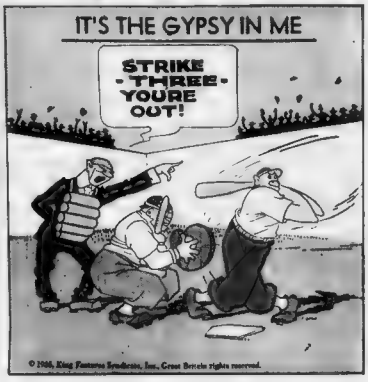
Puck

Rosie's BEAU

BY GEO. McMANUS

SEE- I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO TAKE ROSIE OUT TONIGHT- I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME EXCUSE SO WE'LL STAY AT HOME- I HAVE IT- I'LL CALL HER UP-
YES- ROSIE, LET'S STAY IN AND LISTEN TO THE RADIO- THERE IS SOME MUSIC TO BE PLAYED TONIGHT THAT I WANT TO HEAR- AND I'LL BE OVER EARLY-
OH! GOODY-ARCHIE, BUT WILL YOU GET TWO NEW TUBES- AS TWO HAVE BLOWN OUT ON MY RADIO ?
GOSH! I COULD HAVE TAKEN HER TO THE MOVIES- THOSE TUBES WILL SET ME BACK SIX DOLLARS- I HOPE THE PAWN-BROKER WILL LEND ME THAT AMOUNT ON THESE THINGS-

IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME



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Bringing Up Father

ME WIFE CAN'T MAKE UP HER MIND WHERE WE ARE GOING FER A VACATION AN' I'M AFRAID TO SUGGEST WHERE I WANT TO GO-
WHY DON'T YOU DO LIKE ME? WHEN I WANT TO GO TO THE SEA-SHORE- I TELL HER I'D LIKE TO GO TO THE MOUNTAINS- SO WE GO TO THE SEASHORE-
IT'S AWFULLY QUIET- HASN'T MAGGIE COME HOME YET?
YES- SHE IS IN HER ROOM- SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU- SHE SAID- AS SOON AS YOU COME IN- ABOUT YOUR VACATION-
WELL- WHAT HAVE YOU DECIDED?
OH- DEAR- I JUST CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND- THE STYLES ARE ALL SO PRETTY FOR ALL PLACES TO GO- I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND WHERE TO GO-
I'M GOING TO PUT ON THE DIFFERENT DRESSES I HAD SENT OUT ON AP-PROVAL- AND THE ONES YOU LIKE BEST- THERE IS THE PLACE WE WILL GO-
VERY WELL-
NOW- THIS IS AN ALPINE SUIT FOR CLIMBING IF WE DECIDE TO GO TO THE MOUNTAINS- WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?
I DON'T HAVE TO THINK!
THESE ARE PAJAMAS FOR EITHER THE SEA-SHORE OR MOUNTAINS
THEY CERTAINLY ARE NOT TO SLEEP IN- THEY'RE SO LOUD THEY'D KEEP YOU AWAKE-
NOW- IN CASE WE GO TO AN INLAND RESORT THIS IS A RIDING-HABIT-
HOW KIN ANYONE GIT INTO THE HABIT OF WEARIN' A GIT-UP LIKE THAT?
I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T FORGET TO PUT YOUR EARRINGS ON-
THIS, OF COURSE, IS FOR THE BEACH-
AND ISN'T THIS LOVELY FOR EVENING WEAR AT EITHER PLACE? IT WAS REDUCED TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS-
AM I SUPPOSED TO BE PLEASED?
THIS IS A FARMERETTE COSTUME FOR THE COUNTRY- DON'T I LOOK WELL IN IT?
WELL- THERE'S MORE OF YOU IN IT THAN THERE WUZ IN SOME OF THOSE OTHER COSTUMES-
- AND THIS IS FOR TEAS AT THE BEACHES- NOW- WHERE DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD GO?
I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD GO ANYWHERE-
OH! WELL- I WUZ COMIN' OUT ANYWAY-
GEO MCMANUS
9-29
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Toots and Casper

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MY BROTHER IS MUCH OLDER THAN I AM, TOOTS, AND HE'S A SWELL GUY IF THERE EVER WAS ONE!
CASPER, IS HE GOOD-LOOKING OR NOT?
HE HAD TO QUIT SCHOOL AND HUSTLE TO SUPPORT THE REST OF US WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD—HE WORKED IN THE FIELDS IN THE DAY TIME; AND IN A MILL AT NIGHT TO EARN THE MONEY TO BUY US FOOD—
AND WHEN HE WAS OLDER HE GOT A JOB IN THE BIG CITY AND HE SENT US MONEY EVERY WEEK— AND EVERY CHRISTMAS HE REMEMBERED US WITH A BIG BOX OF PRESENTS—
AND LATER HE BOUGHT A PRETTY LITTLE COTTAGE FOR US AND SENT ME TO COLLEGE— HE CERTAINLY IS A PEACH!
IS HE TALL OR SHORT?
IS HIS HAIR DARK OR LIGHT? GEE, WHEN DO YOU EXPECT HIM?
I DON'T KNOW— HE WIRED THAT HE'D ARRIVE SOON, BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHAT DAY— AH-H! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR NOW!
ROGER KAILERTON! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN PRAIRIE JUNCTION!
I MET AN OLD FRIEND ON MY WAY TO THE DEPOT AND HE TOOK ME TO HIS COUNTRY PLACE FOR A VISIT, BUT I DIDN'T ENJOY IT MUCH—
DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO GO, ROGER?
YES, I'M LEAVING FOR PRAIRIE JUNCTION FOR SURE THIS TIME, TOOTS— I'VE GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK AND KEEP MY MIND OCCUPIED BEFORE I GO GOOFY FROM THINKING— THINKING ABOUT STELLA!
GEE, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MEET YOUR RICH BROTHER, CASPER! I WISH HE'D HURRY!
I THOUGHT I HEARD A CAR STOP OUTSIDE, TOOTS—
IT'S A TAXI— AND A MAN IS GETTING OUT!
IT'S HIM— IT'S MY BROTHER— HOO-HOO! HELLO THERE!
NEXT WEEK WE'LL GET OUR FIRST LOOK AT THE BROTHER WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT!
JIMMY MURPHY
9-29

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

LEAVING JOAN AT WAHIKA VILLAGE TO CARE FOR MRS. ROMNEY'S KIDNAPED BABY, JIM AND HOLU SET OUT FOR BRUDER'S HIDEOUT------ THEY ARE SEEN BY A SENTRY----------

OH, PLEASE---I BEG YOU--I IMPLORE YOU--GIVE ME BACK MY BABY!---YOU COULDN'T BE SO CRUEL!

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE YOU DIVORCED ME AND MARRIED CRAIG! YOU LEFT ME BECAUSE I WAS CRUEL TO YOU--I'LL SHOW YOU HOW CRUEL I CAN BE! HA, HA, HA------

EH? YOU SAY A WHITE MAN IS ON HIS WAY TO MY HIDEOUT? HA---BRING HIM HERE--WE'LL MAKE HIM WISH HE WASN'T SO CURIOUS!

YES, MASTER

AS BRUDER LEAVES THE SOBBING MRS. ROMNEY, A NATIVE DASHES UP TO HIM---------

JIM AND HOLU GLIDE TOWARD THE MOUTH OF BRUDER'S CAVE-------

----AND INTO THE HANDS OF BRUDER'S CUTTHROATS!

9 29

—NEXT WEEK:— "TORTURE FOR TWO!"

Flash Gordon

ANY NEWS, CAPTAIN? WE'RE JUST IN FROM THE COUNTRY

NEWS? ONLY THAT AN INVISIBLE SHADOW HAS CARRIED THE QUEEN OFF TO THE TUNNEL OF THE DEATH DWARFS!

OH, WHERE IS IT? ZARKOV, CAN WE SAVE HIM?

WHILE FLASH AND AZURA ARE TRAPPED IN THE CAVES OF THE DEATH DWARFS, ZARKOV AND DALE ARDEN HUNT FOR HIM IN AZURA'S CAPITAL--------

COME ON, DALE---NO TIME TO LOSE

WHAT'S THIS? ZARKOV? WHY, YOU'RE--UGH-------

YOU'D BETTER WAIT OUTSIDE--NOBODY'S EVER COME OUT OF HERE ALIVE----

NO, ZARKOV--I'D RATHER DIE WITH FLASH THAN LIVE WITHOUT HIM

OUTSIDE THE BARRED ENTRANCE TO THE DWARF'S TUNNEL-------

GUESS I CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF MUCH LONGER, AZURA-----

YOU GOT ME INTO THIS, FLASH----- KISS ME GOODBYE BEFORE WE DIE!

WHILE INSIDE THE DOOR------

DR. ZARKOV PUSHES FLASH AND AZURA OUTSIDE AND SENDS BOLT AFTER BOLT CRASHING INTO THE RANKS OF THE SCREAMING DWARFS

THIS WAY TO OUR HIDEOUT, QUEEN AZURA--YOU'RE OUR PRISONER--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DALE--IT WAS HER LAST WISH--WE THOUGHT WE WERE DYING------

I WISH YOU BOTH HAD--DON'T TOUCH ME, FLASH GORDON! I HATE TRAITORS---- KISSING THAT HUSSY!

—NEXT WEEK:— "THE AMBUSH!"

9 29

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THE VAN SWAGGERS BY RUSS WESTOVER

TILLIE THE TOILER FASHION PARADE BY RUSS WESTOVER

SENT IN BY ELAINE K. MATCHMAN
100 CHARLES ST. WATERLOO ONT. CANADA
0752
SIZES - 12 - 20 30 - 40
SEND 15¢ TO TILLIE'S PATTERN DEPT. 635 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY FOR THIS DRESS PATTERN - WRITE PLAINLY NAME, ADDRESS - STYLE NUMBER AND SIZE WANTED

Tillie the Toiler

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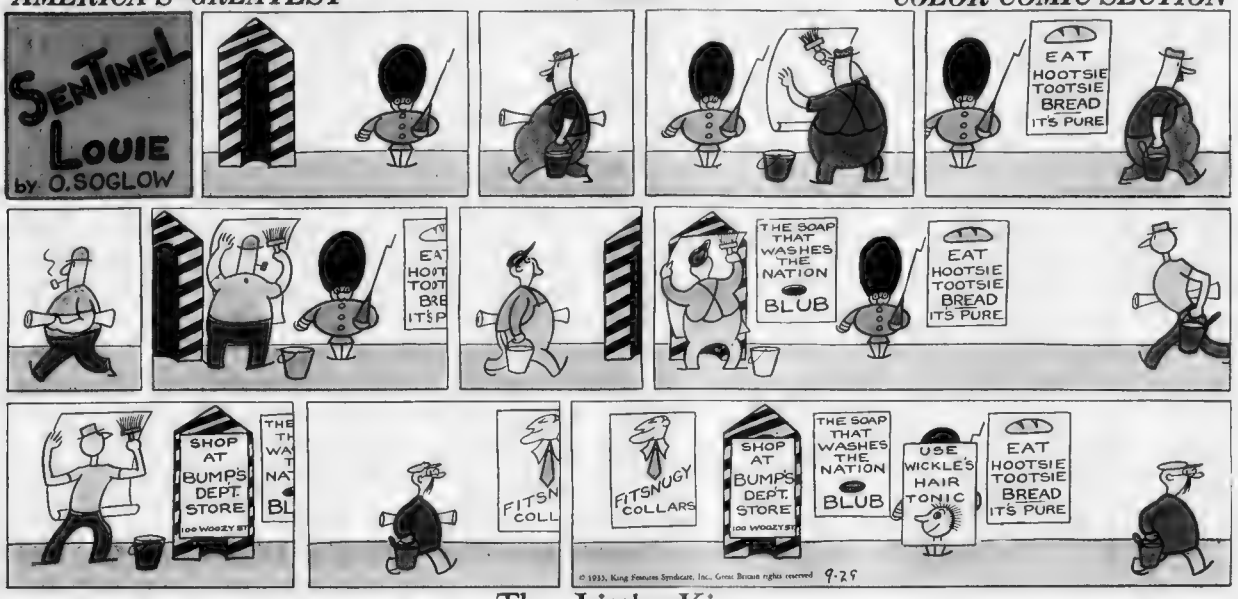
SENTINEL LOUIE
by O. SOGLOW
EAT HOOTSIE TOOTSIE BREAD IT'S PURE
THE SOAP THAT WASHES THE NATION BLUB
SHOP AT BUMPS DEPT. STORE
100 WOOZY ST.
FITSNUGY COLLARS
USE WICKLE'S HAIR TONIC
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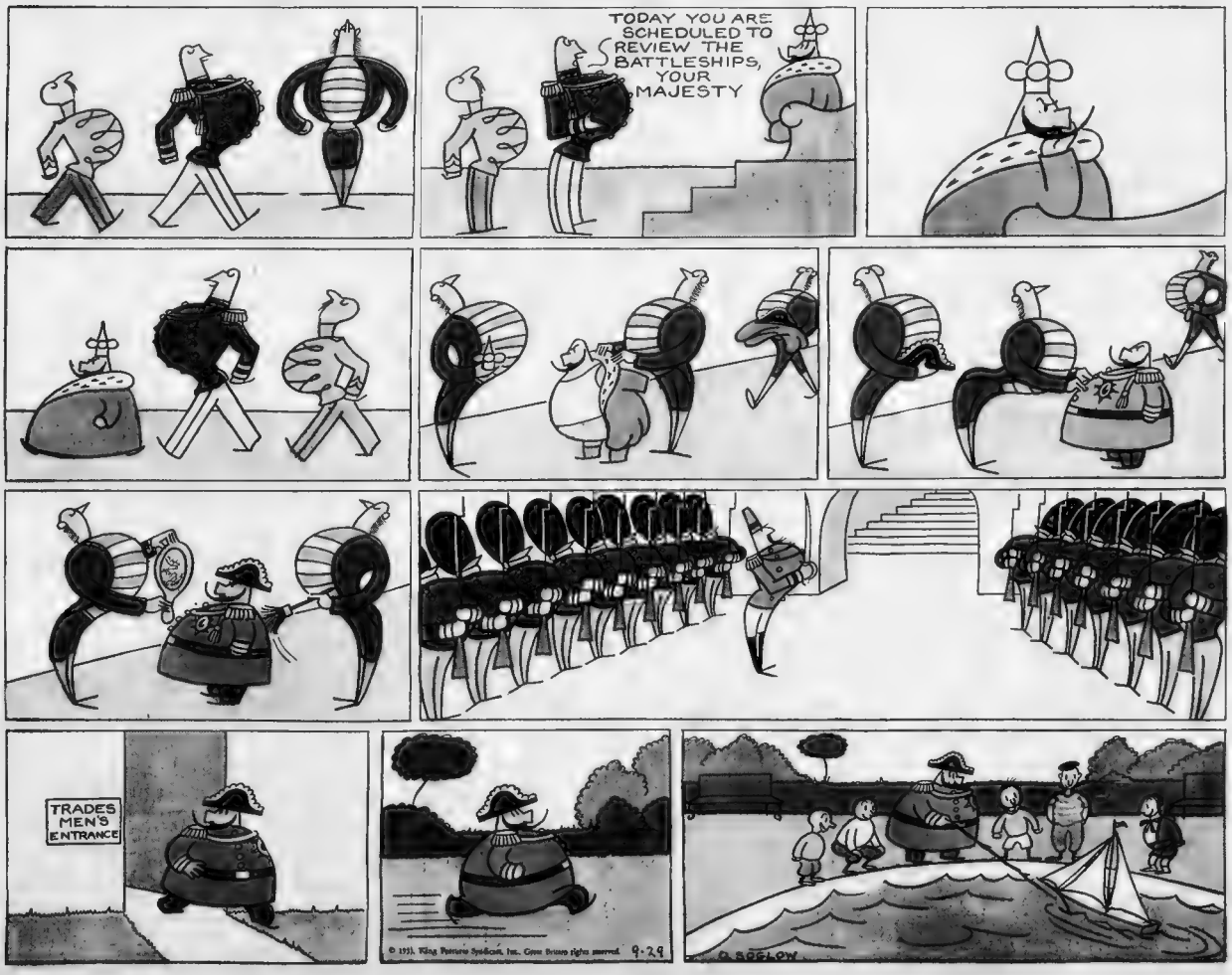
The Little King


TODAY YOU ARE SCHEDULED TO REVIEW THE BATTLESHIPS, YOUR MAJESTY
TRADES MEN'S ENTRANCE
© 1935, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved 9-29
O. SOGLOW

ALWAYS A BELITTLIN
BY PERCY CROSBY
THIS SOINTAINLY IS A NICE PLACE TO SWM.
YES, IT IS.
HOIMAN SWIMS HERE ALL THE TIME.
HOIMAN DOES!
YES.
9-29
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Skippy

Registered U. S. Patent Office

AN' THAT'S JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET IF YA EVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN.
HE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME EVER SPEAKIN' TO HIM AGAIN.
RING -ING -ING
IS SKIPPY THERE, FREDDY?
NO, HE ISN'T, MISSUS SKINNER.
WILL YOU PLEASE FIND HIM AN' TELL HIM TO COME RIGHT HOME?
THANK YOU, FREDDY.
WELL I-ER-LISTEN-I-ER-YOU-YES, MAM.
9-29
YOUR MOTHER WANTZ YA HOME RIGHT AWAY
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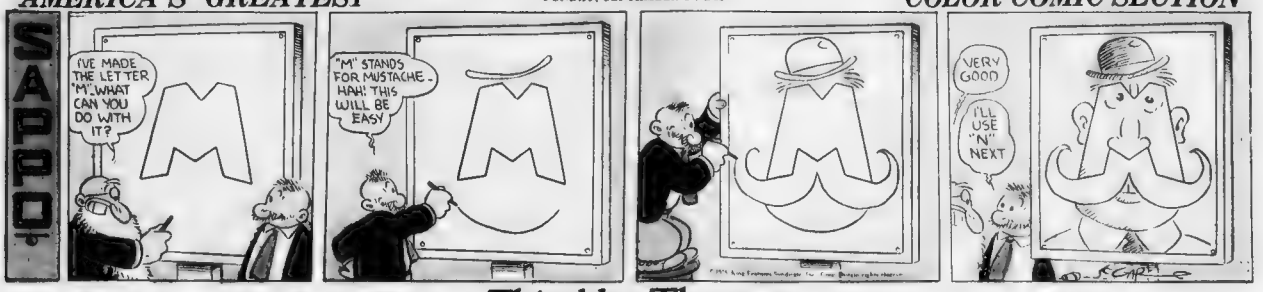
SKIPPY is in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN every week day



Thimble Theatre

-AN I SEZ YER CRAIZY- WOMEN AIN'T PECULIAR!
MY FRIEND, ALL MY LIFE I HAVE MADE A STUDY OF WOMEN AND I WISH TO INFORM YOU THAT I HAVE FOUND THEM TO BE PECULIAR
THERE IS A SOMETHING IN MINE ZUPE!!
WOMEN AIN'T NO MORE PECULIAR THAN US MALE SEX - YOU AIN'T NO MORE OF A CONNYSEWER OF WOMEN THAN I YAM!
HOW COULD I SLUP MINE ZUPE WITH A SOMETHING STRANGE IN IT? COULD I STOOP, IT?
IT'S PROBABLY ONLY A FLY
BAH! IT IS NO FLIES IN MINE ZUPE!
SHUSH
TAKE THE MALE OF THE SPECIES AS A STANDARD AND JUDGE THE FEMALE BY THAT STANDARD AND THEY MOST CERTAINLY ARE PECULIAR
I SEZ THEY AIN'T!- WOMEN ARE SWELL THINGS
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME! I HATE YOU TOO MUCH!
I WISH I COULD OVERCOME MY JEALOUSY— WHEN I SEE POPEYE WITH ANOTHER GIRL I FEEL LIKE DOING MURDER!
I MUST USE WILL-POWER AND TRY TO GET OVER IT
9-29
LIZZIE, THERE'S NO PEACE IN THIS WORLD FOR A JEALOUS PERSON - I MUST BE BROADMINDED— I'LL HAVE POPEYE COME OVER AND KISS YOU—GET THE IDEA? I MUST LEARN TO TAKE IT
OKAY, OLIVE
I BEGS TO DIFFER WITCHA! WOMEN ARE NOT PECULIAR
POOEY! IT'S A GOOEY THING IN MINE ZUPE!
MISS OYL IS ON THE PHONE - SHE WANTS YOU TO COME OVER - WE'LL FINISH OUR ARGUMENT WHEN YOU RETURN
WONER WHAT OLIVE OYL WANTS? SHE TOLD ME TO HURRY UP TO HER HOUSE
KISS'ER, POPEYE GO ON, KISS HER
AWRIGHT IF YA INSISKS
WHEN I KISSES 'EM THEY'S KISSED PERNAMENT
SMACK
OH, MY GOSH!
I CAN'T TAKE IT! OH, HEAVENS!
I CAN'T TAKE IT!!
SMACK SMACK SMACK
BOP
SAY— WHAT THE @%&@ IS THIS!!?
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL, MR. GEEZIL - THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE IN YOUR SOUP - AH, YES, A CLAM— HMM - I'LL PUT IT BACK IN THE POT
HAH!! A CLAM! HAH! GIVE BACK TO ME, MY CLAM!
SORRY I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE IT - IT WAS A MISTAKE
AND NOW, MY FRIEND, WE CAN CONTINUE WITH OUR ARGUMENT— I CLAIM THAT WOMEN ARE PECULIAR
YA DERN TOOTIN' THEY ARE!!
VERY WELL, IF YOU WISH TO TAKE THAT SIDE, THEN I'LL TAKE THE OTHER - HMM - WOMEN ARE NOT PECULIAR - I CAN ARGUE EITHER WAY
AW, GO TO HECK !!
BETTER I SHOULD DRINK WATER !!
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9-29
EGAR

You can enjoy POPEYE every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

HALL OF FAME OF THE

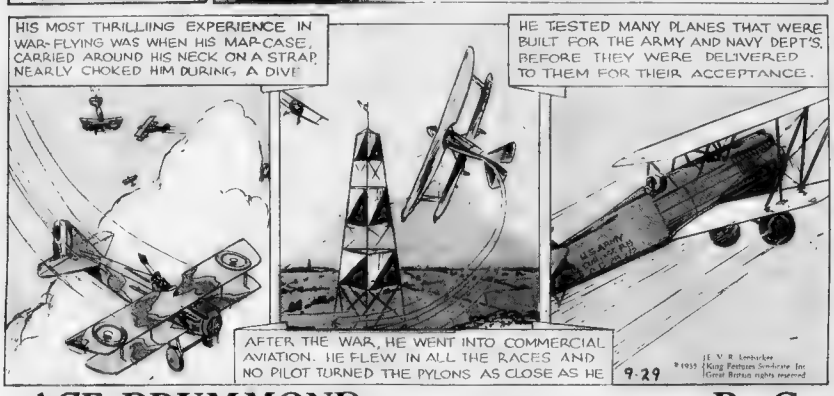
BY CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER
DRAWN BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

C. S. "CASEY" JONES

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR PILOTS IDENTIFIED WITH AMERICAN AVIATION. HE FLEW SPADS DURING THE WAR WITH NO. 96 SQUADRON OF THE FRENCH AIR CORPS. THEN FOLLOWED YEARS OF FLYING ALL TYPES OF PLANES – TESTING, RACING AND SELLING THEM. NOW HE RUNS A SCHOOL FOR PILOTS AND MECHANICS AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

HIS MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN WAR-FLYING WAS WHEN HIS MAP-CASE, CARRIED AROUND HIS NECK ON A STRAP, NEARLY CHOKED HIM DURING A DIVE

HE TESTED MANY PLANES THAT WERE BUILT FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY DEPT'S. BEFORE THEY WERE DELIVERED TO THEM FOR THEIR ACCEPTANCE.



AFTER THE WAR, HE WENT INTO COMMERCIAL AVIATION. HE FLEW IN ALL THE RACES AND NO PILOT TURNED THE PYLONS AS CLOSE AS HE

9-29

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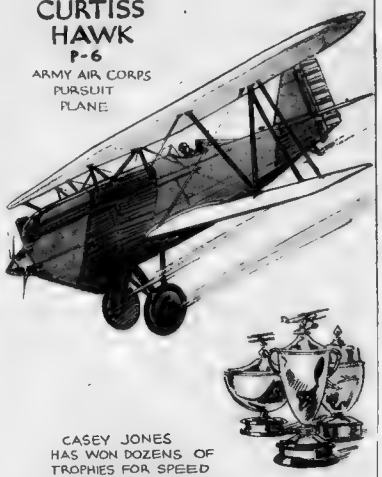
CURTISS HAWK P-6

ARMY AIR CORPS PURSUIT PLANE



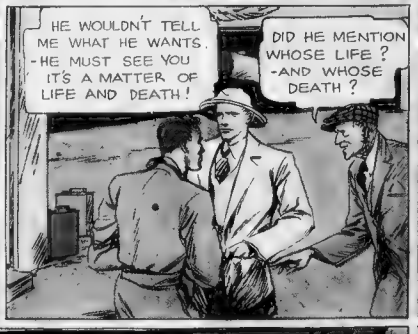
CASEY JONES HAS WON DOZENS OF TROPHIES FOR SPEED AND EFFICIENCY RACES SINCE THE NEW YORK TO TORONTO RACE IN 1919.

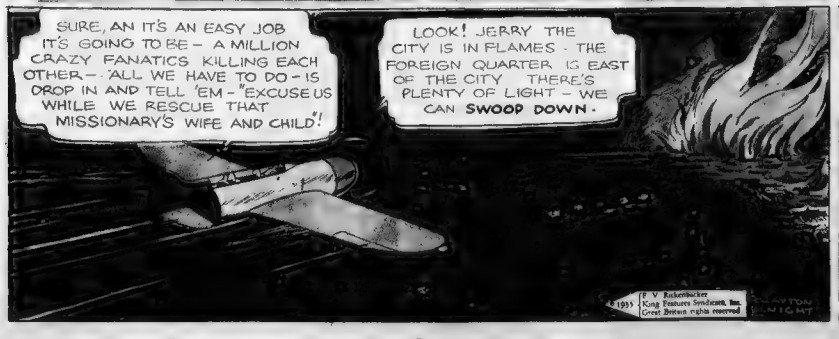
ACE DRUMMOND

-:- Registered U. S. Patent Office -:-

By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker

SURE, PLAYING FOX AND HOUNDS IS A VERY PLEASANT GAME – FOR THE FOX!
WELL, WE'VE OUTWITTED THE HOUNDS – THE SHIP IS READY – TOMORROW – CHINA WILL ONLY BE A MEMORY!
SHANGHAI BANK




SURE, AN IT'S AN EASY JOB IT'S GOING TO BE – A MILLION CRAZY FANATICS KILLING EACH OTHER – ALL WE HAVE TO DO – IS DROP IN AND TELL 'EM – "EXCUSE US WHILE WE RESCUE THAT MISSIONARY'S WIFE AND CHILD"!
LOOK! JERRY THE CITY IS IN FLAMES – THE FOREIGN QUARTER IS EAST OF THE CITY THERE'S PLENTY OF LIGHT – WE CAN SWOOP DOWN.
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CLAYTON KNIGHT

YES, WE CAN SWOOP DOWN ALL RIGHT? BUT IT'S SWOOPING BACK UP AGAIN THAT'S WORRYING ME. IT'S A GOOD TRICK EVEN IF YOU DON'T DO IT!!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY ROUND-THE-WORLD

By WILLIAM LAVARRE, F.R.G.S.

THROUGH DJUKA LANDS IN DUTCH GUIANA

Only one person in a thousand knows what a **DJUKA** is... Capturing a painted Djuka hunting-dog with his **GAZZ-GUN** JOHNNY JUPITER is going to see one ... he hopes!

1 HOLD THE ROPE TIGHT, JOHNNY HE'LL LEAD US TO THE DJUKA VILLAGE.

GEE, LOBI! THESE DJUKAS MUST BE FUNNY PEOPLE TO PAINT UP THEIR HUNTING-DOGS.

2 THE DJUKAS BELIEVE THAT "**DRESSI DE DOGGI**" AS THEY CALL IT, GIVES THE DOG MAGIC POWERS

3 TARUMA INDIANS SAY, "NO LIKE **DJUKAS**" WHEN THEY SEE DJUKA VILLAGE THEY GO BACK HOME.

4 HEY, **PEPPY**! COME BACK HERE! WHERE **IS** HE GOING?

5 THAT BIG MUTT! HE THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF JUST BECAUSE HE'S PAINTED UP. I'LL SHOW HIM!

6

7 HEY, PEPPY! WHERE ARE YOU?

8 !?!

9-29

IF THE DJUKAS' "DRESSI DE DOGGI" MAKES THEIR DOGS **IMPORTANT**, PEPPY HAS DECIDED TO GET DRESSED UP, TOO!

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Elmer

Registered U. S. Patent Office

CRIM-A-NENTLIES! --- BEAT IT, SPOT!! HERE COMES THE DOG-CATCHER!

SCRAM!!

PUFF! PUFF!

GEE WHIZ!! --HE'S STILL AFTER US!

POST NO BILLS

GO GET IT, SPOT!

HOLD IT! HOLD IT!

9-29

NOW WHERE'D THAT PESKY DOG GO?

HERE, SPOT!! ---HE'S GONE!

?

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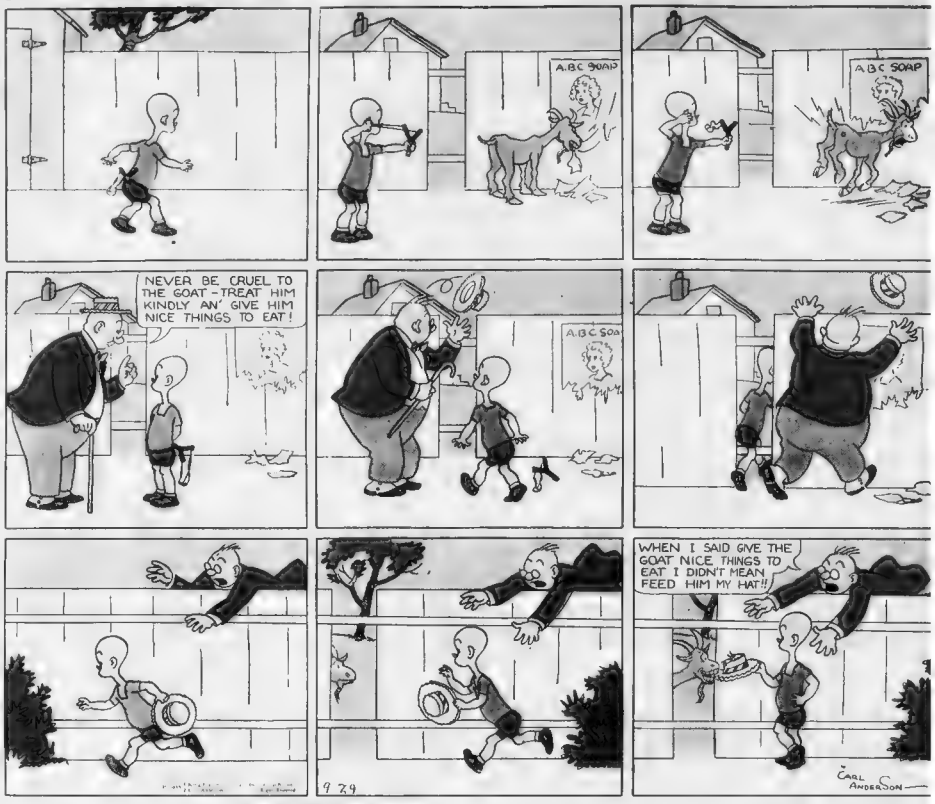
HENRY

BY CARL ANDERSON


A.B.C SOAP
NEVER BE CRUEL TO THE GOAT - TREAT HIM KINDLY AN' GIVE HIM NICE THINGS TO EAT!
WHEN I SAID GIVE THE GOAT NICE THINGS TO EAT I DIDN'T MEAN FEED HIM MY HAT!!
9-29
CARL ANDERSON

THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

by ED. ANTHONY

DRAWN BY GRACE DRAYTON

ANNUAL RODEO OF TABBYLAND
HE'S A TERROR!
SATAN WILDEST HORSE EVER KNOWN!!
AT THE ANNUAL TABBYLAND RODEO, NONE OF THE PUSSYCAT COWBOYS COMPETING FOR THE KING'S PRIZES IS ABLE TO RIDE SATAN, THE WILDEST HORSE EVER KNOWN.
GRASSHOPPERS, CRICKETS, JUMPING IN WITHOUT TICKETS WILL BE DEALT WITH ACCORDING TO LAW !!
MEE-OW!
SNORT! SNORT!
SAMBO, NOW THE BARL OF BARNDOOR, ATTEMPTS IT AND IS TOSSED ---
REPORT THIS TO THE KING AT ONCE, SON!
MEEE O-W-W!
A LOT OF GOOD THAT WILL DO! THE KING LIKES THIS LITTLE ROWDY!
RIGHT INTO THE LAP OF THE CRANKIEST DOWAGER IN TABBYLAND, LADY CRAB-APPLE, MOTHER OF THE INFAMOUS EARL OF SOURFACE.
?
JERRY, THE COURT JESTER, STARTLES THE KING AND THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS BY ANNOUNCING HE WILL ATTEMPT TO RIDE THE WICKED SATAN. "BETTER NOT TRY IT," SAYS THE KING, "HE'LL TOSS YOU A MILE HIGH!" "NOT IF MY PLAN WORKS," SAYS JERRY. "LET ME HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES ALONE WITH THAT HORSE AND I'LL RIDE HIM!"
ROYAL RODEO STABLES
NOW YOU WILL SEE A GREAT PERFORMANCE!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, JERRY EMERGES FROM THE ROYAL RODEO STABLES AFTER A SESSION WITH THE VILLAINOUS SATAN. THE ORNERY ANIMAL IS GENTLE AS CAN BE AS JERRY LEADS HIM TO THE CENTER OF THE RING.
NOW ONCE MORE THROUGH THE HOOP, SATAN!
WHOOPS-MY DEAR! MEE-OW! MEE-OW! MEE-OW!
JERRY, ASTRIDE THE STRANGELY TAME SATAN, MAKES THE HORSE DO ANYTHING HE ASKS, WHILE THE CROWD LOOKS ON IN ASTONISHMENT.
9-29
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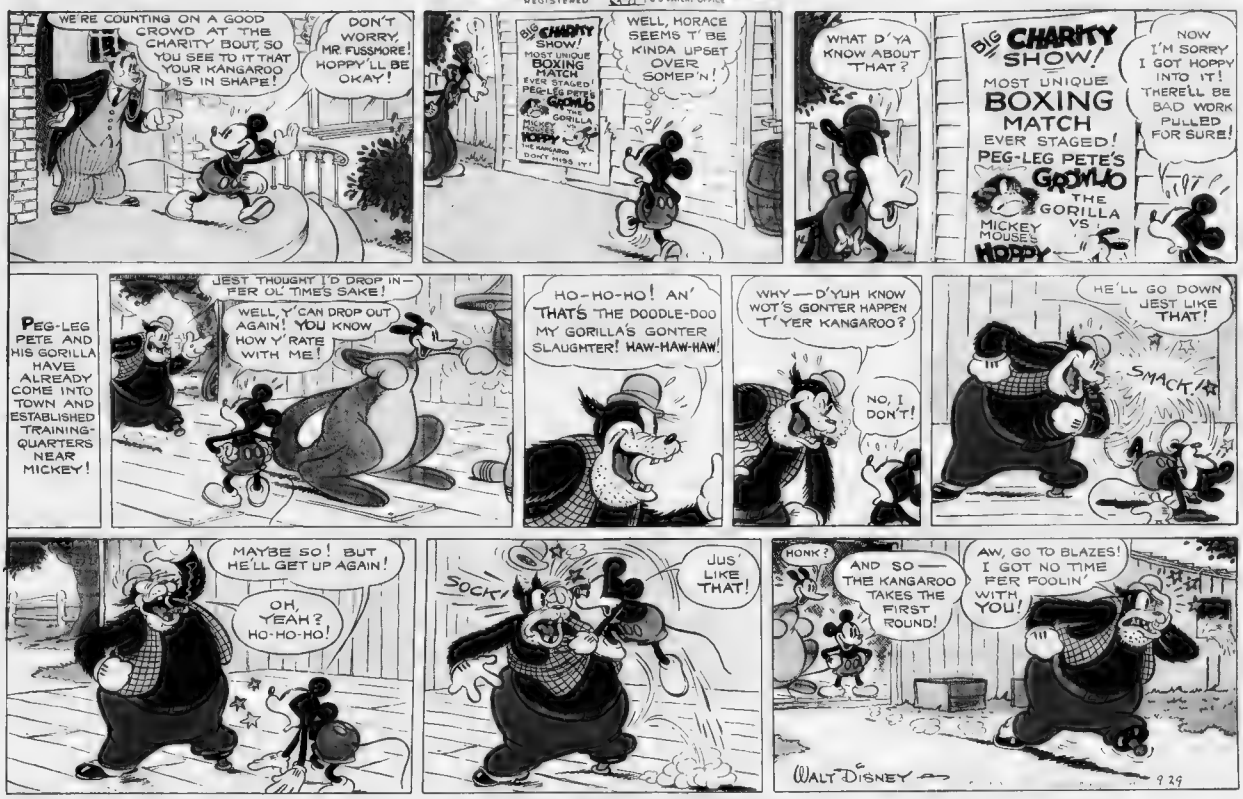
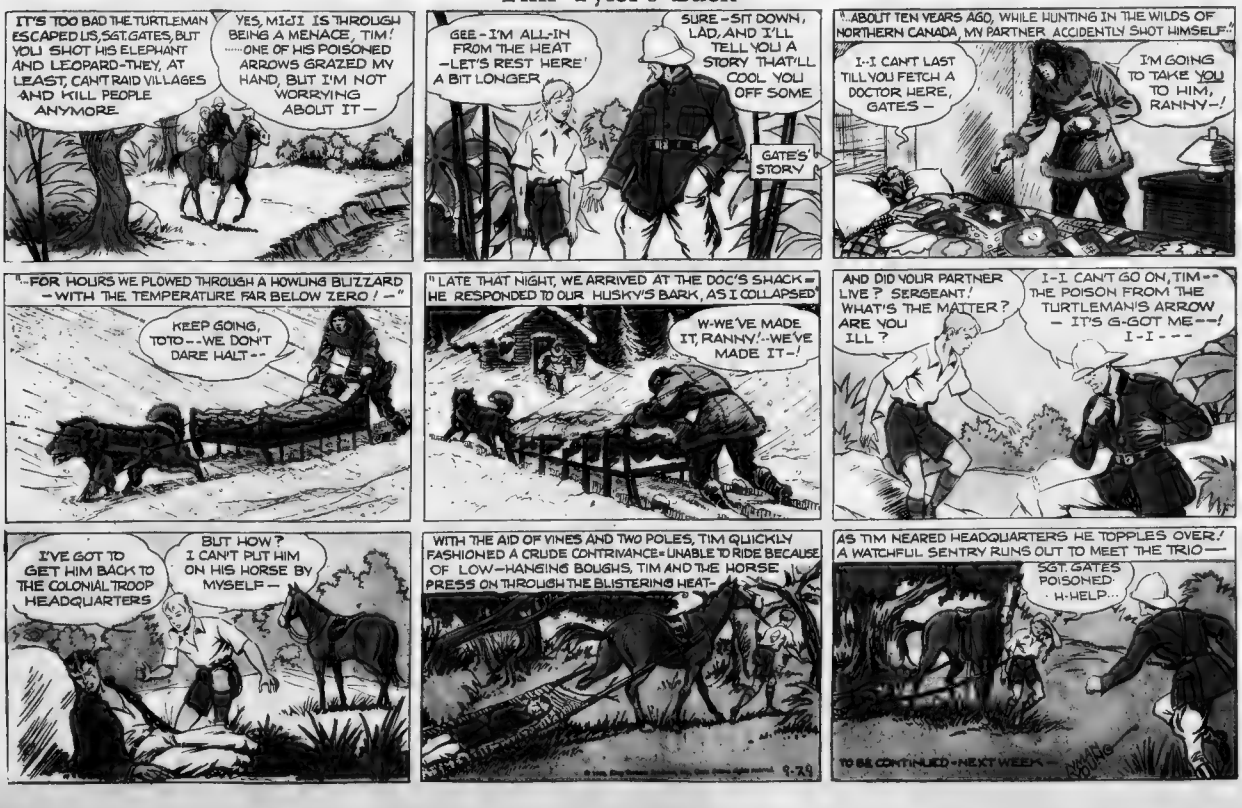
HELLO, EVERYBODY! I'LL LET YOU IN ON MY SECRET. I SPENT THOSE FIFTEEN MINUTES IN SATAN'S STABLE TELLING HIM FUNNY STORIES AND DOING FUNNY STUNTS FOR HIM. NOW HE LAUGHED! I FIGURED IF I COULD GET HIM TO LAUGH HIMSELF WEAK HE WOULDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO THROW ME IF I RODE HIM!
HOW DID I DO IT?
BOY, WAS HE FUNNY!! I'M STILL WEAK FROM LAUGHING!
IN A NATIONWIDE BROADCAST FROM STATION W.C.A.T, JERRY TELLS HIS STARTLED PUBLIC HOW HE DID IT. THE KING AND THE PRINCESS, WHO ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE STUDIO, LOOK ON ADMIRINGLY.

Follow the antics of HENRY every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

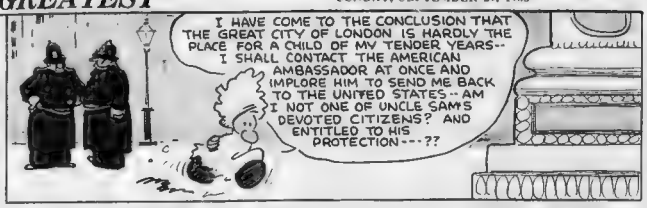

WE'RE COUNTING ON A GOOD CROWD AT THE CHARITY BOUT, SO YOU SEE TO IT THAT YOUR KANGAROO IS IN SHAPE!
DON'T WORRY, MR. FUSSMORE! HOPPY'LL BE OKAY!
BIG CHARITY SHOW! MOST UNIQUE BOXING MATCH EVER STAGED! PEG-LEG PETE'S GROMLO THE GORILLA VS. MICKEY MOUSE'S HOPPY THE KANGAROO DON'T MISS IT!
WELL, HORACE SEEMS T' BE KINDA UPSET OVER SOMEP'N!
WHAT D'YA KNOW ABOUT THAT?
BIG CHARITY SHOW! MOST UNIQUE BOXING MATCH EVER STAGED! PEG-LEG PETE'S GROMLO THE GORILLA VS. MICKEY MOUSE'S HOPPY
NOW I'M SORRY I GOT HOPPY INTO IT! THERE'LL BE BAD WORK PULLED FOR SURE!
PEG-LEG PETE AND HIS GORILLA HAVE ALREADY COME INTO TOWN AND ESTABLISHED TRAINING-QUARTERS NEAR MICKEY!
JEST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN— FER OL' TIME'S SAKE!
WELL, Y'CAN DROP OUT AGAIN! YOU KNOW HOW Y'RATE WITH ME!
HO-HO-HO! AN' THAT'S THE DOODLE-DOO MY GORILLA'S GONTER SLAUGHTER! HAW-HAW-HAW!
WHY— D'YUH KNOW WOT'S GONTER HAPPEN T'YER KANGAROO?
NO, I DON'T!
HE'LL GO DOWN JEST LIKE THAT!
SMACK!
MAYBE SO! BUT HE'LL GET UP AGAIN!
OH, YEAH? HO-HO-HO!
SOCK!
JUS' LIKE THAT!
HONK!
AND SO— THE KANGAROO TAKES THE FIRST ROUND!
AW, GO TO BLAZES! I GOT NO TIME FER FOOLIN' WITH YOU!
WALT DISNEY
9 29

Tim Tyler's Luck


IT'S TOO BAD THE TURTLEMAN ESCAPED US, SGT. GATES, BUT YOU SHOT HIS ELEPHANT AND LEOPARD-THEY, AT LEAST, CAN'T RAID VILLAGES AND KILL PEOPLE ANYMORE.
YES, MIJI IS THROUGH BEING A MENACE, TIM! ONE OF HIS POISONED ARROWS GRAZED MY HAND, BUT I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT IT—
GEE-I'M ALL-IN FROM THE HEAT —LET'S REST HERE' A BIT LONGER
SURE-SIT DOWN, LAD, AND I'LL TELL YOU A STORY THAT'LL COOL YOU OFF SOME
GATES' STORY
"...ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO, WHILE HUNTING IN THE WILDS OF NORTHERN CANADA, MY PARTNER ACCIDENTLY SHOT HIMSELF."
I-I CAN'T LAST TILL YOU FETCH A DOCTOR HERE, GATES—
I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO HIM, RANNY—!
"...FOR HOURS WE PLOWED THROUGH A HOWLING BLIZZARD —WITH THE TEMPERATURE FAR BELOW ZERO!—"
KEEP GOING, TOTO—WE DON'T DARE HALT—
"LATE THAT NIGHT, WE ARRIVED AT THE DOC'S SHACK— HE RESPONDED TO OUR HUSKY'S BARK, AS I COLLAPSED"
W-WE'VE MADE IT, RANNY!—WE'VE MADE IT—!
AND DID YOUR PARTNER LIVE? SERGEANT! WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU ILL?
I-I CAN'T GO ON, TIM— THE POISON FROM THE TURTLEMAN'S ARROW —IT'S G-GOT ME—! I-I---
I'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK TO THE COLONIAL TROOP HEADQUARTERS
BUT HOW? I CAN'T PUT HIM ON HIS HORSE BY MYSELF—
WITH THE AID OF VINES AND TWO POLES, TIM QUICKLY FASHIONED A CRUDE CONTRIVANCE— UNABLE TO RIDE BECAUSE OF LOW-HANGING BOUGHS, TIM AND THE HORSE PRESS ON THROUGH THE BLISTERING HEAT—
9-29
AS TIM NEARED HEADQUARTERS HE TOPPLES OVER! A WATCHFUL SENTRY RUNS OUT TO MEET THE TRIO—
SGT. GATES POISONED H-HELP...
TO BE CONTINUED - NEXT WEEK -

BUNKY

by BILLY DE BECK


I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE GREAT CITY OF LONDON IS HARDLY THE PLACE FOR A CHILD OF MY TENDER YEARS-- I SHALL CONTACT THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AT ONCE AND IMPLORE HIM TO SEND ME BACK TO THE UNITED STATES-- AM I NOT ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S DEVOTED CITIZENS? AND ENTITLED TO HIS PROTECTION---??

SO SORRY MR. NUTZENBOLTZ THE AMBASSADOR IS HAVING A CONFERENCE--
I SHALL FLY TO ITALY FOR A FEW DAYS AND I'LL SEE HIM ON MY RETURN TO LONDON-- I AM VERY DISAPPOINTED--

I, TOO, AM DISAPPOINTED, MR. NUTZENBOLTZ--- I AM ANXIOUS TO RETURN TO AMERICA BUT, ALAS !! I HAVE NO FUNDS--
NO FUNDS ?? IS IT POSSIBLE?? I THOUGHT EVERYBODY HAD FUNDS--

HILLBILLY BALOONEY

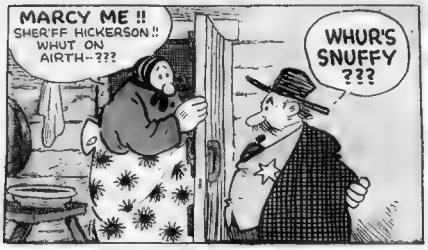
By BA-LOONEY

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....
SEND TO SNUFFY SMITH % THIS PAPER

25.00 CASH PRIZE FOR THE BEST "BALOONEY"

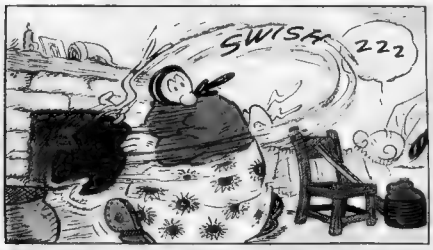
Barney Google

Registered U. S. Patent Office

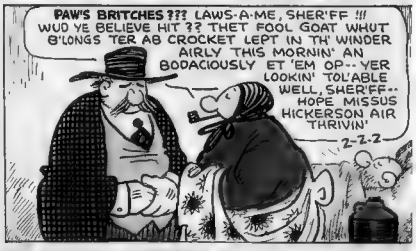


LOWIZY--EF MAH MEM'RY SARVES ME KERRECK--THIS-A-HYAR PIECE O' GOODS ORTER MATCH UP PARFEC' WIF' SNUFFY'S BRITCHES LOOKY !!
YE TALK IN CIRKLES SHER'FF--I HAIN'T GOT NO IDY WHUT YER DRIVIN' AT-- KEM TER TH' PINT---

PAW- PAW- SHER'FF'S HYAR !!! HE SEZ THEY FOUN' LEM BASSIT'S CARKUS DOWN BY TH' GRIS' MILL DAIDER'N A DOOR-KNOB--HE HED A PIECE A GOODS SQUINTCHED UP IN HIS FIS' WHUT LOOK'T LAK' HIT MOUGHT HEV BEEN TOREN OUT O' YER BRITCHES---
ZZz



'SCUSE ME, SHER'FF--I THORT TH' KITTLE WUZ A-BILIN' OVER--NOW-- WHUT DID YOU-UNS SAY ERBOUT LEM BASSIT, SHER'FF ??
EF YE HAIN'T GOT ENY ABJECTIONS, LOWIZY-- I'LL KEM IN AN' EXAMINATE TH' PREMISES--


PAW'S BRITCHES ??? LAWS-A-ME, SHER'FF !!! WUD YE BELIEVE HIT ?? THET FOOL GOAT WHUT B'LONGS TER AB CROCKET LEPT IN TH' WINDER AIRLY THIS MORNIN' AN BODACIOUSLY ET 'EM OP-- YER LOOKIN' TOL'ABLE WELL, SHER'FF-- HOPE MISSUS HICKERSON AIR THRIVIN'
2-2-2

WAAL--I AIR PLUMB DISAPP'INTED HIT WARN'T SNUFFY WHO DONE HIT- THAR WUZ A $1000 RE-WARD FER TH' SHIF'LESS SKONK--DAID ER ALIVE--
A THOUS'N DULLERS RE-WARD ?

BOOO HOOO BLUB BLUB BOO HOOO SNIF
WHUT'S ALL TH' FURSE ERBOUT ?? BELLERIN' LAK' SOME ONSETTLED CRAZY CRITTER-- SPEAK UP, WOMAN--
SEPT. 29

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES...

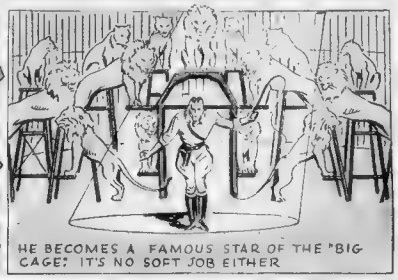
CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
—AND PLENTY OF WIND AND ENERGY TO BE A
LION TAMER
Capt. TERRELL M. JACOBS
A CAMEL SMOKER FOR 15 YEARS

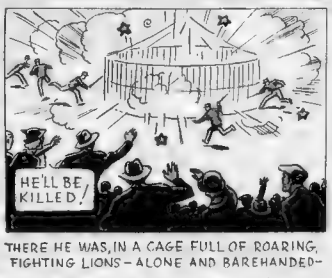
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

HELLO, LEO!
GR-R-R
HE GOT A JOB HELPING TO TAKE CARE OF THE LIONS. SOME FOLKS LIKE ELEPHANTS—SOME LIKE TIGERS—BUT TERRELL LIKED LIONS

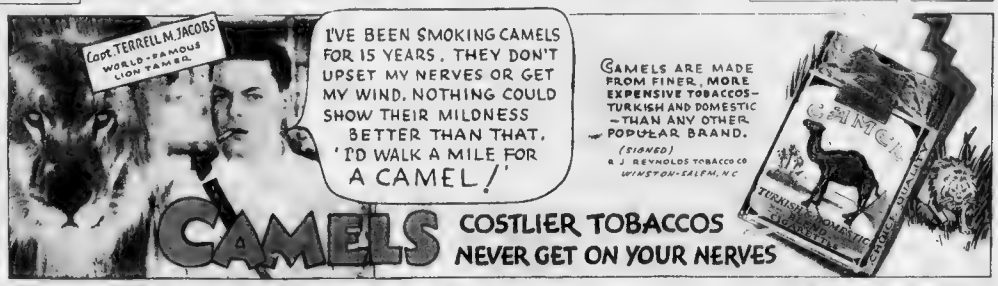
UP, LEO, UP!
LOOK AT THAT KID DOING MY ACT!
YES, HE'LL MAKE A GREAT TRAINER
ONE DAY, WHEN HE THOUGHT NO ONE WAS ABOUT, HE PUT LEO THROUGH HIS PACES. HE WAS WATCHED

TIME PASSES





SMOKING CERTAINLY DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH YOUR NERVES
NO—I SMOKE THE MILD CIGARETTE, CAMELS. I'LL TELL YOU MY SMOKING EXPERIENCE.
JACOBS AND THE REPORTERS—


Capt. TERRELL M. JACOBS WORLD-FAMOUS LION TAMER
I'VE BEEN SMOKING CAMELS FOR 15 YEARS. THEY DON'T UPSET MY NERVES OR GET MY WIND. NOTHING COULD SHOW THEIR MILDNESS BETTER THAN THAT. 'I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!'
CAMELS
COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.
(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.
CAMEL
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
SUPERIOR QUALITY

OF COURSE SHE DOESN'T MIND, BECAUSE — — —

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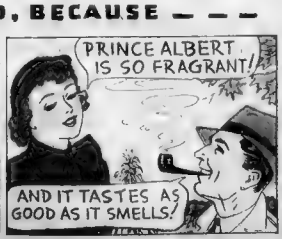
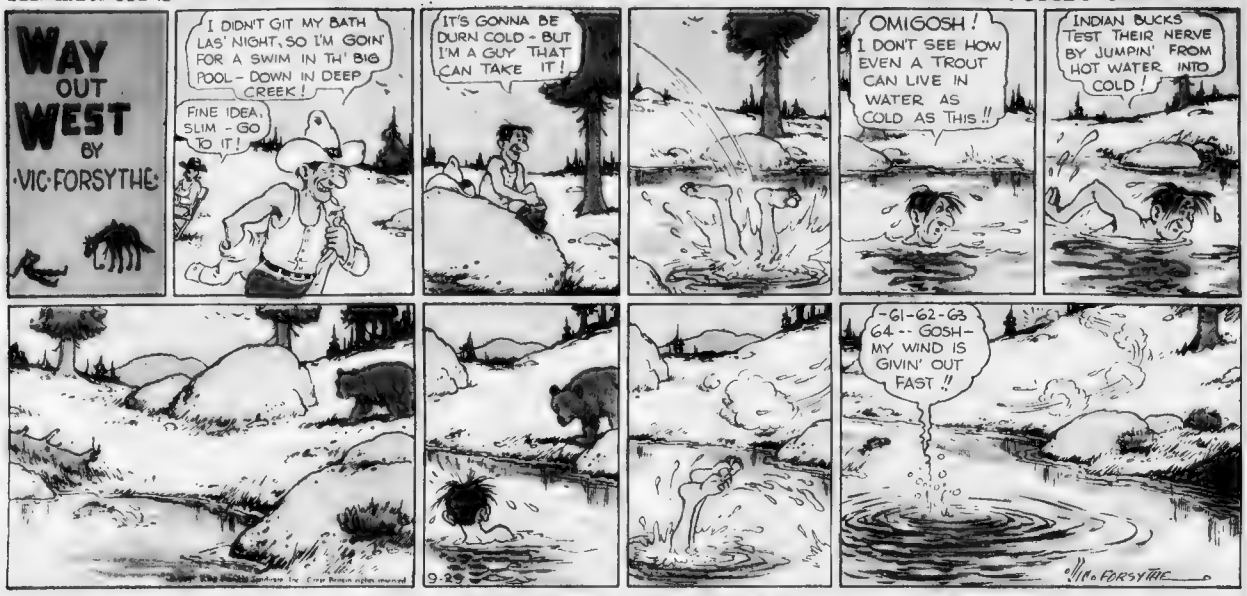


WAY OUT WEST BY VIC FORSYTHE


I DIDN'T GIT MY BATH LAS' NIGHT, SO I'M GOIN' FOR A SWIM IN TH' BIG POOL - DOWN IN DEEP CREEK!
FINE IDEA, SLIM - GO TO IT!
IT'S GONNA BE DURN COLD - BUT I'M A GUY THAT CAN TAKE IT!
OMIGOSH! I DON'T SEE HOW EVEN A TROUT CAN LIVE IN WATER AS COLD AS THIS!!
INDIAN BUCKS TEST THEIR NERVE BY JUMPIN' FROM HOT WATER INTO COLD!
-61-62-63 64-- GOSH- MY WIND IS GIVIN' OUT FAST!!
9-29
VIC FORSYTHE

THE LITTLE WOMAN

I CAN'T FIND ANY DIRT IN THE CARBURETER - I'VE HAD IT ALL APART AN' CLEANED IT THOROUGHLY!
THERE! IF SHE DON'T START NOW, THE TROUBLE MUST BE SOMEPLACE ELSE - THAT'S FIGGERIN' THINGS OUT WITH SOUND LOGIC!
NO RESPONSE! JUST AS I THOUGHT- THE TROUBLE IS ELSEWHERE - WHAT'LL I TACKLE NEXT? IGNITION, I GUESS!
RURR-A-R-R
I CAN'T SEE A THING WRONG WITH THESE POINTS -
-MEBBE IT'S SPARK PLUG TROUBLE- I'LL LOOK!
OW! THERE GOES A GOB OF SKIN OFF MY KNUCKLE!!! GOL-DING-IT!!
IF THESE PLUGS ARENT ALL RIGHT, I'M A GRAND OPERA SINGER! THEY'RE CLEANER THAN I AM! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK ELSEWHERE -
LET'S ELIMINATE! PLENTY OF GAS- CARBURETER OKAY - IGNITION POINTS OKAY - PLUGS OKAY - WELL, THEN- MAYBE THE COIL IS ON TH' FRITZ!
WELL, OF ALL THE DISMAL-LOOKING, WOE-BEGONE SPECIMENS! WHAT'S GONE WRONG NOW?
WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK LIKE THE WRONG END OF A FIRING SQUAD!
I'VE WORKED TWO HOURS TRYIN' TO GET THAT CAR TO START, AN' I CAN'T GET A SNORT OUT OF IT! EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT AN' YET IT WON'T RUN - I'M GONNA GO AN' 'PHONE A GARAGE!!
NO USE OF YOU FIDDLING WITH IT! I'VE HAD IT ALL APART - SUMPN' IS OUT OF WHACK!
?
HEY! HOW'D YOU MAKE IT START ????
I TURNED THE SWITCH ON - DID YOU?
9-29
VIC FORSYTHE

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY -:- -:- -:- by BRANDON WALSH

Registered U. S. Patent Office

THAT LITTLE BRAT WILL DRIVE ME INSANE! -TELEPHONES TO THE MOARLANDS WHENEVER THE FANCY STRIKES HER AND YOU TELL ME THERE IS NO WAY OF FINDING OUT WHERE SHE IS HIDING!
OH, WE'LL FIND OUT — SOONER OR LATER SOMEBODY WILL GET CARELESS AND MENTION THE NAME OF THE PLACE THE KID IS TALKING FROM THE REST IS EASY!
DON'T BE STUPID ··· I CAN'T WAIT! I MUST FIND HER NOW··· ISN'T THERE SOME WAY THE MOARLAND TELEPHONE COULD BE TAPPED?
NOT A CHANCE!
THAT OLD BIRD MOARLAND HAS BEEN AROUND ··· HE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS. HE CHECKS HIS TELEPHONE EVERY DAY···
AND HE ORDERS ME FROM THE ROOM WHILE HE TALKS TO THE CHILD
BUT YOU HAVE ANOTHER TELEPHONE IN THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS ···
IT DOESN'T CONNECT WITH THE MASTER'S 'PHONE
I TOLD YOU MOARLAND IS SMART!
I BEG PARDON, MADAM, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA·· IT MAY NOT MEAN ANYTHING ··· THEN AGAIN IT MIGHT···
WELL, WHAT IS IT? DON'T WASTE TIME APOLOGIZING
MISS ROSEMARY IS PLANNING TO VISIT SOMEONE ··· SHE DIDN'T MENTION WHO IT WAS, BUT SHE LOVES LITTLE ANNIE VERY MUCH. I THOUGHT···
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!!
SHE MAY BE GOING TO VISIT THE LITTLE BRAT! HAVE HER WATCHED DAY AND NIGHT!!
DON'T WORRY.. WE'LL KEEP AS CLOSE AS HER SHADOW
GLORYOSKY, ZERO, DO YOU KNOW WHAT?! ROSEMARY SEZ MAYBE SHE'LL COME HERE TO VISIT ME! WON'T IT BE GRAND?! HONEST, IT MAKES ME FEEL GLAD ALL OVER!!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK
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TOM MIX -AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE RALSTON PURINA COMPANY

BLOODY BUTCH AND HIS DESPERATE BAND OF OUTLAWS PLOT TO GET RID OF TOM MIX BY MEANS OF A DEADLY DYNAMITE TRAP. TOM MIX HAS TRAILED THEM FOR WEEKS AND IS CLOSING IN TO CAPTURE THEM WHEN ···

TONY, I'M GOIN' INTO GHOST CANYON FOR THOSE BANDITS ALONE. IT MAY BE A TRAP. IF ANY-THING HAPPENS TAKE MY LUCKY WRIST BAND BACK TO THE WRANGLER. HE'LL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS
HERE COMES TOM MIX. HE'S WALKIN' INTO OUR TRAP. SET OFF THE DYNAMITE!
OKAY, BUTCH!
WITH A ROAR, THE SIDE OF THE CANYON EXPLODES, SHOWERING TOM MIX WITH A SHEET OF ROCK
RUN, TONY, BOY!
LOOK, WRANGLER! IT'S TONY WITH TOM MIX' WRIST BAND!
HIS WRIST BAND! JIMMY, THAT'S TOM'S SIGNAL HE NEEDS HELP
LET'S GO!
THEY ALMOST GOT ME THAT TIME WRANGLER
AND THEY'VE WIPED OUT THE TRAIL WITH DYNAMITE. WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM NOW
THE RIVER STILL GOES THROUGH, WRANGLER! MAYBE I CAN RIDE THAT TREE!
EVEN DYNAMITE CAN'T STOP TOM!
THE CURRENT'S SO SWIFT I'M GOING TO BEAT 'EM TO DEVIL'S FORD
REACH FOR THE SKY, BUTCH. LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE. STRAIGHT SHOOTERS ALWAYS WIN. IT PAYS TO SHOOT STRAIGHT
IT'S TOM MIX

AFTER A RIDE IN THAT ICY RIVER, TOM, I'LL BET THAT STEAMIN BOWL OF RALSTON TASTES MIGHTY GOOD
YOU BET IT DOES. WISH I COULD GIVE TONY A BOWL O' RALSTON AS A REWARD
SECONDS ON THAT RALSTON, IT TASTES KEEN!
AND RALSTON WARMS YOU UP IN COLD WEATHER, TOO!
Ralston
Whole Wheat

MOTHERS! HERE'S THE HOT CEREAL CHILDREN LOVE TO EAT

And remember—a hot cereal does give children a better start. A whole wheat cereal is more nourishing. A cereal enriched with extra vitamin B will do more for a growing child. Ralston is the hot whole wheat cereal with extra vitamin B.

BOYS AND GIRLS! GET MY LUCKY WRIST BAND **FREE!** IT'S JUST LIKE THE ONE THAT TONY CARRIED TO THE OLD WRANGLER TO BRING ME HELP. MADE OF METAL WITH GENUINE LEATHER STRAP, FAMOUS T-M BAR BRAND IS STAMPED IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS OVER A BRILLIANT BACK-GROUND. GLITTERS LIKE GOLD! I'VE WRITTEN A PERSONAL MESSAGE TO YOU ON THE BACK. *HURRY!* BE THE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO WEAR ONE. SEND FOR YOURS TODAY! Tom Mix

FREE

FOR ONE RALSTON BOX TOP. Sign and Mail this Coupon. HURRY!

TOM MIX, 1998 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom: I enclose ONE Ralston box top. Please send me your Lucky Wrist Band with your personal message to me written on the back.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

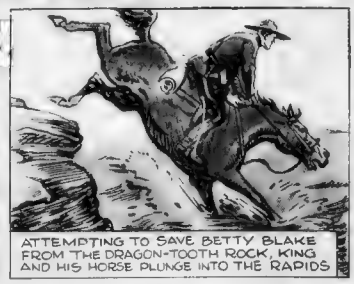
IMPORTANT: If you have no coupon, you can get Tom Mix' Lucky Wrist Band answer by simply print ng your name and address on the back of ONE Ralston box top and mailing to TOM MIX (This offer Expires Nov. 1st, 1935)

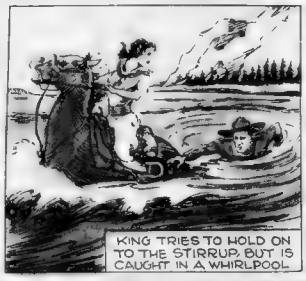
Tune in Tom Mix Radio Program NBC Stations (including Red Network) Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 5:30 pm (WTMJ 5:00pm WHO 5:15pm)

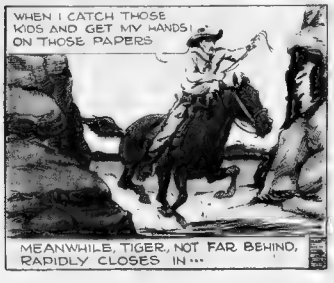
ACTION... THRILLS... ADVENTURE!

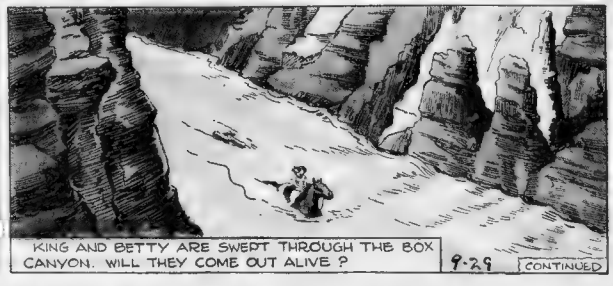
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY







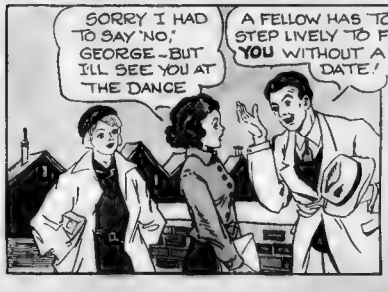


AN ADVERTISEMENT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

PIMPLES WERE "RUINING HER LIFE"

NEXT DAY
THANKS, BUT I COULDN'T — NO MORE PARTIES FOR ME!
HELEN, DEAR — IF IT'S BECAUSE OF THOSE PIMPLES — I'M SURE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD STOP THEM



GEORGE IS RIGHT! YOU'RE SURELY BEING RUSHED LATELY
MORAL - GET RID OF HICKIES — HOW I LOVE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR CLEARING MY SKIN!

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES SPOIL YOUR FUN

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time—between the ages 13 to 25—cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, making it break out in pimples.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood.* With the cause removed, the pimples disappear. Your skin becomes nice and smooth again.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear. Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start today!

— *clears the skin* by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

RADIO PATROL

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

"THE PASSER" AND HIS PALS NEGOTIATE THE SECRET LOCKS AND BRING THE SPEEDBOAT TO THE LOWER WATER LEVEL WITHIN THE CAVERN
LEAVING THE LOWER LOCK, THE CRAFT SLIPS BEHIND A CURTAIN OF WATER- THE FALLS FROM THE LAKE ABOVE!
EMERGING FROM BEHIND THE FALLS, THE BOAT HEADS DOWN THE RIVER TOWARD THE BAY

BOY- THE ENGINEER THAT PLANNED AN' BUILT THOSE LOCKS SURE IS A WONDER
-WAS A WONDER, YOU MEAN — TONY PAID HIM OFF IN LEAD — JUST TO BE SAFE!
THERE'S OUR SIGNAL
HERE'S YOUR BAG OF DREAMS, BROTHER
-AN' HERE'S YOUR DOUGH
O.K. / WE'LL BE SEEIN' YOU

SAY-THERE'S BIGGER BRAINS THAN TONY'S BEHIND ALL THIS -
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO ?
WELL, LOOK WHAT HAPPENS - A BOAT COME'S INTO FISHERMEN'S WHARF WITH A MILLION IN DOPE AN' WE TAKE IT AWAY IN A TRUCK, SO IF THE G-MEN TRACE THE SHIPMENT THEY LOOK FOR A TRUCK — MEANWHILE, WE SHIFT THE STUFF INTO LIMOUSINES AN' SPORT CARS AN' RUN UP TO THE CASTLE WITH IT. WE SCUTTLE THE SHIP AN' THERE AIN'T A TRACE IN THE WORLD. AN' WE TAKE IT BACK TO THE CUSTOMERS BY BOAT-A SACK AT A TIME- AN' WITH THAT TRICK BOATHOUSE! — SAY, / WHAT A LAYOUT!
MEANWHILE MOLLY AND PINKY RETURN TO THE BOATHOUSE
9-28
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

SHE TOOK A WOMAN'S WAY
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO.
SORRY, YOUNG MAN. AFRAID WE CAN'T USE YOU AFTER ALL
I'M SORRY, TOO, MR. STONE. IT'S THE KIND OF JOB I'VE ALWAYS WANTED
TOO BAD, MISS GREY. I KNEW HE COULD HANDLE THE JOB. BUT HIS BREATH..!
WHAT A SHAME!
SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO HELP HIM..
HE'LL PROBABLY HATE ME FOR THIS... BUT HE MUST BE TOLD!
and that's why Mr. Stone said he just couldn't give you the job. So why don't you go and see your dentist? My dentist tells me that most unpleasant breath is due to improperly cleaned teeth. And I am sure that your dentist can help you. I do hope that you will visit him and then come back to see Mr. Stone again.
FROM MISS GREY!

SO HE WENT TO HIS DENTIST
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, DOCTOR, NOT WITH ALL THE CARE I'VE TAKEN...
BUT IT'S TRUE, BILL! YOU SEE, DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES COLLECT IN THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH AND CAUSE BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THOSE CREVICES AND THOROUGHLY CLEANS THEM!
BOY, AREN'T THOSE IVORIES BRIGHTENING UP! AND MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH, EITHER!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Most Bad Breath Begins with the teeth!

How Colgate Dental Cream Protects You

"THERE'S no question!" dental authorities say. "The most common source by far of all bad breath is *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

They explain: Food residue and acid deposits collect in those hidden crevices between your teeth—they decay and cause offensive breath.

So to avoid bad breath . . . *make sure* your teeth are *thoroughly* clean. Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam gets into every tiny crevice . . . washes away odor-breeding food deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. At the same time a soft, grit-free ingredient gently, safely polishes the enamel. Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner and brighter while it keeps your breath sweeter and purer.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! If, after using one tube of Colgate's, your teeth aren't brighter—your breath sweeter—send the empty tube to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J. We'll refund TWICE what you paid.

PREFER POWDER? . . . *Colgate Dental Powder gives the same amazing results—at the same low price—carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

MAIL THIS COUPON!

COLGATE, Dept. B-A-4, Jersey City, N. J. Enclosed is empty carton from the tube of Colgate Dental Cream for which please send me, prepaid, large 25¢ tube of Colgate Brushless Shave Cream FREE! (PRINT name and address.) Mail coupon today!

Name_____

Address_____

FREE! to Shavers
COLGATE BRUSHLESS SHAVE
I GET 20% CLOSER SHAVES!
At last—clean, smooth shaves—*without a brush!* 20% closer by test, without "pull"
NO GREASE! I DON'T GET CLOGGED!
New Colgate Brushless contains *no grease!* No "smeary feel" on face! Quickly rinses off razor!
NEW LOTION EFFECT—FACE FEELS FINE!
Special ingredient tones up your skin—keeps face feeling fine all day! Buy a tube now—LARGE SIZE 25¢, GIANT SIZE 40¢.
LARGE 25¢ SIZE NEW COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM!

RED BARRY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WITH THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, HONG-KONG CHOLLY LEADS RED TO A SAFER HIDING-PLACE ...
TO THEIR AMAZEMENT THE DEAD CHINESE SUDDENLY BEGINS TO MOVE HIS HANDS ...
But wait....
HEY - WHAT'S THIS ? I FEEL DOPEY - HAVE WE BEEN SLEEPING ?
HEY, CHOLLY - C'MON - SNAP OUT OF IT !!
OH, GOSH ME - BY JINGOES -
DO YOU GET THAT SICKENING, SWEET ODOR ? WHAT IS IT ?
CHINEE SLUMBER WEED IN AIR ... MAKEE DEEP BLEATHERS MUCHY, MUCHY DLOWSY !!
I REMEMBER NOW - I WAS SAYING THAT THE HANGED MAN'S HANDS WERE BEGINNING TO MOVE, WHEN WE PASSED OUT OF THE PICTURE !!
SHOO-NUFF SHOO-NUFF - MEBBE ALL A DLEAM - WE GO LOOK SEE !!
YOU'RE RIGHT, CHOLLY. HE'S STILL UP THERE ... I MUST HAVE DREAMT IT WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THAT CHINESE CHLOROFORM !!
SHOO MIKES, SHE'S ALL A DLEAM !!
NOT SO FAST - HOW DID THAT SWEET-SMELLING STUFF GET HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE ? REMEMBER, WE HID BECAUSE WE HEARD THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS !!
WOE IS ME !! YOU GOT LIGHT - YOU GOT LIGHT !!
C'MON, KID, WE'RE GOING BACK INSIDE ... NEVER MIND YOUR BADGE !!
HONG-KONG CHOLLY GOING TO MAKEE FIRST ALLEST !!
SAY - HE DIDN'T HAVE A DAGGER IN HIS BACK BEFORE !!
NO, NO - TOO MANY EVIL SPILITS HERE - LET'S GO - HONG-KONG CHOLLY NO LIKEE !!
IT ISN'T THE SAME GUY !!
OOLAH OOLAH OOLAH !!
Will Gould
9-29
To be continued...
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BEAUTY'S MORE THAN SKIN DEEP OR HOW "One Date Janet" WON HER MAN!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF YEAST FOAM TABLETS

SO JANET DIDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A HIT WITH YOU ?
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME SHE HAD SUCH A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION ? SHE LOOKED LIKE A MILLION FROM A DISTANCE.

PAUL HASN'T PHONED ME ONCE SINCE THAT NIGHT WE WENT OUT TOGETHER. WHY CAN'T I EVER GET A SECOND DATE WITH A MAN ?
FRANKLY, JANET, IT'S YOUR SKIN. I OVERHEARD PAUL SAY TO HARRY....

I KNOW MY SKIN'S AWFUL BUT YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HARD I'VE TRIED TO CLEAR IT UP.
JANET, YOU NEED TO RID YOUR SYSTEM OF THE POISONS THAT ARE CAUSING THOSE ERUPTIONS. MY DAD IS A DOCTOR AND HE ALWAYS PRESCRIBES YEAST FOAM TABLETS IN CASES LIKE YOURS.

A FEW WEEKS LATER
LOOKS LIKE JANET'S GOT PAUL FOR KEEPS THIS TIME. HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HER.
HE'S TAKEN HER OUT EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK, AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE YOU TOLD HER HOW TO CLEAR UP HER SKIN WITH YEAST FOAM TABLETS

THIS LOVELY NEW

Free! MAKE-UP MIRROR

Given to Induce You to Try YEAST FOAM TABLETS

The Dry Health Yeast that Brings Quicker Relief from Constipation, Indigestion and Skin Troubles

YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free for a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, *with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton,* for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try, now, Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern health yeast that gives greater benefits because it is *dry.* Scientific tests reveal that from *dry* yeast the system receives almost *twice* as much of the precious element that stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons.

Get quicker relief from common skin troubles, indigestion, constipation with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like-taste. And they will not cause gas or discomfort, because they're pasteurized. At all druggists.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror.

CW9-29-35

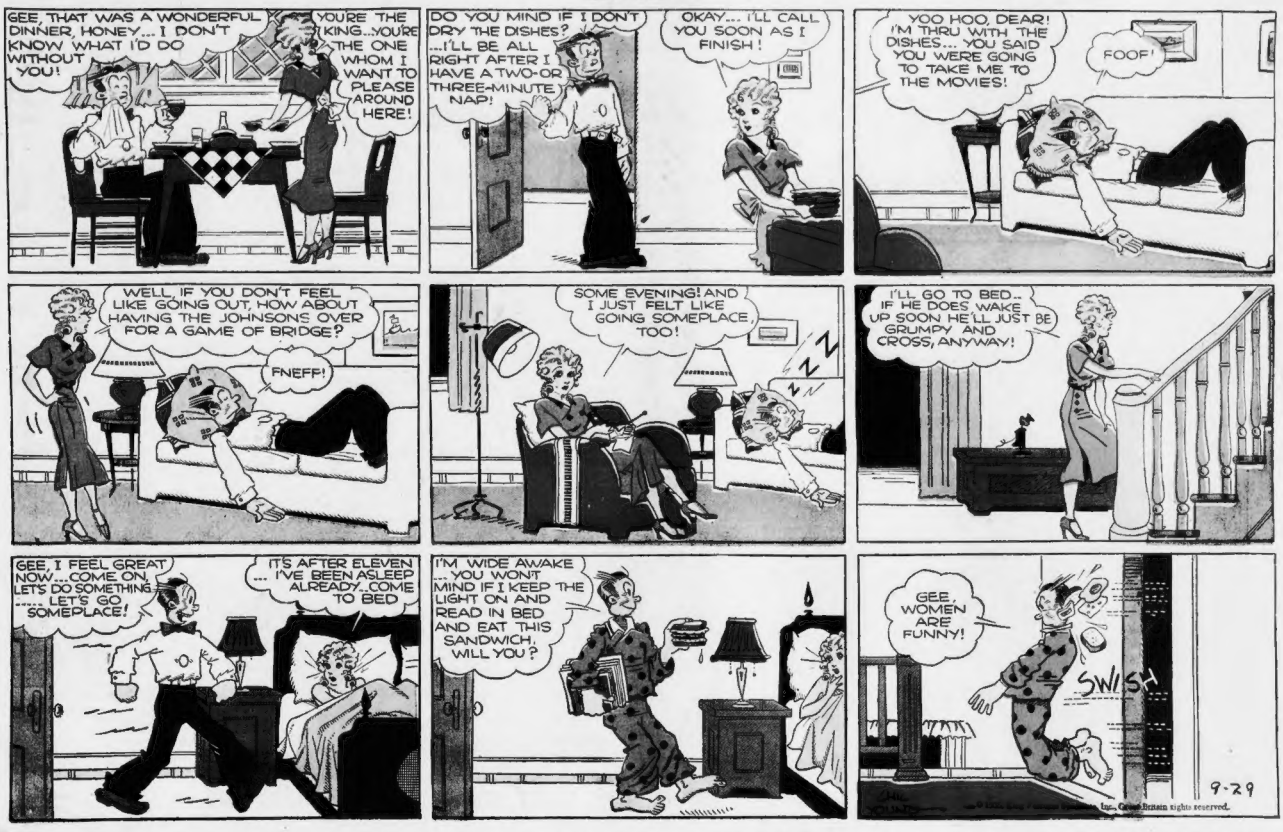
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Blondie

Registered U. S. Patent Office


GEE, THAT WAS A WONDERFUL DINNER, HONEY.... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU!
YOU'RE THE KING...YOU'RE THE ONE WHOM I WANT TO PLEASE AROUND HERE!
DO YOU MIND IF I DON'T DRY THE DISHES? ...I'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER I HAVE A TWO-OR THREE-MINUTE NAP!
OKAY... I'LL CALL YOU SOON AS I FINISH!
YOO HOO, DEAR! I'M THRU WITH THE DISHES... YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE MOVIES!
FOOF!
WELL, IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING OUT, HOW ABOUT HAVING THE JOHNSONS OVER FOR A GAME OF BRIDGE?
FNEFF!
SOME EVENING! AND I JUST FELT LIKE GOING SOMEPLACE TOO!
I'LL GO TO BED.. IF HE DOES WAKE UP SOON HE'LL JUST BE GRUMPY AND CROSS, ANYWAY!
GEE, I FEEL GREAT NOW...COME ON, LET'S DO SOMETHING ..... LET'S GO SOMEPLACE!
IT'S AFTER ELEVEN ... I'VE BEEN ASLEEP ALREADY...COME TO BED
I'M WIDE AWAKE ... YOU WON'T MIND IF I KEEP THE LIGHT ON AND READ IN BED AND EAT THIS SANDWICH, WILL YOU?
GEE, WOMEN ARE FUNNY!
SWISH
9-29
Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

GIVEN IVER JOHNSON 22 Cal. Bolt Action Safety **RIFLE** or big cash commission. Send no money. Men-boys—mail coupon!

This famous make single-shot rifle is made from best treated steel with beautiful well-shaped stock, open sights and many other features. Harry Madison, N. J., says—"Received 22 Cal. RIFLE O.K. and I think it very good. Thanks very much. Will sell more Salve later." GIVEN for selling WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, sores, chaps, etc., to friends at 25¢ a box (with a large beautiful PICTURE FREE) and remitting as per premium plan book. Our easy plans boosting thousands into earning premiums and cash commissions. BEGIN NOW! Salve sold most everywhere. Be first. MAIL COUPON TODAY! WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-1, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN WRIST WATCH LADIES!—GIRLS! Or Big Cash Commission

Send No Money—Mail Coupon!

Stylish-shape white chromium-plated case. Metal bracelet, six-jewel, Lever Movement. Adorable! Miss Clara Clark, No. Carolina, says "Received my Wrist Watch. Everybody is talking about it being so nice." GIVE AWAY FREE beautifully colored art pictures with famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (picture FREE) and remit as per new premium catalog and plan book. Our 40th anniversary year. Other choice gifts.—BE FIRST. SEND FOR DOZEN OF SALVE. MAIL COUPON TODAY! WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-2, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH or Big Cash Commission— Send No Money—*Mail Coupon!*

BOYS! GIRLS! See Mickey Mouse on the Dial? In colors, too! Mickey's also on the strap or link bracelet. Made by Ingersoll-Waterbury. What a watch for boys and girls! Harry Edwards, Minn., says—"My friends and I think watch wonderful. Keeps good time. The girls all want to wear it. See Mickey Mouse on Dial

I'm greatly pleased." SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE, beautiful pictures with famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for cuts, burns, chaps, etc., which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan book. Old Cloverine Agents please order. New agents wanted, too. Be first—60th year—write for dozen SALVE NOW! WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. H-3, Tyrone, Pa.

SEND NO MONEY Mail Coupon NOW **MOVIE** BOYS GIRLS **GIVEN**

Big six reel MOVIE, adjustable lamp socket, rewind and take up wheels. Uses big film, includes: reel, short subs, tickets, metal title, still pictures, slide carrier, film clips, etc., and instructions. It's marvelous! Leonard C. Harlow, N. H. says—"Big movie arrived O.K. We had a picture show all evening. Pictures were fine and clear. Want to order more." SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE beautifully colored art pictures with our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan catalog. Other movies.—8th year. Be first. Write for dozen SALVE or MAIL COUPON NOW. WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-3, Tyrone, Pa.

WANTED!

We want BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, and WOMEN in every locality to represent us advertising and distributing our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE. Big line. Everyone better known and in daily use in every home in the U. S.

40th Anniversary

This is our 40th year in business during which time we have given millions of valuable premiums. Opportunity for big cash commissions. We are the largest mail order house of our kind in the world. We are fair, square and reliable.

Beautiful Pictures FREE!

We give a beautiful picture FREE to each purchaser of White Cloverine Salve. CLOVERINE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc. Be first!

MAIL COUPON TODAY! But below is ½ size of regular package. W.C.Co Tyrone, Pa.

WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE

Price 25¢

34-Pc. COLORED GLASS SET. LADIES! Or Choice of Cash Commission **GIVEN**

SEND NO MONEY—SEND NAME AND ADDRESS—WE ARE RELIABLE

Latest Cherry Blossom design—first quality and modern—green or pink colors. Extremely beautiful! Mrs. Bryan Thompson, R. I. says—"Received my dishes in perfect condition, they are beautiful. I'm so proud of them." SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE beautifully colored art pictures with our famous White Cloverine Salve used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per our new big premium plan book. Wonderful chance for live wire agents.—40th year—Be first—MAIL COUPON NOW. WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-4, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN 1936 MODEL STREAMLINE **LINDY FLYER WAGON** Or Choice Cash Commission Send No Money

LOOK! Electric headlights—ne-plane bumper—brakes—rail pu—big balo cage—instrument board—19" double disc roller bearing wheel—3" rubber tires—lifelong lubrication—big streamline body size 1x47x35. A beauty from stem to stern. Has everything any boy or girl could dream of. Marvelous greater model. Mail coupon TODAY!

Paul Hall says—"Received wagon and I think it a good one. I sure will want to drive wagon as the 'LINDY FLYER.' Your company certainly gives good premiums. I am certainly pleased."

Simply give away FREE 12 beautiful pictures with 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for chaps, burns, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25 cents a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per big premium plan catalog. Sales easy to sell. Be first. MAIL COUPON NOW!

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-13 Tyrone, Pa.

BIG GUITAR or BANJO OR BIG CASH COMMISSION BOYS! GIRLS! **GIVEN**

Send No Money—We Trust You MAIL COUPON!

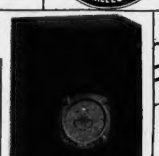
Standard size Guitar, reenulated fretted ebonized fingerboard, pearl position dots. Just as shown. Tenor BANJO with 11" rim, 16 flat top brackets, inlaid position, calfskin head, patent pegs. Either instrument of rare value. Frank Telish, N. J., says—"I am very much pleased with the beautiful guitar." Easily had for selling WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per premium plan book. Be quick. MAIL COUPON NOW FOR STARTER.

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-8 Tyrone, Pa. Mail Coupon

Boys! "BUCK JONES" Rifle GIVEN

or big CASH COMMISSION—COMPASS and SUNDIAL on stock. Send no Money—Mail Coupon—60 air shot REPEATER 31" long, trombone cocking action, engraved jacket, needle type compass and an easy sending sundial on stock. A real DAISY. Henry Reinecke, N. Y., says—"I never expected to get such a fine RIFLE premium for such little effort. It is in perfect condition and am pleased." SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE beautifully colored art pictures suitable for framing with our famous White Cloverine Salve used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan catalog. Pictures sell salve on sight. Other choice premiums—60th year—Be first—MAIL COUPON NOW. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., Dept. H-7, Tyrone, Pa.

RADIO GIVEN Or Big Cash Commission. Send No Money—Mail Coupon.



Operates on either AC or DC; 5 tubes with tone control, automatic volume control, Dynamic speaker, airplane dial. Long and short wave. Wonderful selectivity and sensitivity. Fine tone compact. Finished in walnut and 23 ft. aerial. Be first. Write for dozen SALVE or MAIL COUPON NOW. WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-9, Tyrone, Pa.

WRIST WATCH GIVEN SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON Boys Girls

Small thin model—unbreakable crystal. Chromium finish case, silvered dial. Good movement—TRULY FINE! Arlan Peverly, Calif., says—"Delighted with artist watch premium." GIVEN—simply give away FREE beautifully colored art pictures with our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE for chaps, cuts, burns, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan book. Send for dozen! Be first. WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-5, Tyrone, Pa.

TELESCOPE, MICROSCOPE, COMPASS, SHADOW MIRROR, SUN DIAL and CASE

6-IN-1 SET 5 SECTIONS—Over 3 feet long—GIVEN BOYS! GIRLS!

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON! BIG CASH COMMISSION

Magnifies over 8 times. Brings distant objects close to you. New pleasures, new thrills! Great fun outdoors. Something entirely new! Gives direction and tells time in woods. Very educational. Complete guide for hikes, etc. Carl Tessler, S. C., says "It was the best premium I ever received. My friends are carried away with it. Customers like Cloverine and it sells." SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE beautifully colored art pictures with our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for cuts, chaps, burns, sores, etc., which you sell to your friends at 25¢ a box (with picture free) and remit per premium plan catalog. Other gifts. 40th year. Be first—Write quick for dozen salve. WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-10, Tyrone, Pa.

Real Wild West COWBOY SUIT GIVEN. 7 Pc. In All, or Big Cash Commission

Send No Money.—We Trust You—Mail Coupon Now! Boys! GIVEN!

Every wide-awake American boy who has ever seen a picture of a cowboy will want to dress and act like real cowboys in the West. Now you could ride horses with this outfit! A pair of bang pants, a fancy vest, handsome shirt, a stylish holster with two shining pistols, WHOOPEE! Dummy Bisteroort, Mass., says—"I am very delighted with the premium, and so are my friends, which I received safely as soon as I mailed the money order." GIVEN—simply give away FREE 12 beautiful pictures with 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for chaps, burns, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and return $3.00 collected. We are reliable. 40th year. Be first. MAIL COUPON NOW! WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-12, Tyrone, Pa.

Jeweled WRIST WATCH MEN—BOYS! **GIVEN**

SEND NO MONEY Link band—chrome case—huge wrist-watch. Lewis Balzer, N. J., says—"The watch is a very good timekeeper." GIVING AWAY FREE pictures with WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, which you sell to friends at 25¢ a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan book. Be first. MAIL COUPON NOW! WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-11, Tyrone, Pa.

MAIL COUPON NOW

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. H-14, Tyrone, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes White Cloverine Salve to sell at 25¢ a box giving picture FREE. I will remit within 30 days, select a premium or keep cash commission as per your new premium plan catalog sent with order, postage paid.

Name .....

R. F. D., St. or Box No. .....

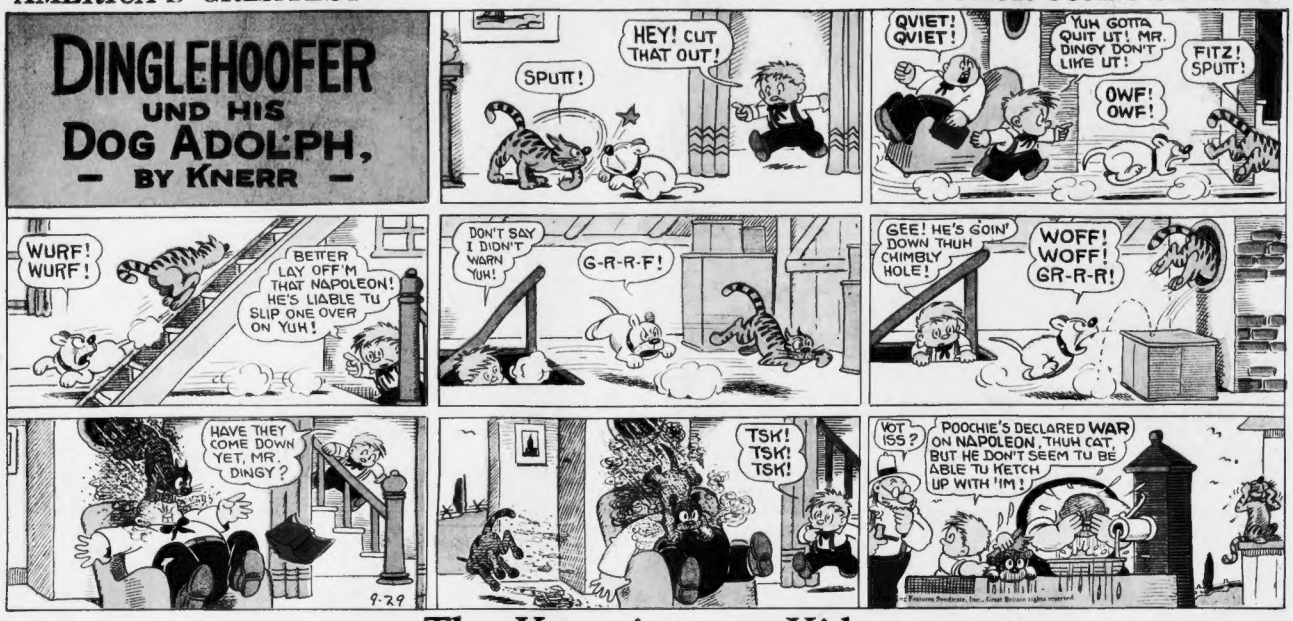
Town ..... State .....

PRINT your LAST NAME ONLY in spare below. Date

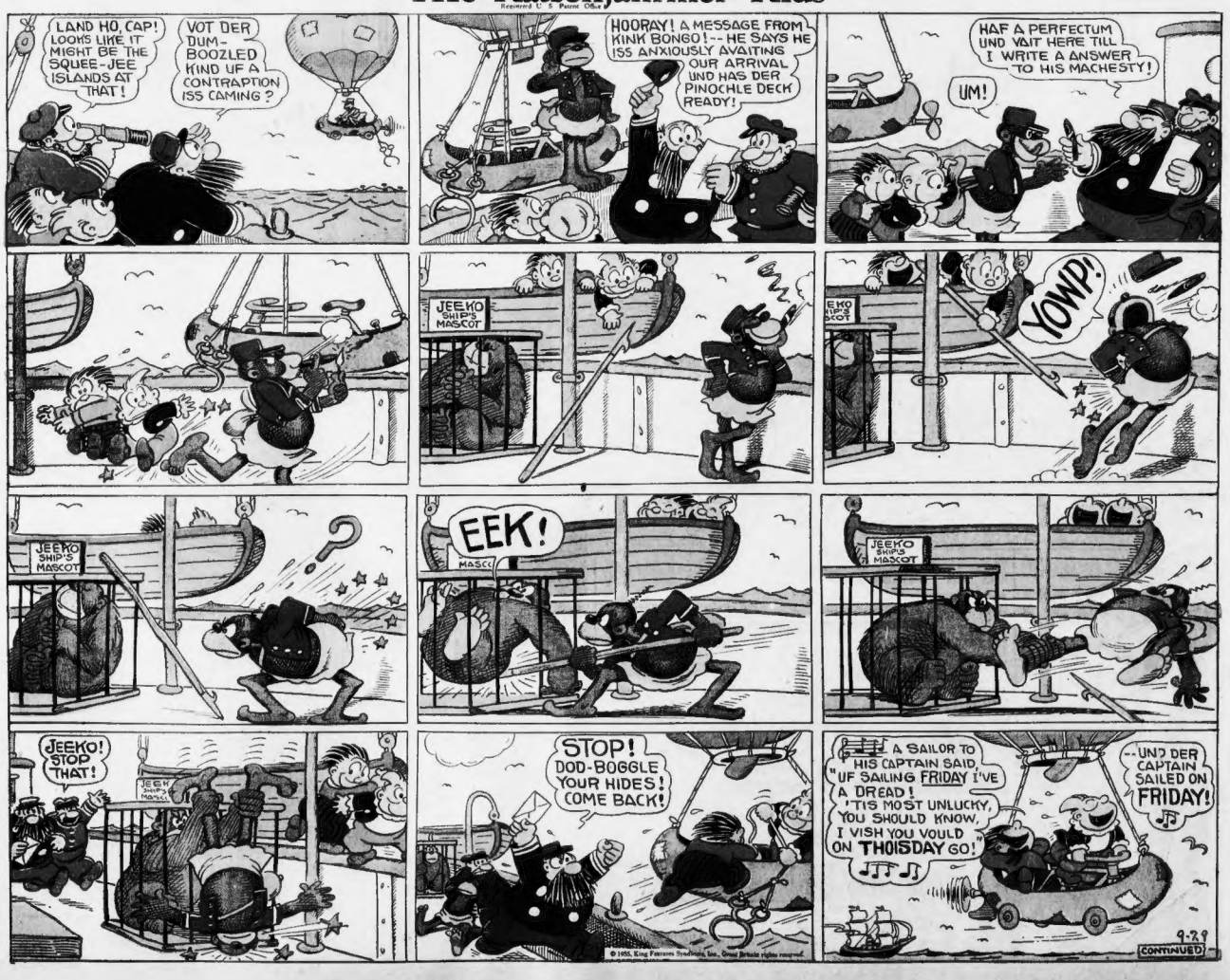
Cut out and paste above coupon on a penny postal card and mail to us today with name of premium below you like best.—W. C. Co.

TRY WILSON'S HONEY-HOREHOUND-MENTHOL COUGH DROPS USED FOR COUGHS • THROAT TICKLES • HOARSENESS-ETC. 5¢ EVERYWHERE

DINGLEHOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH, — BY KNERR —


HEY! CUT THAT OUT!
SPUTT!
QVIET! QVIET!
YUH GOTTA QUIT LIT! MR. DINGY DON'T LIKE LIT!
FITZ! SPUTT!
OWF! OWF!
WURF! WURF!
BETTER LAY OFF'M THAT NAPOLEON! HE'S LIABLE TU SLIP ONE OVER ON YUH!
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YUH!
G-R-R-F!
GEE! HE'S GOIN' DOWN THUH CHIMBLY HOLE!
WOFF! WOFF! GR-R-R!
HAVE THEY COME DOWN YET, MR. DINGY?
9-29
TSK! TSK! TSK!
VOT ISS?
POOCHIE'S DECLARED WAR ON NAPOLEON, THUH CAT, BUT HE DON'T SEEM TU BE ABLE TU KETCH UP WITH 'IM!

The Katzenjammer Kids


LAND HO, CAP! LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE THE SQUEE-JEE ISLANDS AT THAT!
VOT DER DUM-BOOZLED KIND UF A CONTRAPTION ISS CAMING?
HOORAY! A MESSAGE FROM KINK BONGO! -- HE SAYS HE ISS ANXIOUSLY AVAITING OUR ARRIVAL UND HAS DER PINOCHLE DECK READY!
HAF A PERFECTUM UND VAIT HERE TILL I WRITE A ANSWER TO HIS MACHESTY!
UM!
JEEKO SHIP'S MASCOT
YOWP!
JEEKO SHIP'S MASCOT
EEK!
JEEKO SHIP'S MASCOT
JEEKO! STOP THAT!
STOP! DOD-BOGGLE YOUR HIDES! COME BACK!
A SAILOR TO HIS CAPTAIN SAID, "UF SAILING FRIDAY I'VE A DREAD! 'TIS MOST UNLUCKY, YOU SHOULD KNOW, I WISH YOU VOULD ON THOISDAY GO!"
--UND DER CAPTAIN SAILED ON FRIDAY!
9-29
CONTINUED